



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



The Personal Shakespeare

William Shakespeare, Esther Wood, Goldwin Smith

13477.35(5)

Harvard College Library



SHAKESPEARE COLLECTION

FROM THE GIFT OF

WALTER WEHLE NAUMBURG

(Class of 1889)

OF NEW YORK

THE PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE
VOLUME V



Shakespeare's Chair in his house at Stratford-on-Avon

1875

1876

1877

1878

1879

1880

1881

1882

1883

1884

1885

THE
PERSONAL SHAKESPEARE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY
ESTHER WOOD

COMPLETE IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES
VOLUME V

KING JOHN
A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME
ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

ILLUSTRATED



NEW YORK
DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & COMPANY
1904

13477.35



Gift of
W. W. Naumburg

Copyright, 1903, by
Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Copyright, 1904, by
Doubleday, Page & Company

INTRODUCTION

V { KING JOHN
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

THE season of 1594, which drew Shakespeare into the full tide of popularity at court, fitly closes the period of his apprenticeship to dramatic work. The fear of the plague still hung like a blight over theatrical life in London, and was used to the utmost by the civic authorities as a weapon in their crusade against the playhouses and players. But the living art had struck root deep in the social and emotional life of the people. The strolling companies held together and multiplied, performing when and where they could. Lord Strange's men, after the death of their sponsor, soon found a new patron in the Lord Chamberlain, and assumed his title, or were known more often as "Lord Hunsdon's men." This was the company to which Shakespeare belonged almost throughout his working years. It was they who produced his earliest plays, and shared the tolls, risks, and pleasures of his first public success. Among them, he made life-long friendships with his fellow-players—Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillips, John Heminge, Henry Condell, William Kemp, and many more. No less cordial seem to

INTRODUCTION

have been his relations with Philip Henslowe, the manager of the Bankside theatres, and with Henslowe's son-in-law and business partner, the actor Edward Alleyn. Here also he first met one "Benjamin Jonson, bricklayer," an actor in the Lord Admiral's company, for whom the brief, great epitaph, "O rare Ben Jonson!" was afterwards written, and whom Shakespeare is said to have helped up one of the first steps of his ladder of fame. For some time previous to 1594, there was an amalgamation of these two theatrical companies, and they acted together under Henslowe's management at Newington Butts. There is no evidence of a permanent theatre in that neighbourhood, but a local centre may easily have been found in some inn-yard or public field to which both players and audiences drifted when an extension of the city's jurisdiction cleared them from the greater part of Southwark in 1592. "The dissolution of the monasteries," as Mr. T. Fairman Ordish points out in his researches upon "Early London Theatres," "had thrown upon the community a crowd of thriftless persons who had formerly subsisted by an organised system of almsgiving. This was the social question of the Elizabethan age"; and we can hardly wonder that, in the Puritan view, "vain shows and stage-plays" became identified with idleness and waste.

But Shakespeare had, by this time, gained the confidence of managers and the jealousy of rivals in his practical handling of dramatic stuff. He was in a position to lay his finger on almost any tale or play, in print or manuscript, known to the literary world of that period; and the premature

INTRODUCTION

deaths of Greene and Marlowe had left the playwright's ground unexpectedly clear. Moreover, he was able to gauge the profound influence which the Wars of the Roses had had upon the temper and sentiment of the English people. Tentatively, in his adapted and collaborated plays, he had sounded the enthusiasm of an Elizabethan audience for representations of events so near and significant to them, but so little known in historical detail. Shakespeare himself came of a stock that had shed their blood on Bosworth Field. Within the memory of the generation that reared him, his own county of Warwickshire had been torn asunder by the civil strife: Warwick was for the White Rose, and Coventry for the Red. The atmosphere of his childhood was steeped in the traditions of battle. When peace was established, this became the favourite county for royal visits and "progresses." The Tudor ideal of national unity seized and held the imagination of Shakespeare to the last. In such an age, after centuries of disruption, the security of the Throne seemed the all-important thing, and civil liberties took a secondary place. This alone can be the dramatist's excuse for ignoring utterly the struggle between the king and the people which culminated in the *Magna Charta*. "A trumpet-call to rally round Elizabeth in her fight for England" is Mr. J. R. Green's summing up of Shakespeare's *King John*.

Hardly could a less-inspiring reign have been chosen for dramatic treatment than this, which touches the low-water mark of English national life. The failure of *King John* as a drama of action lies chiefly in the contemptible nature of the

INTRODUCTION

monarch, and the lack of a dominant figure whose fortunes kindle any real dramatic interest or suspense. There is also a lack of unity and cohesion in the structure; and the death of King John at the hands of the church he has robbed is not part of any clear sequence of Nemesis predicated by his murder of the young Prince Arthur, who strikes the one redeeming note of sweetness in this sombre play. Neither is the character of Faulconbridge vital to the action; but he affords one of Shakespeare's favourite studies of a man, cursed by his birth, redeeming himself by force of personal character.

An earlier and very inferior drama of 1591, *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, served as a rough draft for Shakespeare to work on, and was afterwards twice reissued and attributed to him, his own play not being published till 1623. Though no longer under the domination of Marlowe, his style here still bears traces of the influence of Kyd. There is also in the opening scene a direct allusion to a comic episode in Kyd's *Soliman and Perseda*; and, in the midst of much robust and well-considered dialogue, we find now and then a lapse into the early theatrical manner which Shakespeare so resolutely chastened in his maturer work,—as, for instance, in the famous scene between Arthur and Hubert, in which the boy, appealing for mercy, argues in fanciful poetic images which would occur to none of us in such a desperate moment, and least of all to an unaffected and unsophisticated boy. Moreover, in his treatment of feminine character, his hand is still a little heavy, his colours a little garish and crude. In her passionate and con-

INTRODUCTION

suming love of Arthur, his mother Constance becomes almost a virago, ranting at his enemies, and bewailing, not so much his sufferings, as her own desolation and widowhood, till at last we feel she well deserves the reproof of King Philip that she loves her grief better than her child.

Shakespeare returned, with a surer hand, to comedy, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Or rather, we should say, it is a masque—a fairy pageant with a half-pathetic, half-humorous thread of adventure woven in; and, in the midst, the entirely human figures of Theseus and Hippolyta, skillfully linking the drama with actual life. By the allusions to “flood and fog,” in Titania’s speech, Act II., Sc. 2, its date has generally been fixed as 1595, following the unusually tempestuous season of 1593-4. It seems to have been written for a special occasion, probably to celebrate a wedding, and certainly for a performance in the presence of the “virgin queen.” In no other passage in his works does Shakespeare praise virginity as in the graceful compliment to Elizabeth conveyed in the opening scene, and the more direct reference to the “fair vestal throned by the west.” We have no evidence as to whose marriage was honoured by this play, but it could not have been Lord Southampton’s, as some have suggested, for he married secretly, through fear of the queen’s displeasure; nor that of Essex, for he had married the widow of Sir Philip Sidney five years before. But we feel throughout a spirit of genuine gaiety, as though the dramatist were at a task he loved. The fanciful structure gives him scope for one of those “plays within plays,” in which he could satirise the

INTRODUCTION

drama of the day; as he did in a more serious vein in *Hamlet*, less happily in *Love's Labour's Lost*, and never so charmingly as in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Ten years of very varied practice behind the scenes, as well as on the stage itself, had quickened his native gift for hitting the mark of absurdity or extravagance in any fashion of the hour. We also trace again the influence of what was best in Euphuism—its stimulating fancy, its nimble wit—sparkling in the raillery with which the scenes abound. And though the maturity of Shakespeare's power was yet to come as to his treatment of human character and destiny, never was his imagination, in the realm of pure comedy, more exuberant or more exquisite than here.

Mr. F. S. Boas, in his admirable analysis of the play, shows the plot to be as intricate in structure as that of *Richard III.*, at the opposite pole of thought and emotion, and scarcely less consummate a piece of dramatic technique. Theseus, he takes to be the ideal Tudor lord; the man of action, in his hours of leisure graciously condescending to be amused awhile by shadows and fairy toys furnished by the imagination of "the lunatic, the lover, and the poet." Professor Dowden follows a similar line of criticism, claiming Theseus as of a type supremely admired by Shakespeare, and the most magnificent figure in his early dramas. "His are the large hands that have helped to shape the world. His utterance is the rich-toned speech of one who is master of events—who has never known a shrill or eager feeling. His nuptial day is at hand; and, while the other lovers are agitated, bewildered, incensed,

INTRODUCTION

Theseus, who does not think of himself as a lover, but rather as a beneficent conqueror, remains in calm possession of his joy. . . . Yet, as the total Shakespeare is superior to Romeo, the man given over to passion, and to Hamlet, the man given over to thought, so the Hamlet and the Romeo within him give Shakespeare an infinite advantage over even the most heroic men of action. He admires these men of action supremely, but he admires them from an outside point of view."

According to the several legends embodied in this drama, May was the month of the marriage of Theseus with his Amazonian bride. These legends can be traced to many sources,—in Ovid and Plutarch, in the *Knights Tale* of Chaucer, and in mediæval French. The episode of Pyramus and Thisbe was probably suggested by Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, but Oberon had appeared quite recently in Greene's play of *James IV*. The entire background, nominally classic, is actually Elizabethan in character. As in *The Comedy of Errors*, the action shows the extraordinary fertility of Shakespeare in inventing variations on a theme of mistakes and delusions; but "while, in the *Errors*, the feelings of the actors remain constant, but the persons towards whom they are directed take the place, unobserved, one of another; here the persons remain constant, but their feelings of love, indifference, or dislike are at the mercy of mischief-making incident." Mr. Boas sees in the main plot the conception of "law presiding over personal issues." "The fickle Demetrius has shifted his affections from Helena to Hermia, whose father favours the match; but Hermia is

INTRODUCTION

constant to Lysander, while Helena still 'dotes in idolatry' upon her inconstant wooer. The Athenian law as expounded by Theseus enforces upon Hermia obedience to her father's wishes, on pain of death or perpetual maidenhood. But Lysander suggests escape to a classical 'Gretna Green' seven leagues from the town, and fixes a trysting-place for the following night within the neighbouring wood. Within the wood, the power of human motive is suspended for that of enchantment, and, at a touch of Puck's magic herb, Lysander and Demetrius are 'translated,' and ready to cross swords for love of the erewhile flouted Helena. Thus, all things befall preposterously, and reason holds as little sway over action as in a dream. . . . But, at last, by Oberon's command, Dian's bud undoes on the eyes of Lysander the work of Cupid's flower, and the close of the period of enchantment is broadly and effectively marked by the inrush, at dawn, of exuberant, palpable life in the shape of the hunting-party, whose horns and 'halloes' reawaken the sleepers to every-day realities."

It is a peculiarity of Shakespeare's method to produce variations on the main theme in different parts of the play. "The love-troubles of the mortals," continues Mr. Boas, "have their miniature counterpart in the jealousy of Oberon and Titania. And, as the human woers are beguiled by the power of Cupid's magic herb, the fairy queen is in like manner victimised. But, with correct instinct, Shakespeare makes her deception far the more extravagant. Titania, whose very being is spun out of light and air and dew, fastens her

INTRODUCTION

affections upon the 'unpurged mortal grossness' of Bottom; upon humanity with its asinine attributes focussed and gathered to a head. To attack his queen in her essential nature, to make her whose only food is beauty lavish her endearments upon a misshapen monster, is a masterpiece of revenge on Oberon's part." And, further, "in the rehearsal and setting forth of their comedy, Bottom and his friends enter a debatable domain which, like that of the fairies, hovers round the solid work-a-day world, and yet is not of it. . . . Thus, in their grotesque devices and make-shifts, these rude mechanicals are really facing the question of the relation of shadow to substance, the immemorial question of realism in art and on the stage."

In *All's Well that Ends Well*, Shakespeare once more reminds us (says the same critic) that "there is no situation which he handles so crudely as the reunion between an injured woman and her faithless lover or husband." To Coleridge, the Helena of this play is "the loveliest of Shakespeare's characters"; possibly (as Professor Dowden suggests), "because he recognised in her the single quality which, if brought to bear upon himself by one to whom he yielded love and worship, would have given definiteness and energy to his somewhat vague and incoherent life." Like Prospero in *The Tempest*, Helena is the good providence of the drama; but all her courage, her sweetness, her single-hearted devotion to Bertram, leave us with a sense of revolt against the lavishment of these qualities upon so worthless an object as her lord. Efforts have been made by many critics to find

INTRODUCTION

redeeming traits in Bertram, or, at the worst, to take his perfunctory penitence as the pledge of his final redemption and regeneration by Helena. To the growing feeling of the nineteenth century, there is, in a one-sided passion carried to the point of servility, a certain degradation of the whole sex in which it is shown. "Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments," said Shakespeare. Given the "true minds" of equal lovers, the sins of the flesh may sometimes be purged in a forgiveness wholly gracious and ennobling in its action. But Helena makes no claim for such a marriage. Her relation to Bertram, as Mr. Boas insists, is absolutely feudal in character. She is the poor dependant, brought up by the charity of a wealthy and high-born foster-mother, with whose own son, her early playmate, she falls in love. She is even large-hearted and keen-witted enough to laugh at herself a little for her own infatuation, saying,

"Now he is gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his reliques."

But, at the same time, she speaks of him in terms of abject servitude:

"It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star
And think to wed it; he is so above me.

.
"Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more;"

INTRODUCTION

and again:

“My master, my dear lord is he: and I
His servant live, and will his vassal die.”

What saves the character of Helena from contempt in this attitude to the very youthful Bertram is the splendid audacity, resolution, and independence of spirit with which she woos him and wins his love. Far from resigning herself to a hopeless attachment, and sighing out a blighted life in solitude, she charges herself with Bertram's salvation from his own weakness and inexperience, as with a divine mission; becomes an adventurous schemer for his rescue; and avows her purpose simply and directly to her foster-mother and the king. And when, at last, she is wedded to Bertram, and he, rejecting her wifedom with cruel words, flies from “the dark house and the detested wife,” Helena does not rend the heavens with reproaches and lamentations, like the emotional heroines of the early historical plays. Crushing her griefs with the words, “This is a dreadful sentence,” she begins calmly to plan what she shall do. She takes her stand upon a course of prompt and opportune action:

“Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.”

The story of Helena is largely taken from Boccaccio's *Giglietta di Nerbona*, already available in English, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, but with characters added by Shakespeare; namely,

INTRODUCTION

the Countess of Roussillon, Parolles, Lafeu, and the Clown. Parolles is the evil genius of Bertram, "the empty spinner of words," a wanton sneak and liar, thrown into vivid contrast with the strong and decisive activity of Helena. The countess, on the other hand, is one of the most refined and charming of Shakespeare's types of the "great lady"—the dignified mother and ruler of her household, full of generous sympathy for the sorrow of her foster-child. But, in his conception of Helena, Shakespeare has departed considerably from the novel, where the heroine is merely an adventuress bent on a capture; and has turned her (says Mr. Boas) into "an ideal of feminine strength and devotion, capable of saving the man she loves from the consequences of a nature at once stubborn and volatile. Shakespeare here treats the same subject as in *The Taming of the Shrew*, but with the parts reversed. There, the man of firm will, by heroic remedies, forms a wayward girl into a devoted wife: here, a woman of similar mould, by remedies still more heroic, shapes a husband of potential excellence out of a headstrong youth. In the one case, we have a well-nigh burlesque handling of the natural relation between the sexes; in the other, an abnormal relation is prevented from becoming repulsive by being elevated almost into the tragic sphere."

Two editions of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* appeared in 1600; but *All's Well that Ends Well* does not seem to have been printed till its insertion in the *First Folio* of 1623. It has, however, been identified on very good grounds with a play mentioned by Meres in 1598, in his list of Shake-

INTRODUCTION

speare's works, under the title of *Love's Labour's Won*. No other play answers to this name so well, and the conjecture is supported by internal evidence—by comparing its metrical structure and characteristics with Shakespeare's known work of 1595. Into that year it seems conveniently to fall, concluding on a serious note the comedies of his early prime.

ESTHER WOOD.

CONTENTS

	PAGES
KING JOHN 1 to 93
A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME 1 to 78
ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL 1 to 104

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

VOLUME V

Shakespeare's chair in his house at Strat-
ford-on-Avon *Frontispiece*

KING JOHN

FACING PAGE

Interior, Church of Holy Trinity, Strat-
ford-on-Avon 3

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAM

Font at which Shakespeare was baptized,
in the Church of the Holy Trinity 3

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

The house in which Shakespeare was born,
Stratford-on-Avon 3
Shakespeare's Birthplace, rear view 60

EXPLANATORY

Text.

First Folio, 1623.

Line Numbering.

At top of page, Globe Edition, every *poetical* line of which is numbered; at side of page, First Folio, every *typographical* line of which is numbered. Lines put between brackets in text are *not* numbered, because they are not in First Folio.

Brackets

Indicate stage directions, etc., in Globe, or parts of text in Globe but not in First Folio, these parts being given here as they appear in the earliest or the earliest complete Quarto.

Italic Words

In margins, thus, ¹ *blunt*, refer to and explain obscure words.

Foot-notes

Cite in italics First Folio words emended; in bold-face, emendations adopted in Globe; in small capitals, earliest editions or first editor printing that emendation.

Abbreviations.

1Q. equals First Quarto, 2Q. Second Quarto, and so on; 1, 3-5Q. equals First, Third, Fourth, and Fifth Quartos, all substantially agreeing; QQ. equals all early Quartos.

2F. equals Second Folio, 3F. Third Folio, and so on; 2-4F. equals Second, Third, and Fourth Folios, all substantially agreeing.

l. equals line, ll. equals lines.

**THE LIFE AND DEATH OF
KING JOHN**

R.J.I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING JOHN.

PRINCE HENRY, *son to the king.*

ARTHUR, *Duke of Bretagne, nephew to the king.*

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE.

THE EARL OF ESSEX.

THE EARL OF SALISBURY.

THE LORD BIGOT.

HUBERT DE BURGH.

ROBERT FAULCONBRIDGE, *son to Sir Robert Faulconbridge.*

PHILIP, *the BASTARD, his half-brother.*

JAMES GURNEY, *servant to Lady Faulconbridge.*

PETER OF POMFRET, *a prophet.*

PHILIP, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

LYMOGES, *Duke of Austria.*

CARDINAL PANDULPH, *the Pope's legate.*

MELUN, *a French Lord.*

CHATILLON, *ambassador from France to King John.*

QUEEN ELINOR, *mother to King John.*

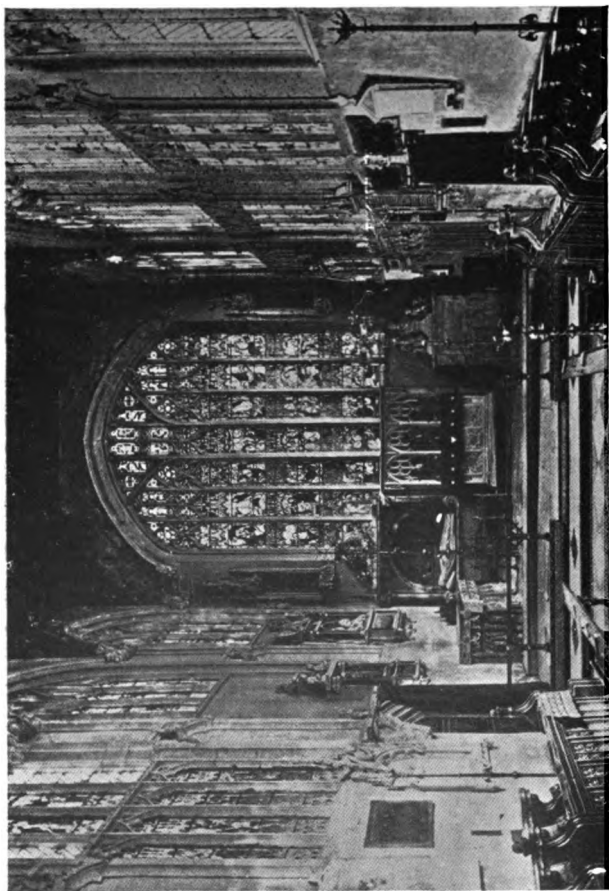
CONSTANCE, *mother to Arthur.*

BLANCH OF SPAIN, *niece to King John.*

LADY FAULCONBRIDGE.

Lords, Citizens of Angiers, Sheriff, Heralds, Officers,
Soldiers, Messengers and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly in England, and partly in France.*]



Interior, Church of Holy Trinity, Stratford-on-Avon. The portrait bust of Shakespeare is on the wall at the left hand side above the spot in the floor of the chancel where he and his wife and daughter are buried

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN



Actus Primus, Scæna Prima.

[*King John's palace.*]

*Enter King John, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Essex, and
Sa- | lisbury, [and others,] with the Chattyllion of
France. |*

King John.

NOW say *Chatillion*, what would *France* with us?
Chat. Thus (after greeting) speakes the King
of France,

In my-behaviour to the Majesty,
The borrowed Majesty of *England* heere.

Elea. A strange beginning: borrowed Majesty? 10

K. John. Silence (good mother) heare the Embassie.

Chat. *Philip of France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceased brother, *Geffreyes sonne*,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies most lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Anjoue*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,

3. *Chatillion*, 5. *Cbatillion*: *Chatillion*, and so throughout—JOHN-
SON. 10. *Elea.*, 37. *Ele.*, etc.: *Eli.*, and so throughout—ROWE.
16. *Anjoue*: *Anjou*—ROWE. *Torayne*: *Touraine*, and so through-
out—2 ROWE.

Desiring thee to lay aside the sword
Which swaies usurpingly these severall titles,
And put the same into yong *Artburs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Sovereaigne. 20

K. John. What followes if we disallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce these rights, so forcibly with-held,

K. Jo. Heere have we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: so answer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The farthest limit of my Embassie.

K. John. Beare mine to him, and so depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canst report, I will be there: 30
The thunder of my Cannon shall be heard.

So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And sullen¹ presage of your owne decay: ¹ *doleful*
An honourable conduct² let him have, ² *escort*
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chattillion*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my sonne, have I not ever said
How that ambitious *Constance* would not cease
Till she had kindled *France* and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her sonne. 40
This might have beene prevented, and made whole
With very easie arguments of love,
Which now the mannage³ of two kingdomes must
With fearefull bloudy issue arbitrate. ³ *administration*

K. John. Our strong possession, and our right for us.

Eli. Your strong possession much more then your right,
Or else it must go wrong with you and me,
So much my conscience whispers in your care,
Which none but heaven, and you, and I, shall heare.

Enter a Sberiffe. 50

Essex. My Liege, here is the strangest controversie
Come from the Country to be judg'd by you
That ere I heard: shall I produce the men?

K. John. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Pories shall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip [his bastard brother].

Philip. Your faithfull subject, I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonshire*, and eldest sonne
As I suppose, to *Robert Faulconbridge*, 60
A Souldier by the Honor-giving-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.

K. John. What art thou?

Robert. The son and heire to that same *Faulconbridge*.

K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it seemes.

Philip. Most certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the cerraine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heaven, and to my mother; 70
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, thou dost shame thy
mother, |
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I have no reason for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, a pops me out,

56. *expeditious*: expeditions-2-4F.

62. *Cordelion*: Cœur-de-lion, and so throughout-Popz.

69. *cerraine*: certain-2-4F.

At least from faire five hundred pound a yeere:
Heaven guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K. John. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance? 80

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he slanderd me with bastardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That still I lay upon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Judge your selfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget us both,
And were our father, and this sonne like him:
O old sir *Robert* Father, on my knee 90
I give heaven thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why what a mad-cap hath heaven lent us
here? |

Elen. He hath a trick of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Doe you not read some tokens of my sonne
In the large composition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard*: sirra speake,
What doth move you to claime your brothers land.

Philip. Because he hath a half-face like my father?
With halfe that face would he have all my land, 101
A halfe-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a yeere?

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much.

Phil. Well sir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale must be how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once dispatch'd him in an Embassie

OF KING JOHN

[I. i. 100-133]

To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'advantage of his absence tooke the King, 110
And in the meane time sojourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did prevaile, I shame to speake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of seas and shores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I have heard my father speake himselfe
When this same lusty gentleman was got:
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers sonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world 120
Full fourteene weekes before the course of time:
Then good my Liedge let me have what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.

K. John. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if she did play false, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wives: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you say, tooke paines to get this sonne,
Had of your father claim'd this sonne for his, 130
Insooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Insooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuse him: this concludes,
My mothers sonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre must have your fathers land.

Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To dispossesse that childe which is not his.

Phil. Of no more force to dispossesse me sir, 140
Then was his will to get me, as I think.

I. i. 134-164] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Eli. Whether hadst thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enjoy thy land:
Or the reputed sonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy presence, and no land beside.

Bast. Madam, and if my brother had my shape
And I had his, sir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two such riding rods,
My armes, such eele-skins stuf, my face so thin,
That in mine eare I durst not sticke a rose, 150
Lest men should say, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his shape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might never stirre from off this place,
I would give it every foot to have this face:
It would not be sir nobbe¹ in any case. ¹ *Robert*

Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forsake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.

Bast. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a yeere, 160
Yet sell your face for five pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you unto the death.

Elinor. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.

Bast. Our Country manners give our betters way.

K. John. What is thy name?

Bast. *Philip* my Liege, so is my name begun,
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wives eldest sonne.

K. John. From henceforth beare his name
Whose forme thou bearest:

Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but rise more great, 170
Arise Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.

Bast. Brother by th' mothers side, give me your hand,
My father gave me honor, yours gave land:

146. and: an-HANMER. 155. It: 1-2-4F. nobbe: Nob-CAPELL.
168-9. 1 l.-POPE.

OF KING JOHN

[I. i. 165-195

Now blessed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.

Ele. The very spirit of *Plantagenet*:
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me so.

Bast. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or else ore the hatch: 180
Who dares not stirre by day, must walke by night,
And have is have, how ever men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is still well shot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.

K. John. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now hast thou thy desire,
A landlesse Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we must speed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.

Bast. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou wast got i'th way of honesty. 190

Exeunt all but bastard.

Bast. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worse.
Well, now can I make any *Joane* a Lady,
Good den¹ Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two respective,² and too sociable ¹*good evening*
For your conversion, now your traveller, ²*respectful*
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worships messe, 200
And when my knightly stomacke is suffis'd,
Why then I sucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare sir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I shall beseech you; that is question now,

192. *Bast.*: out-Rowe.

I. i. 196-224] THE LIFE AND DEATH

And then comes answer like an Absey¹ booke:
 O sir, sayes answer, at your best command, ¹*primer*
 At your employment, at your service sir:
 No sir, saies question, I sweet sir at yours,
 And so ere answer knowes what question would, 210
 Saving in Dialogue of Complement,
 And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
 The Perennean and the river *Poe*,
 It drawes toward supper in conclusion so.
 But this is worshipfull society,
 And fits the mounting spirit like my selfe;
 For he is but a bastard to the time
 That doth not smoake of observation,
 And so am I whether I smacke or no:
 And not alone in habit and device, 220
 Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
 But from the inward motion to deliver
 Sweet, sweet, sweet poyson for the ages tooth,
 Which though I will not practice to deceive,
 Yet to avoid deceit I meane to learne;
 For it shall strew the footsteps of my rising:
 But who comes in such haste in riding robes?
 What woman post is this? hath she no husband
 That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
 O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady, 230
 What brings you heere to Court so hastily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that slave thy brother? where is he?
 That holds in chase mine honour up and downe.

Bast. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* sonne:

209. *I*: I—misprint 1F.

213. *Perennean*: *Pyrennean* (Pyrennean)—2-4F.

218. *smoake*: *smack*—THEOBALD.

OF KING JOHN

[I. i. 225-254

Colbrand the Gyant, that same mighty man,
Is it *Sir Roberts* sonne that you seeke so?

Lady. *Sir Roberts* sonne, I thou unreverend boy,
Sir Roberts sonne? why scorn'st thou at *sir Robert*?

He is *Sir Roberts* sonne, and so art thou. 240

Bast. *James Gournie*, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gour. Good leave good *Philip*.

Bast. *Philip*, sparrow, *James*, ¹ idle fancies
There's toys¹ abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.

Exit James.

Madam, I was not old *Sir Roberts* sonne,
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon good Friday, and nere broke his fast:
Sir Robert could doe well, marrie to confesse
Could get me *sir Robert* could not doe it; 250
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for these limmes?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this legge.

Lady. Hast thou conspired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine shouldst defend mine honor?
What meanes this scorne, thou most untoward knave?

Bast. Knight, knight good mother, Basilisco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I have it on my shoulder:
But mother, I am not *Sir Roberts* sonne,
I have disclaim'd *Sir Robert* and my land, 260
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;

Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?

Lady. Hast thou denied thy selfe a *Faulconbridge*?

Bast. As faithfully as I denie the devill.

Lady. *King Richard Cordelion* was thy father,
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd

241. *Gournie*: *Gurney*-4F.

250. *Could*: *Could he*-POPE. *me sir*: *me*? *Sir*-POPE.

I. i. 255-II. i. 2] THE LIFE AND DEATH

To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
 Heaven lay not my transgression to my charge,
 That art the issue of my deere offence 270
 Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.

Bast. Now by this light were I to get againe,
 Madam I would not wish a better father:
 Some sinnes doe beare their priviledge on earth,
 And so doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
 Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,¹
 Subjected tribute to commanding love, ¹ *disposal*
 Against whose furie and unmatched force,
 The awlesse Lion could not wage the fight,
 Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand: 280
 He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
 May easily winne a womans: aye my mother,
 With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
 Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
 When I was got, Ile send his soule to hell.
 Come Lady I will shew thee to my kinne,
 And they shall say, when *Richard* me begot,
 If thou hadst sayd him nay, it had beene sinne;
 Who sayes it was, he lyes, I say twas not.

Exeunt. 290

[Act II. Scene i.]

Scæna Secunda.

[*France. Before Angiers.*]

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, [and his power,] Lewis, Daul- | phin, Austria, [and forces, drums, etc.,] Constance, Arthur. |

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met brave *Austria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy blood,

270. *Tbat: Thou-4F.*

Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
 And fought the holy Warres in *Palestine*,
 By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
 And for amends to his posteritie, ¹ *importunity*
 At our importance¹ hether is he come, 10
 To spread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
 And to rebuke the usurpation
 Of thy unnaturall Uncle, English *John*,
 Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hether.

Arth. God shall forgive you *Cordelions* death
 The rather, that you give his off-spring life,
 Shadowing their right under your wings of warre:
 I give you welcome with a powerlesse hand,
 But with a heart full of unstained love,
 Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke. 20

Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?

Aust. Upon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kisse,
 As seale to this indenture of my love:
 That to my home I will no more returne
 Till *Angiers*, and the right thou hast in *France*,
 Together with that pale, that white-fac'd shore,
 Whose foot spurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
 And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
 Even till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
 That Water-walled Bulwarke, still secure 30
 And confident from forreine purposes,
 Even till that utmost corner of the West
 Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
 Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.

Const. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
 Till your strong hand shall helpe to give him strength,
 To make a more requitall to your love.

Aust. The peace of heaven is theirs that lift their
 swords |
 In such a just and charitable warre.

King. [*Pbi.*] Well, then to worke our Cannon shall
be bent | 40

Against the browes of this resisting towne,
Call for our cheefest men of discipline,
To cull the plots of best advantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it subject to this boy.

Con. Stay for an answer to your Embassie,
Lest unadvis'd you staine your swords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we urge in warre, 50
And then we shall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot rash haste so indirectly shedde.

Enter Chattilion.

King. [*Pbi.*] A wonder Lady: lo upon thy wish
Our Messenger *Chattilion* is arriv'd,
What *England* saies, say breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pause for thee, *Chatilion* speake,

Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry siege,
And stirre them up against a mightier taske: 60
England impatient of your just demands,
Hath put himselfe in Armes, the adverse windes
Whose leisure I have staid, have given him time
To land his Legions all as soone as I:
His marches are expedient¹ to this towne, ^{1 swift}
His forces strong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace stirring him to bloud and strife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Bastard of the Kings deceast,

And all th'unsetled humors of the Land, 70
 Rash, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,¹ ^{1 volunteers}
 With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons spleenes,
 Have sold their fortunes at their native homes,
 Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
 To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
 In briefe, a braver choyse of dauntlesse spirits
 Then now the *English* bottomes have waft o're,
 Did never flote upon the swelling tide,
 To doe offence and scathe² in Christendome: ^{2 injury}
 The interruption of their churlish drums 80
 Cuts off more circumstance,³ they are at hand,

Drum beats.

To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare. ^{3 details}

Kin. [K. Pbi.] How much unlook'd for, is this expedition. |

Aust. By how much unexpected, by so much
 We must awake indevor for defence,
 For courage mounteth with occasion,
 Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

*Enter K. of England, Bastard, Queene [Elinor],
 Blanch, Pembroke, | and others.* 90

K. John. Peace be to *France*: If *France* in peace permit |

Our just and lineall entrance to our owne;
 If not, bleede *France*, and peace ascend to heaven.
 Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
 Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heaven.

Fran. [K. Pbi.] Peace be to *England*, if that warre
 returne |

From *France* to *England*, there to live in peace:
England we love, and for that *Englands* sake,
 With burden of our armor heere we sweat:

This toyle of ours should be a worke of thine; 100
 But thou from loving *England* art so farre,
 That thou hast under-wrought his lawfull King,
 Cut off the sequence of posterity,
 Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
 Upon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
 Looke heere upon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
 These eyes, these browes, were moulded out of his;
 This little abstract doth containe that large,
 Which died in *Geffrey*: and the hand of time,
 Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume: 110
 That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
 And this his sonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
 And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
 How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
 When living blood doth in these temples beat
 Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-masterest?

K. John. From whom hast thou this great commission
 To draw my answer from thy Articles?

Fra. [K. Phi.] From that supernal Judge that stirs
 good thoughts *France*, |

In any beast of strong authoritie, 120

To looke into the blots and staines of right,
 That Judge hath made me guardian to this boy,
 Under whose warrant I impeach thy wrong,
 And by whose helpe I meane to chastise it.

K. John. Alack thou dost usurpe authoritie.

Fran. [K. Phi.] Excuse it is to beat usurping downe.

Queen. [Eli.] Who is it thou dost call usurper
France? |

Const. Let me make answer: thy usurping sonne.

Queen. [Eli.] Out insolent, thy bastard shall be King,

120. *beast: breast-2-4F.*

OF KING JOHN

[II. i. 123-149]

That thou maist be a Queen, and checke the world.

Con. My bed was ever to thy sonne as true 131

As thine was to thy husband, and this boy

Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*

Then thou and *John*, in manners being as like,

As raine to water, or devill to his damme;

My boy a bastard? by my soule I thinke

His father never was so true begot,

It cannot be and if thou wert his mother.

Queen. [*Eli.*] Theres a good mother boy, that blots
thy father |

Const. There's a good grandame boy 140
That would blot thee.

Aust. Peace.

Bast. Heare the Cryer.

Aust. What the devill art thou?

Bast. One that wil play the devill sir with you,

And a may catch your hide and you alone:

You are the Hare of whom the Proverb goes

Whose valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;

Ile smooke your skin-coat and I catch you right,

Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith. 150

Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did disrobe the Lion of that robe.

Bast. It lies as sightly on the backe of him

As great *Alcides* shooes upon an *Asse*:

But *Asse*, Ile take that burthen from your backe,

Or lay on that shall make your shoulders cracke.

Aust. What cracker¹ is this same that deafes our eares

With this abundance of superfluous breath? ¹ *boaster*

King [*Pbi.*] *Lewis*, determine what we shall doe strait.

138. *and:* an—THEOBALD.

140-1. 1 l.—POPE.

146. *And a:* An a'—THEOBALD.

149. *and:* an—THEOBALD.

154. *sbooes:* shows (shews)—THEOBALD.

II. i. 150-175] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *John*, this is the very summe of all: 161

England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Artbur* doe I claime of thee:

Wilt thou resigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?

[*K.*] *John*. My life as soone: I doe defie thee
France, |

Artbur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere love Ile give thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.

Queen. [*Eli.*] Come to thy grandame child. 170

Cons. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Give grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Give yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.

Artbur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my grave,
I am not worth this coyle¹ that's made for me. ¹ *ado*

Qu. Mo. [*Eli.*] His mother shames him so, poore
boy hee weepes. |

Con. Now shame upon you where she does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers shames
Drawes those heaven-moving pearles from his poor eies,
Which heaven shall take in nature of a fee: 182
I, with these Christall beads heaven shall be brib'd
To doe him Justice, and revenge on you.

Qu. [*Eli.*] Thou monstrous slanderer of heaven and
earth. |

Con. Thou monstrous Injurer of heaven and earth,
Call not me slanderer, thou and thine usurpe

162. *Angiers*: Anjou—THEOBALD.

166. *Britaine*: Bretagne—HANMER.

179. *where*: whether—CAMBRIDGE.

OF KING JOHN

[II. i. 176-201

The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppressed boy; this is thy eldest sonnes sonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee: 190
Thy sinnes are visited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the second generation
Removed from thy sinne-conceiving wombe.

[*K.*] *John.* Bedlam have done.

Con. I have but this to say,
That he is not onely plagued for her sin,
But God hath made her sinne and her, the plague
On this removed issue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her sinne: his injury 200
Her injurie the Beadle to her sinne,
All punish'd in the person of this childe,
And all for her, a plague upon her.

Que. [*Eli.*] Thou unadvised scold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy sonne.

Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.

Fra. [*K. Phi.*] Peace Lady, pause, or be more
temperate, |

It ill beseemes this presence to cry ayme¹
To these ill tuned repetitions: ^{1 to encourage} 210
Some Trumpet summon hither to the walles
These men of Angiers, let us heare them speake,
Whose title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Johns*.

Trumpet sounds.

Enter a Citizen upon the walles.

[*1.*] *Cit.* Who is it that hath warn'd us to the
walles? |

215. *a Citizen: certain Citizens—CAPELL.*

II. i. 202-232] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] 'Tis France, for England.

[*K.*] *John.* England for it selfe:

You men of Angiers, and my loving subjects.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] You loving men of Angiers, *Arthurs*
subjects, | 220

Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.¹ ¹*parley*

[*K.*] *John.* For our advantage, therefore heare us first:

These flagges of France that are advanced heere

Before the eye and prospect of your Towne,

Have hither march'd to your endamagement.

The Canons have their bowels full of wrath,

And ready mounted are they to spit forth

Their Iron indignation 'gainst your walles:

All preparation for a bloody siede

And merciles proceeding, by these French. 230

Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:

And but for our approch, those sleeping stones,

That as a waste doth girdle you about

By the compulsion of their Ordinance,

By this time from their fixed beds of lime

Had bin dishabited, and wide havocke made

For bloody power to rush uppon your peace.

But on the sight of us your lawfull King,

Who painefully with much expedient march

Have brought a counter-checke before your gates, 240

To save unscratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:

Behold the French amaz'd vouchsafe a parle,

And now instead of bullets wrapt in fire

To make a shaking fever in your walles,

They shoote but calme words, folded up in smoake,

To make a faithlesse error in your cares,

Which trust accordingly kinde Cittizens,

And let us in. Your King, whose labour'd spirits

231. *Comfort yours: Confronts your*—CAPELL.

Fore-wearied¹ in this action of swift speede, ¹*exhausted*
Craves harbourage within your Citie walles. 250

France. [*K. Pbi.*] When I have saide, make answer
to us both. |

Loe in this right hand, whose protection
Is most divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, stands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enjoyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, these greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the constraint of hospitable zeale, 260

In the releefe of this oppressed childe,
Religiously provokes. Be pleased then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince,
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Save in aspect, hath all offence seal'd up:
Our Cannons malice vainly shall be spent
Against th'involuerable clouds of heaven,
And with a blessed and un-vext retyre,
With unhack'd swords, and Helmets all unbruise'd,
We will beare home that lustie blood againe, 271
Which heere we came to spout against your Towne,
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.

But if you fondly passe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder² of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our messengers of Warre,
Though all these English, and their discipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell us, Shall your Citie call us Lord, ²*inclosure*

250. *Craves*: *Crave*—POPE. 268. *involuerable*: *invulnerable*—2-4F.
275. *rounder*: *roundure*—CAPELL.

II. i. 264-289] THE LIFE AND DEATH

In that behalfe which we have challeng'd it? 280
 Or shall we give the signall to our rage,
 And stalke in blood to our possession?

[1.] *Cit.* In breefe, we are the King of Englands
 subjects |

For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.

[K.] *John.* Acknowledge then the King, and let me
 in. |

[1.] *Cit.* That can we not: but he that proves the
 King |

To him will we prove loyall, till that time
 Have we ramm'd up our gates against the world.

[K.] *John.* Doth not the Crowne of England,
 proove the | King? 290

And if not that, I bring you Witnesses
 Twice fifteene thousand hearts of Englands breed.

Bast. Bastards and else.

[K.] *John.* To verifie our title with their lives.

Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as those.

Bast. Some Bastards too.

Fran. [K. *Pbi.*] Stand in his face to contradict his
 claime. |

[1.] *Cit.* Till you compound whose right is worthiest,
 We for the worthiest hold the right from both.

[K.] *John.* Then God forgive the sinne of all those
 soules, | 300

That to their everlasting residence,
 Before the dew of evening fall, shall fleete
 In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.

Fran. [K. *Pbi.*] Amen, Amen, mount Chevaliers to
 Armes. |

Bast. Saint *George* that swindg'd the Dragon,
 And ere since sit's on's horsebacke at mine Hostesse dore
 305-6. new l. at Sits-Pope.

OF KING JOHN

[II. i. 290-313]

Teach us some fence. [*To Aust.*] Sirrah, were I at home |

At your den sirrah, with your Lionnesse,
I would set an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monster of you. 310

Aust. Peace, no more.

Bast. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.

[*K.*] *Jobn.* Up higher to the plaine, where we'l set forth |

In best appointment all our Regiments.

Bast. Speed then to take advantage of the field.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] It shall be so, and at the other hill
Command the rest to stand, God and our right. *Exeunt*

*Heere after excursions, Enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.*

F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in, 321
Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an English mother,
Whose sonnes lye scattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the discoloured earrh,
And victorie with little losse doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly displayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime 330
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter English Herald with Trumpet.

E. Har. Rejoyce you men of Angiers, ring your bells,
King *Jobn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,

321. *Britaine:* Bretagne-2Rowx.

326. *earrb:* earth-2-4F.

331. *Britaine:* Bretagne-2Rowx.

333. *Har.:* Her.-4F.

II. i. 314-339] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Commander of this hot malicious day,
 Their Armourers that march'd hence so silver bright,
 Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
 There stucke no plume in any English Crest,
 That is removed by a staffe of France:
 Our colours do returne in those same hands 340
 That did display them when we first marcht forth:
 And like a jolly troope of Huntsmen come
 Our lustie English, all with purpled hands,
 Dide in the dying slaughter of their foes,
 Open your gates, and give the Victors way.

Hubert. [1. *Cit.*] Heralds, from off our towres we
 might behold |
 From first to last, the on-set and retyre
 Of both your Armies, whose equality
 By our best eyes cannot be censured:
 Blood hath bought blood, and blowes have answerd
 blowes: | 350
 Strength matcht with strength, and power confronted
 power,
 Both are alike, and both alike we like:
 One must prove greatest. While they weigh so even,
 We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

*Enter the two Kings with their powers,
 at severall doores.*

[*K.*] *John.* France, hast thou yet more blood to
 cast away? |
 Say, shall the currant of our right rome on,
 Whose passage vext with thy impediment, 360
 Shall leave his native channell, and ore-swell
 with course disturb'd even thy confining shores,
 Unlesse thou let his silver Water, keepe

348. *your: your-2-4F.*

359. *rome: run-3-4F.*

A peacefull progresse to the Ocean.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] England thou hast not sav'd one drop of blood |

In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather lost more. And by this hand I sweare
That swayes the earth this Climate over-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our just-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainst whom these Armes wee beare, | 370

Or adde a royall number to the dead:
Gracing the scroule that tels of this warres losse,
With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Bast. Ha Majesty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is set on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with steele,
The swords of souldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feasts, mousing the flesh of men
In undetermin'd differences of kings.
Why stand these royall fronts amazed thus: 380

Cry havocke kings, backe to the stained field
You equall Potents,¹ fierie kindled spirits, ¹ *potentates*
Then let confusion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

[*K.*] *John.* Whose party do the Townesmen yet admit? |

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Speeke Citizens for England, whose your king. |

Hub. [*1. Cit.*] The king of England, when we know the king. |

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Know him in us, that heere hold up his right. |

[*K.*] *John.* In Us, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare possession of our Person heere, 390

386. *Speeke*: misprint 1F.

II. i. 367-397] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Lord of our presence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. [1. *Cit.*] A greater powre then We denies all
this, |

And till it be undoubted, we do locke
Our former scruple in our strong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, untill our feares resolv'd
Be by some certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Bast. By heaven, these scroyles¹ of Angiers flout you
kings, | ¹ *rascals*

And stand securely on their battlements,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your industrious Scenes and acts of death. 400

Your Royall presences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines² of Jerusalem, ² *mutineers*

Be friends a-while, and both conjoyn'tly bend
Your sharpest Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By East and West let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their soule-fearing clamours have braul'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play incessantly upon these Jades,
Even till unfenced desolation 410

Leave them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, dissever your united strengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune shall cull forth
Out of one side her happy Minion,
To whom in favour she shall give the day,
And kisse him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counsell mighty States,
Smackes it not something of the policie. 420

[*K.*] *John.* Now by the sky that hangs above our
heads, |

395. *Kings: King'd-RANN.*

I like it well. France, shall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers even with the ground,
Then after fight who shall be king of it?

Bast. And if thou hast the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peevisish Townc:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, against these sawcie walles,
And when that we have dash'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell, 430
Make worke upon our selves, for heaven or hell.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Let it be so: say, where will you assault? |

[*K.*] *John.* We from the West will send destruction
Into this Cities bosome.

Aust. I from the North.

Fran. [*K. Pbi.*] Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Bast. O prudent discipline! From North to South:
Austria and France shoot in each others mouth.

Ile stirre them to it: Come, away, away. 440

Hub. [*1. Cit.*] Heare us great kings, vouchsafe awhile
to stay |

And I shall shew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without stroke, or wound,
Rescue those breathing lives to dye in beds,
That heere come sacrisices for the field.
Persever not, but heare me mighty kings.

[*K.*] *John.* Speake on with favour, we are bent to
heare. |

Hub. [*1. Cit.*] That daughter there of Spaine, the
Lady *Blanch* |

Is neere to England, looke upon the yeeres

425. *And:* *AN-CAPPELL.*

426. *Townc:* misprint *1F.*

445. *sacrisices:* misprint *1F.*

449. *neere:* *niece*—2*SINGER.*

II. i. 425-455] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that lovely maid. 450
 If lustie love should go in quest of beautie,
 Where should he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch*:
 If zealous love should go in search of vertue,
 Where should he finde it purer then in *Blanch*?
 If love ambitious, sought a match of birth,
 Whose veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch*?
 Such as she is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
 Is the yong Dolphin every way compleat,
 If not compleat of, say he is not shee,
 And she againe wants nothing, to name want, 460
 If want it be not, that she is not hee:
 He is the halfe part of a blessed man,
 Left to be finished by such as shee,
 And she a faire divided excellence,
 Whose fulnesse of perfection lyes in him.
 O two such silver currents when they joyne
 Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
 And two such shores, to two such streames made one,
 Two such controlling bounds shall you be, kings,
 To these two Princes, if you marrie them: 470
 This Union shall do more then batterie can
 To our fast closed gates: for at this match,
 With swifter spleene then powder can enforce
 The mouth of passage shall we fling wide ope,
 And give you entrance: but without this match,
 The sea enraged is not halfe so deafe,
 Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
 More free from moxion, no not death himselfe
 In mortall furie halfe so peremptorie,
 As we to keepe this Citie. 480
Bast. Heeres a stay,¹ 1 check

450. *Dolphin*: Dauphin, and so throughout—Rowx.

478. *from moxion*: misprints 1F.

That shakes the rotten carkasse of old death
 Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
 That spits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and seas,
 Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
 As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
 What Cannoneere begot this lustie blood,
 He speakes plaine Cannon fire, and smoake, and bounce,
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue:
 Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his 490
 But buffets better then a fist of France:
 Zounds, I was never so bethumpt with words,
 Since I first cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. [Eli.] Son, list to this conjunction, make
 this match |

Give with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
 For by this knot, thou shalt so surely tye
 Thy now unsur'd assurance to the Crowne,
 That yon greene boy shall have no Sunne to ripe
 The bloome that promiseth a mightie fruite.
 I see a yeelding in the lookes of France: 500
 Marke how they whisper, urge them while their soules
 Are capeable of this ambition,
 Least zeale now melted by the windie breath
 Of soft petitions, pittie and remorse,
 Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. [1. Cit.] Why answer not the double Majesties,
 This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fra. [K. Phi.] Speake England sirst, that hath bin
 forward first |

To speake unto this Cittie: what say you?

[K.] John. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely
 sonne, | 510

Can in this booke of beautie read, I love:

508. *sirs*: misprint 1F.

II. i. 486-515] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Her Dowrie shall weigh equall with a Queene:
 For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
 And all that we upon this side the Sea,
 (Except this Cittie now by us besiegd'd)
 Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
 shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
 In titles, honors, and promotions,
 As she in beautie, education, blood,
 Holdes hand with any Princesse of the world. 520

Fra. [K. Pbi.] What sai'st thou boy? looke in the
 Ladies face. |

Dol. [Lew.] I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
 A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
 The shadow of my selfe form'd in her eye,
 Which being but the shadow of your sonne,
 Becomes a sonne and makes your sonne a shadow:
 I do protest I never lov'd my selfe
 Till now, infixed I beheld my selfe,
 Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.

Whispers with Blanch. 530

Bast. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
 Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
 And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth espie
 Himselfe loves traytor, this is pittie now;
 That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there should be
 In such a love, so vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My unckles will in this respect is mine,
 If he see ought in you that makes him like,
 That any thing he see's which moves his liking,
 I can with ease translate it to my will: 540
 Or if you will, to speake more properly,
 I will enforce it easlie to my love.
 Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,

513. *Angiers*: Anjou-2POPE.

514. *hde*: misprint 1F.

517. *gball*: misprint 1F.

That all I see in you is worthie love,
 Then this, that nothing do I see in you,
 Though churlish thoughts themselves should bee your
 Judge,

That I can finde, should merit any hate.

[K.] *John.* What saie these yong-ones? What say
 you my | Neece? 550

Blan. That she is bound in honor still to do
 What you in wisdom still vouchsafe to say.

[K.] *John.* Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you
 love this | Ladie?

Dol. [*Lew.*] Nay aske me if I can refraine from love,
 For I doe love her most unfaindly.

[K.] *John.* Then do I give *Volquessen, Toraine,*
Maine, |

Poyctiers, and *Aniow,* these five Provinces
 With her to thee, and this addition more,
 Full thirty thousand Markes of English coyne: 560
Phillip of France, if thou be pleas'd withall,
 Command thy sonne and daughtet to joyne hands.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] It likes us well young Princes: close
 your hands |

Aust. And your lippes too, for I am well assur'd,
 That I did so when I was first assur'd.¹ ¹*betrotted*

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Now Cittizens of Angires ope your
 gates, |

Let in that amitie which you have made,
 For at Saint Maries Chappell presently,
 The rights of marriage shallbe solemniz'd.
 Is not the Ladie *Constance* in this troope? 570
 I know she is not for this match made up,
 Her presence would have interrupted much.
 Where is she and her sonne, tell me, who knowes?

558. *Aniow:* Anjou-4F.

562. *daughtet:* daughter-2-4F.

566. *Angires:* Angiers-2-4F.

II. i. 544-572] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Dol. [*Lew.*] She is sad and passionate¹ at your highnes
Tent. | ¹sorrowful

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] And by my faith, this league that we
have made |

Will give her sadnesse very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, have turn d another way,
To our owne vantage. 580

[*K.*] *John.* We will heale up all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne
We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Constance*,
Some speedy Messenger bid her repaire
To our solemnity: I trust we shall,
(If not fill up the measure of her will)
Yet in some measure satisfie her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation,
Go we as well as hast will suffer us, 590
To this unlook'd for unprepared pompe. *Exeunt*
[all but the Bastard].

Bast. Mad world, mad kings, mad composition:
John to stop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whose armour Conscience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne souldier, rounded² in the eare, ²whispered
With that same purpose-changer, that slye divel,
That Broker, that still breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all, 600
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who having no externall thing to loose,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.

582. *Britaine: Bretagne*—HANMER.

OF KING JOHN

[II. i. 573—III. i. 2

That smooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,¹
 Commoditie, the byas of the world, ^{1 self-interest}
 The world, who of it selfe is peysed ² well, ^{2 balanced}
 Made to run even, upon even ground;
 Till this advantage, this vile drawing byas,
 This sway of motion, this commoditie,
 Makes it take head from all indifferency, 610
 From all direction, purpose, course, intent.
 And this same byas, this Commoditie,
 This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
 Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
 Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
 From a resolv'd and honourable warre,
 To a most base and vile-concluded peace.
 And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
 But for because he hath not wooed me yet:
 Not that I have the power to clutch my hand, 620
 When his faire Angels³ would salute my palme,
 But for my hand, as unattempted yet, ^{3 coins}
 Like a poore begger, railleth on the rich.
 Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
 And say there is no sin but to be rich:
 And being rich, my vertue then shall be,
 To say there is no vice, but beggerie:
 Since Kings breake faith upon commoditie,
 Gaine be my Lord, for I will worship thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus[Act III. Scene i. *The French King's pavilion.*]*Enter Constance, Arthur, and Salisbury.*

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to sweare a peace?
 False blood to false blood joyn'd. Gone to be friends?

I. *Actus Secundus*: out—2 *POPE*.

K. J. 3.

33

Shall *Lewis* have *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* those Provinces?
 It is not so, thou hast mispoke, misheard,
 Be well advis'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
 It cannot be, thou do'st but say 'tis so.
 I trust I may not trust thee, for thy word
 Is but the vaine breath of a common man: 10
 Beleeve me, I doe not beleeve thee man,
 I have a Kings oath to the contrarie.
 Thou shalt be punish'd for thus frightening me,
 For I am sicke, and capeable of feares,
 Opprest with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
 A widdow, husbandles, subject to feares,
 A woman naturally borne to feares;
 And though thou now confesse thou didst but jest
 With my vext spirits, I cannot take a Truce,
 But they will quake and tremble all this day. 20
 What dost thou meane by shaking of thy head?
 Why dost thou looke so sadly on my sonne?
 What meanes that hand upon that breast of thine?
 Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
 Like a proud river peering ore his bounds?
 Be these sad signes confirmers of thy words?
 Then speake againe, not all thy former tale,
 But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeve you thinke them false,
 That give you cause to prove my saying true. 30

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeve this sorrow,
 Teach thou this sorrow, how to make me dye,
 And let beleeve, and life encounter so,
 As doth the furie of two desperate men,
 Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry *Blaunch*? O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?

6. *mispoke*: *misspoke*—THEOBALD.

Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy sight,
This newes hath made thee a most ugly man.

Sal. What other harme hæve I good Lady done, 40
But spoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it selfe so heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that speake of it.

Ar. I do beseech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidst me be content, wert grim
Ugly, and slanderous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of unpleasing blots, and sightlesse¹ staines,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious, ¹ *unsightly*
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content, 50

For then I should not love thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune joyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayst with Lillies boast,
And with the halfe-blowne Rose. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates houely with thine Unckle *John*,
And with her golden hand hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire respect of Soveraigntie, 60
And made his Majestie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *John*,
That strumpet Fortune, that usurping *John*:
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forsworne?
Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maist, thou shalt, I will not go with thee,

40. *have*: have-2-4F.

65. *Euvenom*: misprint 1F.

I will instruct my sorrowes to bee proud, 71
 For greefe is proud, and makes his owner stoope,
 To me and to the state of my great greefe,
 Let kings assemble: for my greefe's so great,
 That no supporter but the huge firme earth
 Can hold it up: here I and sorrowes sit,
 Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.
 [Seats herself on the ground.]

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

*Enter King John, France [King Philip], Dolphin
 [Lewis], Blanch, Elianor, Philip [the Bastard], |
 Austria, Constance.* 80

Fran. [K. Phi.] 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this
 blessed day, |
 Ever in *France* shall be kept festivall:
 To solemnize this day the glorious sunne
 Stayes in his course, and playes the Alchymist,
 Turning with splendor of his precious eye
 The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
 The yearely course that brings this day about,
 Shall never see it, but a holy day.

Const. A wicked day, and not a holy day. [Rising.]
 What hath this day deserv'd? what hath it done, 90
 That it in golden letters should be set
 Among the high tides in the Kalender?
 Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
 This day of shame, oppression, perjury.
 Or if it must stand still, let wives with childe
 Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
 Lest that their hopes prodigiously be crost:

78. *Actus Tertius, Scæna prima: out—THEOBALD.*

OF KING JOHN

[III. i. 92-121

But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end, 100
Yea, faith it selfe to hollow falshood change.

Fra. [K. Phi.] By heaven Lady, you shall have no
cause |

To curse the faire proceedings of this day:
Have I not pawn'd to you my Majesty?

Const. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Resembling Majesty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proves, valuelesse: you are forsworne, forsworne,
You came in Armes to spill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you strengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre 110
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppression hath made up this league:
Arme, arme, you heavens, against these perjur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heavens)
Let not the howres of this ungodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-set,
Set armed discord 'twixt these perjur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.

Aust. Lady *Constance*, peace.

Const. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Austria*, thou dost shame 121
That bloudy spoyle: thou slave, thou wretch, thou
coward, |

Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'st never fight
But when her humourous Ladiship is by
To teach thee safety: thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatnesse. What a foole art thou,

116. daies: day—THEOBALD.

III. i. 122-148] THE LIFE AND DEATH

A ramping foole, to brag, and stamp, and sweare,
 Upon my partie: thou cold blooded slave, 130
 Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
 Beene sworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
 Upon thy starres, thy fortune, and thy strength,
 And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
 Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for shame,
 And hang a Calves skin on those recreant limbes.

Aus. O that a man should speake those words to me.

Pbil. [*Bast.*] And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant limbs |

Aus. Thou dar'st not say so villaine for thy life.

Pbil. And hang a Calves-skin on those recreant limbs.

[*K.*] *John.* We like not this, thou dost forget thy selfe. | 141

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope. |

Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heaven;
 To thee King *John* my holy errand is:
 I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
 And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
 Doe in his name religiously demand
 Why thou against the Church, our holy Mother,
 So wilfully dost spurne; and force perforce 150
 Keepe *Stephen Langton* chosen Arshbishop
 Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
 This in our foresaid holy Fathers name
 Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.

[*K.*] *John.* What earthie name to Interrogatories
 Can tast the free breath of a sacred King?

146. *Millane*: Milan-Capell. 151. *Arshbisshop*: misprint 1-2F.
 156. *tast*: task-THEOBALD.

Thou canst not (Cardinall) devise a name
 So slight, unworthy, and ridiculous
 To charge me to an answer, as the Pope:
 Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*, 160
 Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Priest
 Shall tythe or toll¹ in our dominions: ¹ *exact toll*
 But as we, under heaven, are supream head,
 So under him that great supremacy
 Where we doe reigne, we will alone uphold
 Without th'assistance of a mortall hand:
 So tell the Pope, all reverence set apart
 To him and his usurp'd authoritie.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Brother of *England*, you blaspheme
 in this.

[*K.*] *John.* Though you, and all the Kings of Chris-
 tendom | 170

Are led so grossely by this meddling Priest,
 Dreading the curse that money may buy out,
 And by the merit of vilde gold, drosse, dust,
 Purchase corrupted pardon of a man,
 Who in that sale sels pardon from himselfe:
 Though you, and al the rest so grossely led,
 This jugling witchcraft with revennue cherish,
 Yet I alone, alone doe me oppose
 Against the Pope, and count his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I have, 180
 Thou shalt stand curst, and excommunicate,
 And blessed shall he be that doth revolt
 From his Allegiance to an heretique,
 And meritorious shall that hand be call'd,
 Canonized and worship'd as a Saint,
 That takes away by any secret course
 Thy hatefull life.

Con. O lawfull let it be

III. i. 180-209] THE LIFE AND DEATH

That I have roome with *Rome* to curse a while,
 Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen 190
 To my keene curses; for without my wrong
 There is no tongue hath power to curse him right.

Pan. There's Law and Warrant (*Lady*) for my curse.

Cons. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
 Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
 Law cannot give my childe his kingdome heere;
 For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
 Therefore since Law it selfe is perfect wrong,
 How can the Law forbid my tongue to curse?

Pand. *Philip* of *France*, on perill of a curse, 200
 Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
 And raise the power of *France* upon his head,
 Unless he doe submit himselfe to *Rome*.

Elea. Look'st thou pale *France*? do not let go thy hand.

Con. Looke to that Devill, lest that *France* repent,
 And by disjoyning hands hell lose a soule.

Aust. King *Philip*, listen to the Cardinall.

Bast. And hang a Calves-skin on his recreant limbs.

Aust. Well ruffian, I must pocket up these wrongs,
 Because, 210

Bast. Your breeches best may carry them.

[*K.*] *John.* *Philip*, what saist thou to the Cardinall?

Con. What should he say, but as the Cardinall?

Dolph. [*Lew.*] Bethinke you father, for the difference |

Is purchase of a heavy curse from *Rome*,
 Or the light losse of *England*, for a friend:
 Forgoe the easier.

Bla. That s the curse of *Rome*.

Con. O *Lewis*, stand fast, the devill tempts thee heere
 In likenesse of a new untrimmed Bride. 220

217. *easier*: misprint 1F.

Bla. The Lady *Constance* speakes not from her faith,
But from her need.

Con. Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which onely lives but by the death of faith,
That need, must needs inferre this principle,
That faith would live againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts up,
Keepe my need up, and faith is trodden downe.

[*K.*] *John.* The king is moud, and answers not to
this. | 229

Con. O be remov'd from him, and answer well.

Aust. Doe so king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.

Bast. Hang nothing but a Calves skin most sweet lout.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] I am perplext, and know not what
to say. |

Pan. What canst thou say, but wil perplex thee
more? |

If thou stand excommunicate, and curst?

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Good reverend father, make my per-
son yours, |

And tell me how you would bestow your selfe?

This royall hand and mine are newly knit,

And the conjunction of our inward soules

Married in league, coupled, and link'd together 240

With all religious strength of sacred vowes,

The latest breath that gave the sound of words

Was deepe-sworne faith, peace, amity, true love

Betweene our kingdomes and our royall selves,

And even before this truce, but new before,

No longer then we well could wash our hands,

To clap this royall bargain up of peace,

Heaven knowes they were besmear'd and over-staind

With slaughters pencill; where revenge did paint

229. moud; moved-2-4F.

III. i. 238-268] THE LIFE AND DEATH

The fearefull difference of incensed kings: 250
 And shall these hands so lately purg'd of bloud?
 So newly joyn'd in love? so strong in both,
 Unyoke this seysure, and this kinde regreete?¹
 Play fast and loose with faith? so jest with heaven,
 Make such unconstant children of our selves ¹*greeting*
 As now againe to snatch our palme from palme:
 Un-sweare faith sworne, and on the marriage bed
 Of smiling peace to march a bloody hoast,
 And make a ryot on the gentle brow
 Of true sincerity? O holy Sir 260

My reverend father, let it not be so;
 Out of your grace, devise, ordaine, impose
 Some gentle order, and then we shall be blest
 To doe your pleasure, and continue friends.

Pand. All forme is formelesse, Order orderlesse,
 Save what is opposite to *Englands* love.
 Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
 Or let the Church our mother breathe her curse,
 A mothers curse, on her revolting sonne:
France, thou maist hold a serpent by the tongue, 270
 A cased Lion by the mortall paw,
 A fasting Tyger safer by the tooth,
 Then keepe in peace that hand which thou dost hold.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] I may dis-joyne my hand, but not
 my faith. |

Pand. So mak'st thou faith an enemy to faith,
 And like a civill warre setst oath to oath,
 Thy tongue against thy tongue. O let thy vow
 First made to heaven, first be to heaven perform'd,
 That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
 What since thou sworst, is sworne against thy selfe,

255. *onr*: misprint 1F.

271. *cased*: chafed—THEOBALD.

And may not be performed by thy selfe, 281
 For that which thou hast sworne to doe amisse,
 Is not amisse when it is truely done:
 And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
 The truth is then most done not doing it:
 The better Act of purposes mistooke,
 Is to mistake again, though indirect,
 Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
 And falshood, falshood cures, as fire cooles fire
 Within the scorched veines of one new burn'd: 290
 It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
 But thou hast sworne against religion:
 By what thou swear'st against the thing thou swear'st,
 And mak'st an oath the suretie for thy truth,
 Against an oath the truth, thou art unsure
 To sweare, swears onely not to be forsworne,
 Else what a mockerie should it be to sweare?
 But thou dost sweare, onely to be forsworne,
 And most forsworne, to keepe what thou dost sweare,
 Therefore thy later vowes, against thy first, 300
 Is in thy selfe rebellion to thy selfe:
 And better conquest never canst thou make,
 Then arme thy constant and thy nobler parts
 Against these giddy loose suggestions:
 Upon which better part, our prayrs come in,
 If thou vouchsafe them. But if not, then know
 The perill of our curses light on thee
 So heavy, as thou shalt not shake them off
 But in despaire, dye under their blacke weight.

Aust. Rebellion, flat rebellion. 310

Bast. Wil't not be?

Will not a Calves-skin stop that mouth of thine?

Daul. [*Lew.*] Father, to Armes.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding day?

III. i. 301-330] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Against the blood that thou hast married?
 What, shall our feast be kept with slaughtered men?
 Shall braying trumpets, and loud churlish drums
 Clamors of hell, be measures to our pomp?
 O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
 Is husband in my mouth? even for that name 320
 Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce;
 Upon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
 Against mine Uncle.

Const. O, upon my knee made hard with kneeling,
 I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
 Alter not the doome fore-thought by heaven.

Blan. Now shall I see thy love, what motive may
 Be stronger with thee, then the name of wife?

Con. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds,
 His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor. 330

Dolph. [*Lew.*] I muse your Majesty doth seeme so
 cold, |

When such profound respects doe pull you on?

Pand. I will denounce a curse upon his head.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Thou shalt not need. *England*, I will
 fall from thee. |

Const. O faire returne of banish'd Majestie.

Elea. O foule revolt of French inconstancy.

Eng. [*K. John*] *France*, thou shalt rue this houre
 within this houre. |

Bast. Old Time the clocke setter, that bald sexton Time:
 Is it as he will? well then, *France* shall rue.

Bla. The Sun's oreast with bloud: faire day adieu,
 Which is the side that I must goe withall? 341

I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
 And in their rage, I having hold of both,
 They whurle a-sunder, and dismember mee.

323-6. 3 five-accent ll., 1 two-accent l.—POPE.

Husband, I cannot pray that thou maist winne:
 Uncle, I needs must pray that thou maist lose:
 Father, I may not wish the fortune thine:
 Grandam, I will not wish thy wishes thrive:
 Who-ever wins, on that side shall I lose:
 Assured losse, before the match be plaid. 350

Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Bla. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

[*K.*] *John.* *Cosen*, goe draw our puisance¹ together,

[*Exit Bastard.*]

France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath,
 A rage, whose heat hath this condition; ¹*force*
 That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
 The blood and deerest valued bloud of *France*.

Fra. [*K. Phi.*] Thy rage shall burne thee up, & thou
 shalt turne |

To ashes, ere our blood shall quench that fire:
 Looke to thy selfe, thou art in jeopardie. 360

[*K.*] *John.* No more then he that threats. To Arms
 le'ts hie. |

Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

[*The same. Plains near Angiers.*]

Allarums, Excursions: Enter *Bastard* with *Austria's*
head.

Bast. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
 Some ayery Devill hovers in the skie,
 And pour's downe mischiefe. *Austrias* head lye there,

Enter John, Arthur, Hubert.

While *Philip* breathes.

[*K.*] *John.* *Hubert*, keepe this boy: *Philip* make up,

361. *le'ts:* misprint 1-2F.

III. ii. 6-iii. 19] THE LIFE AND DEATH

My Mother is assayled in our Tent, 10
And tane I feare.

Bast. My Lord I rescued her,
Her Highnesse is in safety, feare you not:
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *The same.*]

*Alarums, excursions, Retreat. Enter [King] John,
Eleanor, Arthur | Bastard, Hubert, Lords.*

[*K.*] *John.* [*To Elinor*] So shall it be: your Grace
shall stay behinde |
So strongly guarded: [*To Arthur*] Cosen, looke not sad,
Thy Grandame loves thee, and thy Unkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.

Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.

[*K.*] *John.* [*To the Bastard*] Cosen away for Eng-
land, haste before, |

And ere our comming see thou shake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, imprisoned angells 10
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Must by the hungry now be fed upon:
Use our Commission in his utmost force.

Bast. Bell, Booke, & Candle, shall not drive me back,
When gold and silver beckes me to come on.

I leave your highnesse: Grandame, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)

For your faire safety: so I kisse your hand.

Ele. Farewell gentle Cosen.

[*K.*] *John.* Coz, farewell. [*Exit Bastard.*] 20

Ele. Come hether little kinsman, harke, a worde.

[*K.*] *John.* Come hether *Hubert.* O my gentle
Hubert, |

We owe thee much: within this wall of flesh
 There is a soule counts thee her Creditor,
 And with advantage meanes to pay thy love:
 And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
 Lives in this bosome, deerely cherished.
 Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say,
 But I will fit it with some better tune.
 By heaven *Hubert*, I am almost asham'd 30
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

[*K.*] *John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say
 so yet, |

But thou shalt have: and creepe time nere so slow,
 Yet it shall come, for me to doe thee good.
 I had a thing to say, but let it goe:
 The Sunne is in the heaven, and the proud day,
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,
 Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
 To give me audience: If the mid-night bell 40
 Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
 Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
 If this same were a Church-yard where we stand,
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs:
 Or if that surly spirit melancholy
 Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heavy, thicke,
 Which else runnes tickling up and downe the veines,
 Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
 And straine their cheekes to idle merriment,
 A passion hatefull to my purposes: 50
 Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
 Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 Without eyes, eares, and harmefull sound of words:

29. *tune: time—POP.*

III. iii. 52-73] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Then, in despight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy bosome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I love thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my Act, 60
By heaven I would doe it.

[*K.*] *Jobn.* Doe not I know thou wouldst?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon young boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very serpent in my way,
And wheresoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: dost thou understand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And Ile keepe him so,
That he shall not offend your Majesty. 70

[*K.*] *Jobn.* Death.

Hub. My Lord.

[*K.*] *Jobn.* A Grave.

Hub. He shall not live.

[*K.*] *Jobn.* Enough.

I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I love thee.
Well, Ile not say what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile send those powers o're to your Majesty.

Ele. My blessing goe with thee. 80

[*K.*] *Jobn.* For *England* Cosen, goe.

Hubert shall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie: On toward *Callice*, ho.

Exeunt.

83. *Callice*: Calais--Poer.

Scæna Tertia.

[Scene iv. *The same. The French King's tent.*]

Enter France [*King Philip*], *Dolbin* [*Lewis*], *Pandulpho*, *Attendants*. |

Fra. [*K. Phi.*] So by a roaring Tempest on the flood,
A whole Armado of convicted¹ saile ¹*defeated*
Is scattered and dis-joyn'd from fellowship.

Pand. Courage and comfort, all shall yet goe well.

Fra. [*K. Phi.*] What can goe well, when we have
runne so ill? |

Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* lost?

Arthur tane prisoner? divers deere friends slaine?

And bloody *England* into *England* gone, 10

Ore-bearing interruption spight of *France*?

Dol. [*Lew.*] What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a speed, with such advice dispos'd,
Such temperate order in so fierce a cause,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?

Fra. [*K. Phi.*] Well could I beare that *England* had
this praise, |
So we could finde some patterne of our shame:

Enter Constance.

Looke who comes heere? a grave unto a soule, 20

Holding th'eternall spirit against her will,

In the vilde prison of afflicted breath:

I prethee Lady goe away with me.

Con. Lo; now: now see the issue of your peace.

Fra. [*K. Phi.*] Patience good Lady, comfort gentle
Constance. |

1. *Scæna Tertia*: out—*POPE*. 2. *Pandulpho*: *Pandulph*—*CAPELL*.

III. iv. 23-56] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Con. No, I defie all Counsell, all redresse,
 But that which ends all counsell, true Redresse:
 Death, death, O amiable, lovely death,
 Thou odoriferous stench: sound rottennesse,
 Arise forth from the couch of lasting night, 30
 Thou hate and terror to prosperitie,
 And I will kisse thy detestable bones,
 And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
 And ring these fingers with thy household wormes,
 And stop this gap of breath with fulsome dust,
 And be a Carrion Monster like thy selfe;
 Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou smil'st,
 And busse thee as thy wife: Miseries Love,
 O come to me.

Fra. [K. Phi.] O faire affliction, peace. 40

Con. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry:
 O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
 Then with a passion would I shake the world,
 And rowze from sleepe that fell Anatomy
 Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
 Which scornes a moderne¹ Invocation. ¹*commonplace*

Pand. Lady, you utter madnesse, and not sorrow.

Con. Thou art holy to belye me so,
 I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
 My name is *Constance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife, 50
 Yong *Arthur* is my sonne, and he is lost:
 I am not mad, I would to heaven I were,
 For then 'tis like I should forget my selfe:
 O, if I could, what grieve should I forget?
 Preach some Philosophy to make me mad,
 And thou shalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
 For, being not mad, but sensible of greefe,
 My reasonable part produces reason
 How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
 And teaches mee to kill or hang my selfe: 60

If I were mad, I should forget my sonne,
 Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
 I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
 The different plague of each calamitie.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Binde up those tresses: O what love I
 note |

In the faire multitude of those her haire;
 Where but by chance a silver drop hath falne,
 Even to that drop ten thousand wieri fiends
 Doe glew themselves in sociable grieve,
 Like true, inseparable, faithfull loves, 70
 Sticking together in calamitie.

Con. To *England*, if you will.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] Binde up your haire.

Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
 I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
 O, that these hands could so redeeme my sonne,
 As they have given these hayres their libertie:
 But now I envie at their libertie,
 And will againe commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poore childe is a prisoner. 80
 And Father Cardinall, I have heard you say
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven:
 If that be true, I shall see my boy againe;
 For since the birth of *Caine*, the first male-childe
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,¹ ¹*draw breath*
 There was not such a gracious creature borne:
 But now will Canker-sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheeke,
 And he will looke as hollow as a Ghost,
 As dim and meager as an Agues fitte, 90
 And so hee'll dye: and rising so againe,
 When I shall meet him in the Court of heaven
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never

68. *fiends*: friends—2Rowe.

III. iv. 89-118] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Must I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.

Pand. You hold too heynous a respect of griefe.

Const. He talkes to me, that never had a sonne.

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] You are as fond of griefe, as of your childe.

Con. Griefe fills the roome up of my absent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes up and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words, 100
Remembets me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, have I reason to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell: had you such a losse as I,
I could give better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme upon my head,
When there is such disorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire sonne,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my sorrowes cure. *Exit.* 110

Fra. [*K. Pbi.*] I feare some out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.* |

Dol. [*Lew.*] There's nothing in this world can make me joy, |
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull care of a drowsie man;
And bitter shame hath spoyl'd the sweet words taste,
That it yeelds nought but shame and bitternesse.

Pand. Before the curing of a strong disease,
Even in the instant of repaire and health,
The fit is strongest: Evils that take leave
On their departure, most of all shew evill: 120
What have you lost by losing of this day?

Dol. [*Lew.*] All daies of glory, joy, and happinesse.

Pan. If you had won it, certainly you had.

101. *Remembets*: *Remembers*-2-4F.

115. *words*: *world's*-POPE.

No, no: when Fortune meanes to men most good,
 Shee lookes upon them with a threatning eye:
 'Tis strange to thinke how much King *John* hath lost
 In this which he accounts so clearely wonne:
 Are not you griev'd that *Arthur* is his prisoner?

Dol. [*Lew.*] As heartily as he is glad he hath him.

Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
 Now heare me speake with a prophetick spirit: 131
 For even the breath of what I meane to speake,
 Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub
 Out of the path which shall directly lead
 Thy foote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
John hath seiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
 That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
 The mis-plac'd-*John* should entertaine an houre,
 One minute, nay one quiet breath of rest.
 A Scepter snatch'd with an unruly hand, 140
 Must be as boysterously maintain'd as gain'd.
 And he that stands upon a slipp'ry place,
 Makes nice of no vilde hold to stay him up:
 That *John* may stand, then *Arthur* needs must fall,
 So be it, for it cannot be but so.

Dol. [*Lew.*] But what shall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall? |

Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
 May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.

Dol. [*Lew.*] And loose it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.

Pan. How green you are, and fresh in this old world?
John layes you plots: the times conspire with you, 151
 For he that steepes his safetie in true blood,
 Shall finde but bloodie safety, and untrue.
 This Act so evilly borne shall coole the hearts
 Of all his people, and freeze up their zeale,
 That none so small advantage shall step forth
 To checke his reigne, but they will cherish it.

III. iv. 153-183] THE LIFE AND DEATH

No naturall exhalation in the skie,
 No scope of Nature, no distemper'd day,
 No common winde, no customed event, 160
 But they will plucke away his naturall cause,
 And call them Meteors, prodigies, and signes,
 Abbottives, presages, and tongues of heaven,
 Plainly denouncing vengeance upon *John*.

Dol. [*Lew.*] May be he will not touch yong *Artburs*
 life, |

But hold himselfe safe in his prisonment.

Pan. O Sir, when he shall heare of your approach,
 If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
 Even at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
 Of all his people shall revolt from him, 170
 And kisse the lippes of unacquainted change,
 And picke strong matter of revolt, and wrath
 Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.

Me thinkes I see this hurley all on foot;
 And O, what better matter breeds for you,
 Then I have nam'd. The Bastard *Falconbridge*
 Is now in England ransacking the Church,
 Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
 Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
 To traine ten thousand English to their side; 180
 Or, as a little snow, tumbled about,
 Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
 Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
 What may be wrought out of their discontent,
 Now that their soules are topfull of offence,
 For England go; I will whet on the King.

Dol. [*Lew.*] Strong reasons makes strange actions:
 let us go, |

If you say I, the King will not say no. *Exennt.*

187. *makes*: make—CAPELL. *strong*: strong-2-4F.

188. *Exennt*: misprint 1F.

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.[*A room in a castle.*]*Enter Hubert and Executioners.*

Hub. Heate me these Irons hot, and looke thou stand
 Within the Arras: when I strike my foot
 Upon the bosome of the ground, rush forth
 And binde the boy, which you shall finde with me
 Fast to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.

[*1.*] *Exec.* I hope your warrant will beare out the
 deed.]

Hub. Uncleanly scruples feare not you: looke too't.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Yong Lad come forth; I have to say with you. 10

Enter Arthur.

Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.

Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.

Ar. As little Prince, having so great a Title
 To be more Prince, as may be: you are sad.

Hub. Indeed I have beene merrier.

Art. 'Mercie on me:

Me thinkes no body should be sad but I:
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Yong Gentlemen would be as sad as night 20
 Onely for wantonnesse: by my Christendome,¹
 So I were out of prison, and kept Sheepe ^{1 baptism}
 I should be as merry as the day is long:
 And so I would be heere, but that I doubt
 My Unckle practises² more harme to me: ^{2 plots}
 He is affraid of me, and I of him:
 Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes sonne*?

No in deede is't not: and I would to heaven
I were your sonne, so you would love me, Hubert:

Hub. [*Aside*] If I talke to him, with his innocent
prate | 30

He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sodaine, and dispatch.

Ar. Are you sicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Insooth I would you were a little sicke,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more then you do me,

Hub. [*Aside*] His words do take possession of my
bosome. |

Reade heere yong *Artbnr.* [*Showing a paper.*] [*Aside*]
How now foolish rheume? |

Turning dispiteous¹ torture out of doore? ¹*pitiless*
I must be breefe, least resolution drop 40

Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?

Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for so foule effect,
Must you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?

Hub. Yong Boy, I must.

Art. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Art. Have you the heart? When your head did but
ake,

I knit my hand-kercher about your browes 50
(The best I had, a Princesse wrought it me)

And I did never aske it you againe:

And with my hand, at midnight held your head;

And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,

Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;

Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?

38. *Artbnr.*: misprint 1F.

39. *dispiteous*: *dispiteous*—*POPE*.

Or what good love may I performe for you?
 Many a poore mans sonne would have lyen still,
 And nere have spoke a loving word to you:
 But you, at your sicke service had a Prince: 60
 Nay, you may thinke my love was craftie love,
 And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,
 If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
 Why then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall
 So much as frowne on you.

Hub. I have sworne to do it:

And with hot Irons must I burne them out.

Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
 The Iron of it selfe, though heate red hot, 70
 Approaching neere these eyes, would drinke my teares,
 And quench this fierie indignation,
 Even in the matter of mine innocence:
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
 But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
 Are you more stubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
 And if an Angell should have come to me,
 And told me *Hubert* should put out mine eyes,
 I would not have beleev'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.

Hub. Come forth: [*Stamps. Re-enter Executioners,*
with a cord, irons, &c.] Do as I bid you do. | 80

Art. O save me *Hubert*, save me: my eyes are out
 Even with the fierce lookes of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the Iron I say, and binde him heere.

Art. Alas, what neede you be so boistrous rough?
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone still:
 For heaven sake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
 Nay heare me *Hubert*, drive these men away,

62. *And:* AB—THEOBALD.

72. *this:* his—CAPELL.

77. *And:* AB—CAPELL.

And I will sit as quiet as a Lambe.
 I will not stirre, nor winch, nor speake a word,
 Nor looke upon the Iron angerly: 90
 Thrust but these men away, and Ile forgive you,
 What ever torment you do put me too.

Hub. Go stand within: let me alone with him.

[1.] *Exec.* I am best pleas'd to be from such a deede.

[*Exeunt Executioners.*]

Art. Alas, I then have chid away my friend,
 He hath a sterne looke, but a gentle heart:
 Let him come backe, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your selfe.

Art. Is there no remedie? 100

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Art. O heaven: that there were but a moth in yours,
 A graine, a dust, a gnat, a wandering haire,
 Any annoyance in that precious sense:
 Then feeling what small things are boysterous there,
 Your vilde intent must needs seeme horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? Go too, hold your toong.

Art. *Hubert*, the utterance of a brace of tongues,
 Must needs want pleading for a paire of eyes:
 Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*, 110
 Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
 So I may keepe mine eyes. O spare mine eyes,
 Though to no use, but still to looke on you.
 Loe, by my troth, the Instrument is cold,
 And would not harme me.

Hub. I can heate it, Boy.

Art. No, in good sooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
 Being create for comfort, to be us'd

In undeserved extreames: See else your selfe,
 There is no malice in this burning cole, 120
 The breath of heaven, hath blowne his spirit out,
 And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it Boy.

Art. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, *Hubert:*
 Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes:
 And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
 Snatch at his Master that doth tarre¹ him on. ¹urge
 All things that you should use to do me wrong
 Deny their office: onely you do lacke 130
 That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
 Creatures of note for mercy, lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live: I will not touch thine eye,
 For all the Treasure that thine Unckle owes,² ²owns
 Yet am I sworne, and I did purpose, Boy,
 With this same very Iron, to burne them out.

Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*. All this while
 You were disguis'd.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
 Your Unckle must not know but you are dead. 140
 Ile fill these dogged Spies with false reports:
 And, pretty childe, sleepe doubtlesse, and secure,
 That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Art. O heaven! I thanke you *Hubert*.

Hub. Silence, no more; go closely in with mee,
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. *Exeunt*

124. *And: An-CAMBRIDGE.*

Scena Secunda.[*King John's palace.*]*Enter [King] John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other
Lords. |**[K.] John.* Heere once againe we sit: once against
crown'd |

And look'd upon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.

Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once superfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere stained with revolt:
Fresh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State. 10*Sal.* Therefore, to be possess'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To smooth the yce, or adde another hew
Unto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To seeke the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wastefull, and ridiculous excesse.*Pem.* But that your Royall pleasure must be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told, 20
And, in the last repeating, troublesome,
Being urged at a time unseasonable.*Sal.* In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much disfigured,
And like a shifted winde unto a saile,
It makes the course of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights consideration:
Makes sound opinion sicke, and truth suspected,3. *against* : again-3-4F.

For putting on so new a fashion'd robe.

Pem. When Workemen strive to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in covetousnesse, 31
And oftentimes excusing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worse by th'excuse:
As patches set upon a little breach,
Discredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was so patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To over-bear it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and every part of what we would 40
Doth make a stand, at what your Highnesse will.

[*K.*] *Job.* Some reasons of this double Corronation
I have possest you with, and thinke them strong.
And more, more strong, then lesser is my feare
I shall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would have reform'd. that is not well,
And well shall you perceive, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requests.

Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of these
To sound the purposes of all their hearts, 50
Both for my selfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your safety: for the which, my selfe and them
Bend their best studies, heartily request
Th'infranchisement of *Arthur*, whose restraint
Doth move the murmuring lips of discontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in rest you have, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they say) attend
The steppes of wrong, should move you to mew up
Your tender kinsman, and to choake his dayes 60
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exercise,
That the times enemies may not have this

IV. ii. 62-90] 'THE LIFE AND DEATH

To grace occasions: let it be our suite,
That you have bid us aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it your weale: he have his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

[*K.*] *John*, Let it be so: I do commit his youth 70
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?

[*Taking him apart.*]

Pem. This is the man should do the bloody deed:
He shew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Lives in his eye: that close aspect of his,
Do shew the mood of a much troubled brest,
And I do fearefully beleeeve 'tis done,
What we so fear'd he had a charge to do.

Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go 80
Betweene his purpose and his conscience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes set:
His passion is so ripe, it needs must breake.

Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will issue thence
The foule corruption of a sweet childe's death.

[*K.*] *John*. We cannot hold mortalities strong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give, is living,
The suite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels us *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.

Sal. Indeed we fear'd his sicknesse was past cure.

Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himselfe felt he was sicke: 91
This must be answer'd either heere, or hence.

[*K.*] *Job*. Why do you bend such solemne browes
on me? |

76. *Do: Does*—4F.

Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of destiny?
Have I commandement on the pulse of life?

Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and'tis shame
That Greatnesse should so grossely offer it;
So thrive it in your game, and so farewell.

Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile go with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe, 100
His little kingdome of a forced grave.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This must not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our sorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt*

[*Lords.*]

[*K.*] *Jo.* They burn in indignation: I repent:

Enter Mes. |

There is no sure foundation set on blood:
No certaine life atchiev'd by others death:

[*Enter a Messenger.*]

A fearefull eye thou hast. Where is that blood,
That I have seene inhabite in those cheekes? 110
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a storme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?

Mes. From France to England, never such a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was levied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your speede is learn'd by them:
For when you should be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriv'd.

[*K.*] *Job.* Oh where hath our Intelligence bin
drunke? |

Where hath it slept? Where is my Mothers care?
That such an Army could be drawne in France, 121
And she not heare of it?

IV. ii. 119-148] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Mes. My Liege, her eare
Is stopt with dust: the first of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Constance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or false I know not.

[*K.*] *Jobn.* With-hold thy speed, dreadfull Occa-
sion: |
O make a league with me, 'till I have pleas'd 130
My discontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Estate in France?
Under whose conduct came those powres of France,
That thou for truth giv'st out are landed heere?

Mes. Under the Dolphin.

Enter Bastard and Peter of Pomfret.

[*K.*] *Job.* Thou hast made me giddy
With these ill tydings: Now? What sayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not seeke to stuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full. 140

Bast. But if you be a-feard to heare the worst,
Then let the worst un-heard, fall on your head.

[*K.*] *Jobn.* Beare with me Cosen, for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, speake it of what it will.

Bast. How I have sped among the Clergy men,
The summes I have collected shall expresse:
But as I travail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people strangely fantasied, 150
Possest with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the streets of Pomfret, whom I found

With many hundreðs treading on his heeles:
 To whom he sung in rude harsh sounding rimes,
 That ere the next Ascension day at noone,
 Your Highnes should deliver up your Crowne.

[K.] *John.* Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didst
 thou so? | 159

Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out so.

[K.] *John. Hubert,* away with him: imprison him,
 And on that day at noone, whereon he sayes
 I shall yeeld up my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
 Deliver him to safety, and returne,
 For I must use thee. [*Exit Hubert with Peter.*] O
 my gentle Cosen, |

Hear'st thou the newes abroad, who are arriv'd?

Bast. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are full
 of it: |

Besides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisbury*
 With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
 And others more, going to seeke the grave 170
 Of *Arthur*, whom they say is kill'd to night, on your
 suggestion. |

[K.] *John.* Gentle kinsman, go
 And thrust thy selfe into their Companies,
 I have a way to winne their loves againe:
 Bring them before me.

Bast. I will seeke them out.

[K.] *John.* Nay, but make haste: the better foote
 before. |

O, let me have no subject enemies,
 When adverse Forreyners affright my Townes
 With dreadfull pompe of stout invasion. 180
 Be *Mercurie*, set feathers to thy heeles,
 And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.

171-2. new l. at On-Rowe.

IV. ii. 176-202] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Bast. The spirit of the time shall teach me speed. *Exit*
 [K.] *John.* Spoke like a sprightfull Noble Gentle-
 man. |

Go after him: for he perhaps shall neede
 Some Messenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
 And be thou hee.

Mes. With all my heart, my Liege. [Exit.]

[K.] *John.* My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

190

Hub. My Lord, they say five Moones were seene to
 night: |

Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
 The other foure, in wondrous motion.

[K.] *Job.* Five Moones?

Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the streets
 Do prophesie upon it dangerously:
 Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
 And when they talke of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the eare.
 And he that speakes, doth gripe the hearers wrist, 200
 Whilst he that heares, makes fearefull action
 With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a Smith stand with his hammer (thus)
 The whilst his Iron did on the Anvile coole,
 With open mouth swallowing a Taylors newes,
 Who with his Sheeres, and Measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feete,
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent. 210
 Another leane, unwash'd Artificer,
 Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.

[K.] *Jo.* Why seek'st thou to possesse me with these feares? |

Why urgest thou so oft yong *Arthurs* death?

Thy hand hath muredred him: I had a mighty cause
To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not provoke me? |

[K.] *John.* It is the curse of Kings, to be attended
By slaves, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody house of life, 220
And on the winking of Authoritie

To understand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Majesty, when perchance it frownes
More upon humor, then advis'd respect.¹ ¹ *consideration*

Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.

[K.] *Job.* Oh, when the last accompt twixt heaven
& earth |

Is to be made, then shall this hand and Seale
Witnesse against us to damnation.

How oft the sight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'st not thou beene by, 230
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,

Quoted, and sign'd to do a deede of shame,
This murther had not come into my minde.

But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aspect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:

Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:

And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conscience to destroy a Prince.

Hub. My Lord. 240

[K.] *Job.* Had'st thou but shooke thy head, or made
a pause |

When I spake darkely, what I purposed:

IV. ii. 233-263] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face;
 As bid me tell my tale in expresse words:
 Deepe shame had struck me dumbe, made me break off,
 And those thy feares, might have wrought feares in me.
 But, thou didst understand me by my signes,
 And didst in signes againe parley with sinne,
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And consequently, thy rude hand to acte 250
 The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more:
 My Nobles leave me, and my State is braved,
 Even at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly Land,
 This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
 Hostilitie, and civill tumult reignes
 Betweene my conscience, and my Cosins death.

Hub. Arme you against your other enemies:
 Ile make a peace betweene your soule, and you. 260
 Yong *Artbur* is alive: This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
 Not painted with the Crimson spots of blood,
 Within this bosome, never entred yet
 The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
 And you have slander'd Nature in my forme,
 Which howsoever rude exteriorly,
 Is yet the cover of a fayrer minde,
 Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.

[*K.*] *John.* Doth *Artbur* live? O hast thee to the
 Peeres, | 270
 Throw this report on their incens'd rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience.
 Forgive the Comment that my passion made

256. *breatbe*: breath-4F.

271. *incensd*: incensed-2-4F.

Upon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
 And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
 Presented thee more hideous then thou art.
 Oh, answer not; but to my Closset bring
 The angry Lords, with all expedient¹ hast, ¹ *expeditious*
 I conjure thee but slowly: run more fast. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.[*Before the castle.*]*Enter Arthur on the walles.*

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
 Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
 There's few or none do know me, if they did,
 This Ship-boyes semblance hath disguis'd me quite.
 I am affraide, and yet Ile venture it.
 If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
 Ile finde a thousand shifts to get away;
 As good to dye, and go; as dye, and stay. 10

[*Leaps down.*]

Oh me, my Unckles spirit is in these stones,
 Heaven take my soule, and England keep my bones. *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
 It is our safetie, and we must embrace
 This gentle offer of the perillous time.

Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?

Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
 Whose private with me of the Dolphines love,
 Is much more generall, then these lines import. 20

14. S.: Saint-2F.

18. *Meloone*: Melun-Rowe.

IV. iii. 18-44] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Big. To morrow morning let us meete him then.

Sal. Or rather then set forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes journey (Lords) or ere we meete.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Once more to day well met, distemper'd¹ Lords,
The King by me requests your presence straight.

Sal. The king hath dispossess himselfe of us,
We will not lyne his thin-bestained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaves the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him so: we know the worst. 31

Bast. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke
were best. ¹*discontented*

Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reason now.

Bast. But there is little reason in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reason you had manners now.

Pem. Sir, sir, impatience hath his priviledge.

Bast. 'Tis true, to hurt his master, no mans else.

Sal. This is the prison: What is he lyes heere?

[*Seeing Arthur.*]

P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede. 41

Sal. Murther, as hating what himselfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.

Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a grave,
Found it too precious Princely, for a grave.

Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you have beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almost thinke, although you see,
That you do see? Could thought, without this object

38. *mans*: man-2-4F.

46. *you have*: have you-3-4F.

Forme such another? This is the very top, 50
 The heighth, the Crest: or Crest unto the Crest
 Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest Savagery, the vildest stroke
 That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or staring rage
 Presented to the teares of soft remorse.

Pem. All murthers past, do stand excus'd in this:
 And this so sole, and so unmatcheable,
 Shall give a holinesse, a puritie,
 To the yet unbegotten sinne of times;
 And prove a deadly blood-shed, but a jest, 60
 Exemplified by this heynous spectacle.

Bast. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
 The gracelesse action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the worke of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
 We had a kinde of light, what would ensue:
 It is the shamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
 The practice, and the purpose of the king:
 From whose obedience I forbid my soule, 70
 Kneeling before this ruine of sweete life,
 And breathing to his breathlesse Excellence
 The Incense of a Vow, a holy Vow:
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with Ease, and Idlenesse,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of Revenge.

Pem. Big. Our soules religiously confirme thy words.

Enter Hubert.

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haste, in seeking you,
Arthur doth live, the king hath sent for you. 81

IV. iii. 76-104] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Avant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone.

Hu. I am no villaine. *Sal.* Must I rob the Law?
[*Drawing his sword.*]

Bast. Your sword is bright sir, put it up againe.

Sal. Not till I sheath it in a murtherers skin.

Hub. Stand backe Lord Salisbury, stand backe I say.
By heaven, I thinke my sword's as sharpe as yours.
I would not have you (Lord) forget your selfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence; 90
Least I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatnesse, and Nobility.

Big. Out dunghill: dar'st thou brave a Nobleman?

Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life against an Emperour.

Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.

Hub. Do not prove me so:
Yet I am none. Whose tongue so ere speakes false,
Not truely speakes: who speakes not truely, Lies.

Pem. Cut him to peeces. 100

Bast. Keepe the peace, I say.

Sal. Stand by, or I shall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.

Bast. Thou wer't better gaul the divell Salisbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or stirre thy foote,
Or teach thy hastie spleene to do me shame,
Ile strike thee dead. Put up thy sword betime,
Or Ile so maule you, and your toasting-Iron,
That you shall thinke the divell is come from hell.

Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer? 110

Hnb. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.

Big. Who kill'd this Prince?

Hub. 'Tis not an houre since I left him well:

III. *Hnb.*: *Hub.*-2-4F.

I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his sweete lives losse.

Sal. Trust not those cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without such rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it seeme
Like Rivers of remorse and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whose soules abhorre 120
Th'uncleanly savours of a Slaughter-house,
For I am stifled with this smell of sinne.

Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.

P. There tel the king, he may inquire us out. *Ex. Lords.*

Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundlesse reach of mercie,
(If thou didst this deed of death) art thou damn'd *Hubert*.

Hub. Do but heare me sir.

Bast. Ha? Ile tell thee what. 129
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is so blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell
As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this childe.

Hub. Upon my soule.

Bast. If thou didst but consent
To this most cruell Act: do but dispaire,
And if thou want'st a Cord, the smallest thred
That ever Spider twisted from her wombe
Will serve to strangle thee: A rush will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldst thou drowne thy selfe,
Put but a little water in a spoone, 141
And it shall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to stifle such a villaine up.
I do suspect thee very greevously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the stealing that sweete breath

126-8. 3 five-accent ll.—*POPE*.

IV. iii. 137-V. i. 2] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.

Bast. Go, beare him in thine armes: 150
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and loose my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.
How easie dost thou take all *England* up,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heaven: and *England* now is left
To tug and scramble, and to part by th'teeth
The un-owed¹ interest of proud swelling State:
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Majesty, ^{1unowned}
Doth dogged warre bristle his angry crest, 160
And snarleth in the gentle eyes of peace:
Now Powers from home, and discontents at home
Meet in one line: and vast confusion waites
As doth a Raven on a sicke-falne beast,
The imminent decay of wrested pompe.
Now happy he, whose cloake and center can
Hold out this tempest. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with speed: Ile to the King:
A thousand businesses are brieve in hand, 169
And heaven it selfe doth frowne upon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

[Act V. Scene i. *King John's palace.*]

Enter King John and Pandolph, attendants.

K. John. Thus have I yeelded up into your hand
The Circle of my glory. [Giving the crown.]

166. center: cincture-Pozz.

1. *Actus Quartus*: out-Rowe.

2. *Pandolph*: *Pandulph*-2-4F.

OF KING JOHN

[V. i. 2-32]

Pan. Take againe

From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Sovereigne greatnesse and authoritie.

K. John. Now keep your holy word, go meet the
French, |

And from his holinesse use all your power
To stop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd: 10
Our discontented Counties doe revolt:
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the love of soule.
To stranger-bloud, to forren Royalty;
This inundation of mistempred¹ humor, ^{1 angry}
Rests by you onely to be qualified.
Then pause not: for the present time's so sicke,
That present medicine must be ministred,
Or overthrow incurable ensues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempest up,
Upon your stubborne usage of the Pope: 21
But since you are a gentle convertite,² ^{2 convert}
My tongue shall hush againe this storme of warre,
And make faire weather in your blustering land:
On this Ascension day, remember well,
Upon your oath of service to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes.' *Exit.*

[*K.*] *John.* Is this Ascension day? did not the Prophet
Say, that before Ascension day at noone,
My Crowne I should give off? even so I have: 30
I did suppose it should be on constraint,
But (heav'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. All Kent hath yeelded: nothing there holds out
But Dover Castle: London hath receiv'd
Like a kinde Host, the Dolphin and his powers.

Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy:

And wilde amazement hurries up and downe
The little number of your doubtfull friends. 40

[*K.*] *John.* Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Artbur* was alive?

Bast. They found him dead, and cast into the streets,
An empty Casket, where the Jewell of life
By some damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.

[*K.*] *John.* That villaine *Hubert* told me he did live.

Bast. So on my soule he did, for ought he knew:
But wherefore doe you droope? why looke you sad?
Be great in act, as you have beene in thought:

Let not the world see feare and sad distrust 50

Governe the motion of a kinglye eye:
Be stirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror: So shall inferior eyes
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntlesse spirit of resolution.

Away, and glister like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field:
Shew boldnesse and aspiring confidence: 60

What, shall they seeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

Oh let it not be said: forrage, and runne
To meet displeasure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come so nye.

[*K.*] *John.* The Legat of the Pope hath beene with
mee, |

And I have made a happy peace with him,

52. *stirringas*: stirring as—2-4F.

OF KING JOHN

[V. i. 64-ii. 7

And he hath promis'd to dismisse the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.

Bast. Oh inglorious league:

70

Shall we upon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders, and make comprmise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce
To Armes Invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cockred-silken wanton brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warre-like soyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idley spred,
And finde no checke? Let us my Liege to Armes:
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace;
Or if he doe, let it at least be said 80
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

[*K.*] *John.* Have thou the ordering of this present
time. |

Bast. Away then with good courage: yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

[*The Dauphin's camp at St. Edmundsbury.*]

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin [Lewis], Salisbury, Melloone, Pem- | broke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. [Lew.] My Lord *Melloone*; let this be coppied
out, |

And keepe it safe for our remembrance:
Returne the president to these Lords againe,
That having our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, perusing ore these notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inviolable. 10

2. *Melloone*, 4. *Melloone*: *Melun*, and so throughout—*Rowe*.

6. *president*: *precedent*—*Johnson*.

Sal. Upon our sides it never shall be broken.
 And Noble Dolphin, albeit we sweare
 A voluntary zeale, and an un-urg'd Faith
 To your proceedings: yet beleeeve me Prince,
 I am not glad that such a sore of Time
 Should seeke a plaster by contemn'd revolt,
 And heale the inveterate Canker of one wound,
 By making many: Oh it grieues my soule,
 That I must draw this mettle from my side
 To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there 20
 Where honourable rescue, and defence
 Cries out upon the name of *Salisbury*.
 But such is the infection of the time,
 That for the health and Physicke of our right,
 We cannot deale but with the very hand
 Of sterne Injustice, and confused wrong:
 And is't not pittie, (oh my grieved friends)
 That we, the sonnes and children of this Isle,
 Was borne to see so sad an houre as this,
 Wherein we step after a stranger, march 30
 Upon her gentle bosom, and fill up
 Her Enemies ranks? I must withdraw, and weepe
 Upon the spot of this inforced cause,
 To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
 And follow unacquainted colours heere:
 What heere? O Nation that thou couldst remove,
 That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth¹ thee about,
 Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy selfe,
 And cripple thee unto a Pagan shore, ¹*embraceth*
 Where these two Christian Armies might combine 40
 The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
 And not to spend it so un-neighbourly.

29. *Was*: Were—2-4F.39. *cripple*: grapple—Porx.

Dolp. [*Lew.*] A noble temper dost thou shew in this,
 And great affections wrastling in thy bosome
 Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
 Oh, what a noble combat hast fought
 Between compulsion, and a brave respect:
 Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
 That silverly doth progresse on thy cheekes:
 My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares, 50
 Being an ordinary Inundation:
 But this effusion of such manly drops,
 This showre, blowne up by tempest of the soule,
 Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
 Then had I seene the vaultie top of heaven
 Figur'd quite ore wirh burning Meteors.
 Lift up thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
 And with a great heart heave away this storme:
 Commend these waters to those baby-eyes
 That never saw the giant-world enrag'd, 60
 Nor met with Fortune, other then at feasts,
 Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping:
 Come, come; for thou shalt thrust thy hand as deepe
 Into the purse of rich prosperity
 As *Lewis* himselfe: so (Nobles) shall you all,
 That knit your sinewes to the strength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And even there, methinkes an Angell spake,
 Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
 To give us warrant from the hand of heaven, 70
 And on our actions set the name of right
 With holy breath.

46. *bast*: hast thou-4F.

56. *wirb*: with-2-4F.

62. *warm of*: of warm-CAMBRIDGE.

67. *Pandulpho*: Pandulph-POPE.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France*:
 The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
 Himselfe to *Rome*, his spirit is come in,
 That so stood out against the holy Church,
 The great Metropolis and Sea of *Rome*:
 Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde up,
 And tame the savage spirit of wilde warre,
 That like a Lion fostered up at hand, 80
 It may lie gently at the foot of peace,
 And be no further harmefull then in shewe.

Dol. [*Lew.*] Your Grace shall pardon me, I will
 not backe: |
 I am too high-borne to be proportied ¹ ¹ *appropriated*
 To be a secondary at controll,
 Or usefull serving-man, and Instrument
 To any Sovereigne State throughout the world.
 Your breath first kindled the dead coale of warres,
 Betweene this chastiz'd kingdome and my selfe,
 And brought in matter that should feed this fire; 90
 And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
 With that same weake winde, which enkindled it:
 You taught me how to know the face of right,
 Acquainted me with interest to this Land,
 Yea, thrust this enterprize into my heart,
 And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
 His peace with *Rome*? what is that peace to me?
 I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
 After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
 And now it is halfe conquer'd, must I backe, 100
 Because that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome*?
 Am I *Romes* slave? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
 What men provided? What munition sent
 To under-prop this Action? Is't not I
 That under-goe this charge? Who else but I,
 And such as to my claime are liable,

OF KING JOHN

[V. ii. 102-132

Sweat in this businesse, and maintaine this warre?
 Have I not heard these Islanders shout out
Vive le Roy, as I have bank'd ¹ their Townes? ¹ *sailed by*
 Have I not heere the best Cards for the game 110
 To winne this easie match, plaid for a Crowne?
 And shall I now give ore the yeelded Set?
 No, no, on my soule it never shall be said.

Pand. You looke but on the out-side of this worke.

Dol. [*Lew.*] Out-side or in-side, I will not returne
 Till my attempt so much be glorified,
 As to my ample hope was promised,
 Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
 And cull'd these fiery spirits from the world
 To out-looke² Conquest, and to winne renowne 120
 Even in the jawes of danger, and of death: ² *face down*
 [*Trumpet sounds.*]
 What lusty Trumpet thus doth summon us?

Enter Bastard [*attended*].

Bast. According to the faire-play of the world,
 Let me have audience: I am sent to speake:
 My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
 I come to learne how you have dealt for him:
 And, as you answer, I doe know the scope
 And warrant limited unto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull opposite 130
 And will not temporize with my intreates:
 He flatly saies, heell not lay downe his Armes.

Bast. By all the bloud that ever fury breath'd,
 The youth saies well. Now heare our *English* King,
 For thus his Royaltie doth speake in me:
 He is prepar'd, and reason to he should,
 This apish and unmannerly approach,
 This harness'd Maske, and unadvised Revell,

V. ii. 133-162] THE LIFE AND DEATH

This un-heard sawcinesse and boyish Troopes,
 The King doth smile at, and is well prepar'd 140
 To whip this dwarfish warre, this Pigmy Armes
 From out the circle of his Territories.
 That hand which had the strength, even at your dore,
 To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
 To dive like Buckets in concealed Welles,
 To crowch in litter of your stable planks,
 To lye like pawnes, lock'd up in chests and trunks,
 To hug with swine, to seeke sweet safety out
 In vaults and prisons, and to thrill and shake,
 Even at the crying of your Nations crow, 150
 Thinking this voyce an armed Englishman.
 Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
 That in your Chambers gave you chasticement?
 No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
 And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie¹ towres, ¹*eagle's brood*
 To sowsse annoyance that comes neere his Nest;
 And you degenerate, you ingrate Revolts,² ²*rebels*
 you bloody Nero's, ripping up the wombe
 Of your deere Mother-England: blush for shame:
 For your owne Ladies, and pale-visag'd Maides, 160
 Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
 Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
 Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
 To fierce and bloody inclination.

Dol. [*Lew.*] There end thy brave,³ and turn thy
 face in peace, | ³*boast*
 We grant thou canst out-scold us: Far thee well,
 We hold our time too precious to be spent
 With such a brabler.

Pan. Give me leave to speake.

139. *un-beard*: unhair'd—THEOBALD. 141. *this*: these—ROWE.
 151. *this*: his—ROWE.

OF KING JOHN

[V. ii. 163–iii. 4

Bast. No, I will speake.

170

Dol. [*Lew.*] We will attend to neyther:
Strike up the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our interest, and our being heere.

Bast. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And so shall you, being beaten: Do but start
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And even at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That shall reverberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another shall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins¹ eare, ^{1sky's}
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not trusting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath us'd rather for sport, then neede)
Is warlike *John*: and in his fore-head sits
A bare-rib'd death, whose office is this day
To feast upon whole thousands of the French.

Dol. [*Lew.*] Strike up our drummes, to finde this
danger out. |

Bast. And thou shalt finde it (*Dolphin*) do not doubt
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

[*The field of battle.*]

Alarums. Enter [*King*] *John* and *Hubert*.

[*K.*] *John.* How goes the day with us? oh tell me
Hubert. |

Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Majesty?

[*K.*] *John.* This Feaver that hath troubled me so long,
Lyes heavie on me: oh, my heart is sick.

182 *Legate*: legate—2-3F.

V. iii. 5-iv. 8] THE LIFE AND DEATH

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord: your valiant kinsman *Falconbridge*,
Desires your Majestie to leave the field,
And send him word by me, which way you go. 10

[*K.*] *John.* Tell him toward *Swinsted*, to the Abbey
there. |

Mes. Be of good comfort: for rhe great supply
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* sands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but even now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themselves.

[*K.*] *John.* Aye me, this tyrant Feaver burnes mee
up, |
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinsted*: to my Litter straight, 19
Weaknesse possesseth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

[*Another part of the field.*]

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not thinke the King so stor'd with friends.

Pem. Up once againe: put spirit in the French,
If they miscarry: we miscarry too.

Sal. That misbegotten divell *Falconbridge*,
In spight of spight, alone upholds the day.

Pem. They say King *John* sore sick, hath left the field.

Enter Meloon wounded.

Mel. Lead me to the Revolts of England heere. 10

Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.

12. rbe: the-2-4F.

OF KING JOHN

[V. iv. 9-40]

Pem. It is the Count *Meloone*.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Mel. Fly Noble English, you are bought and sold,
 Unthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
 And welcome home againe discarded faith,
 Seeke out King *John*, and fall before his feete:
 For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
 He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
 By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworne, 20
 And I with him, and many moe with mee,
 Upon the Altar at *S. Edmondsbury*,
 Even on that Altar; where we swore to you
 Deere Amity, and everlasting love.

Sal. May this be possible? May this be true?

Mel. Have I not hideous death within my view,
 Retaining but a quantity of life,
 Which bleeds away, even as a forme of waxe
 Resolveth from his figure 'gainst the fire?
 What in the world should make me now deceive, 30
 Since I must loose the use of all deceite?
 Why should I then be false, since it is true
 That I must dye heere, and live hence, by Truth?
 I say againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
 He is forsworne, if ere those eyes of yours
 Behold another day breake in the East:
 But even this night, whose blacke contagious breath
 Already smoakes about the burning Crest
 Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
 Even this ill night, your breathing shall expire, 40
 Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
 Even with a treacherous fine of all your lives:
 If *Lewis*, by your assistance win the day.
 Commend me to one *Hubert*, with your King;

22. S.: Saint-2F.

The love of him, and this respect besides
(For that my Grandsire was an Englishman)
Awakes my Conscience to confesse all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noise and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my soule
With contemplation, and devout desires.

Scena Quinta.

[The French camp.]

Enter Dolphin [Lewis], and his Traine.

Dol. [*Lew.*] The Sun of heaven (me thought) was
loth to set; |
But staid, and made the Western Welkin blush,
When English measure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needlesse shot,

After such bloody toile, we bid good night,
 And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly up,
 Last in the field, and almost Lords of it. 10

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. [*Lew.*] Heere: what newes?

Mes. The Count *Meloone* is slaine: The English Lords
 By his perswasion, are againe falne off,
 And your supply, which you have wish'd so long,
 Are cast away, and sunke on *Goodwin* sands.

Dol. [*Lew.*] Ah fowle, shrew'd newes. Beshrew thy
 very hart: |

I did not thinke to be so sad to night
 As this hath made me. Who was he that said 20
 King *John* did flie an houre or two before

The stumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Mes. Who ever spoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. [*Lew.*] Well: keepe good quarter, & good care
 to night, |

The day shall not be up so soone as I,
 To try the faire adventure of to morrow. *Exeunt*

Scena Sexta.

[*An open place in the neighborhood of Swinstead
 Abbey.*]

Enter Bastard and Hubert, severally.

Hub. Whose there? Speake hoa, speake quickly, or
 I shoote.

Bast. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

8-10. 2 five-accent ll.—CAPELL.

9. *woon'd*: wound—2ROWE. *tott'ring*: tattering—MALONE.

Bast. Whether doest thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?

Why may not I demand of thine affaires,

As well as thou of mine?

10

Bast. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou hast a perfect thought:

I will upon all hazards well beleewe

Thou art my friend, that know'st my tongue so well:

Who art thou?

Bast. Who thou wilt: and if thou please
Thou maist be-friend me so much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets*.

Hub. Unkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Have done me shame: Brave Soldier, pardon me, 20
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should scape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Bast. Come, come: sans complement, What newes
abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Bast. Brcefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my sweet sir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortlesse, and horrible.

Bast. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not swound at it. 31

Hub. The King I feare is poyson'd by a Monke,
I left him almost speechlesse, and broke out
To acquaint you with this evill, that you might
The better arme you to the sodaine time,
Then if you had at leisure knowne of this.

Bast. How did he take it? Who did taste to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a resolved villaine

19. *endles: eyeless*—THEOBALD.27. *Brcefe: Brief*—2-4F.

OF KING JOHN

[V. vi. 30–vii. 9]

Whose Bowels sodainly burst out: The King
Yet speakes, and peradventure may recover. 40

Bast. Who didst thou leave to tend his Majesty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come
backe,

And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whose request the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majestie.

Bast. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heaven,
And tempt us not to beare above our power.

Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power¹ this night ¹*forces*
Passing these Flats, are taken by the Tide, 50

These Lincolne-Washes have devoured them,
My selfe, well mounted, hardly have escap'd.

Away before: Conduct me to the king,

I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

[*The orchard in Swinstead Abbey.*]

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which some suppose the soules fraile dwelling house)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highnesse yet doth speak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre, 10
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poison which assayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he still rage? [Exit Bigot.]

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; even now he sung.

Hen. Oh vanity of sicknesse: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themselves.
Death having praide upon the outward parts
Leaves them invisible, and his seige is now 20
Against the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of strange fantasies,
Which in their throng, and presse to that last hold,
Counfound themselves. 'Tis strange that death shold sing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailty sings
His soule and body to their lasting rest.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To set a forme upon that indigest 30
Which he hath left so shapelesse, and so rude.

[Enter Attendants, and Bigot, King] *Jobn* brought in
[in a chair].

[*K.*] *Jobn.* I marrie, now my soule hath elbow roome,
It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is so hot a summer in my bosome,
That all my bowels crumble up to dust:
I am a scribled forme drawne with a pen
Upon a Parchment, and against this fire
Do I shrinke up.

Hen. How fares your Majesty? 40

[*K.*] *Job.* Poyson'd, ill fare: dead, forsooke, cast off,
And none of you will bid the winter come

21. winde: mind-2Rowx.

25. Symet: cygnet-2Rowx.

To thrust his ycie fingers in my maw;
 Nor let my kingdomes Rivers take their course
 Through my burn'd bosome: nor intreat the North
 To make his bleake windes kisse my parched lips,
 And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
 I begge cold comfort: and you are so straight
 And so ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were some vertue in my teares,
 That might releve you. 51

[*K.*] *John.* The salt in them is hot.
 Within me is a hell, and there the poyson
 Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
 On unrepreevable condemned blood.

Enter Bastard.

Bast. Oh, I am scalded with my violent motion
 And spleene of speede, to see your Majesty.

[*K.*] *John.* Oh Cozen, thou art come to set mine eye:
 The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt, 60
 And all the shrowds wherewith my life should saile,
 Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
 My heart hath one poore string to stay it by,
 Which holds but till thy newes be uttered,
 And then all this thou seest, is but a clod,
 And module¹ of confounded royalty. ^{1 model}

Bast. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
 Where heaven he knowes how we shall answer him.
 For in a night the best part of my powre,
 As I upon advantage did remove, 70
 Were in the *Wasbes* all unwarily,
 Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*]

Sal. You breath these dead newes in as dead an eare

73. *breatb*: breathe—2-3F.

My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Even so must I run on, and even so stop.
What surety of the world, what hope, what stay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Bast. Art thou gone so? I do but stay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of revenge,
And then my soule shall waite on thee to heaven, 80
As it on earth hath bene thy servant still.
Now, now you Starres, that move in your right spheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And instantly returne with me againe.
To push destruction, and perpetuall shame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let us seeke, or straight we shall be sought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It seemes you know not then so much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at rest, 90
Who halfe an houre since came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him such offers of our peace,
As we with honor and respect may take,
With purpose presently to leave this warre.

Bast. He will the rather do it, when he sees
Our selves well sinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath dispatch'd
To the sea side, and put his cause and quarrell
To the disposing of the Cardinall, 100
With whom your selfe, my selfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poast
To consummate this businesse happily.

Bast. Let it be so, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may best be spar'd,
Shall waite upon your Fathers Funerall.

95. *Hc:* He-2-4F.

Hen. At Worster must his bodie be interr'd,
For so he will'd it.

Bast. Thither shall it then,
And happily may your sweet selfe put on 110
The lineall state, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all submission on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull services
And true subjection everlastingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our love wee make
To rest without a spot for evermore.

Hen. I have a kinde soule, that would give thanks,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Bast. Oh let us pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greeces. 120
This England never did, nor never shall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it first did helpe to wound it selfe.
Now, these her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we shall shooke them: Naught shall make us rue,
If England to it selfe, do rest but true. *Exeunt.*

117. *give: give you-Rowz.*

**A
MIDSOMMER
NIGHTS DREAME**

M.N.D.I.

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*

EGEUS, *father to Hermia.*

LYSANDER, } *in love with Hermia.*
DEMETRIUS, }

PHILOSTRATE, *master of the revels to Theseus.*

QUINCE, *a carpenter.*

SNUG, *a joiner.*

BOTTOM, *a weaver.*

FLUTE, *a bellows-mender.*

SNOUT, *a tinker.*

STARVELING, *a tailor.*

HIPPOLYTA, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to
Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*

HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*

OBERON, *king of the fairies.*

TITANIA, *queen of the fairies.*

PUCK, *or Robin Goodfellow.*

PEASEBLOSSOM, }
COBWEB, } *fairies.*
MOTH, }
MUSTARDSEED, }

Other fairies attending their King and Queen. Attendants
on Theseus and Hippolyta.

SCENE: *Athens, and a wood near it.*]



Font at which Shakespeare was baptized, in the Church of the Holy Trinity

A MIDSOMMER NIGHTS DREAME



Actus primus.

[Scene i. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, [Philostrate,] with others.

Theseus.

NOW faire Hippolita, our nuptiall houre
Drawes on apace: foure happy daies bring in
Another Moon: but oh, me thinkes, how slow
This old Moon wanes; She lingers my desires
Like to a Step-dame, or a Dowager,
Long withering out a yong mans reuennue. 9

Hip. Foure daies wil quickly steep themselves in nights
Foure nights wil quickly dreame away the time:
And then the Moone, like to a silver bow,
Now bent in heaven, shal behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go *Philostrate*,
Stirre up the Athenian youth to merriments,

10. *nights: night-IQ.*

13. *now bent: new-bent-Rowe.*

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth,
 Turne melancholy forth to Funerals:
 The pale companion is not for our pompe,

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hippolita, I woo'd thee with my sword, 20
 And wonne thy love, doing thee injuries:
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pompe, with triumph, and with revelling.

*Enter Egeus and his daughter Hermia, Lysander,
 and Demetrius.*

Ege. Happy be *Theseus*, our renowned Duke.

The. Thanks good *Egeus*: what's the news with thee?

Ege. Full of vexation, come I, with complaint
 Against my childe, my daughter Hermia.

Stand forth Demetrius. 30

My Noble Lord,
 This man hath my consent to marrie her.

Stand forth Lysander.

And my gracious Duke,
 This man hath bewitch'd the bosome of my childe:
 Thou, thou *Lysander*, thou hast given her rimes,
 And interchang'd love-tokens with my childe:
 Thou hast by Moone-light at her window sung,
 With faining voice, verses of faining love,
 And stolne the impression of her fantasie, 40
 With bracelets of thy haire, rings, gawdes, conceits,
 Knackes, trifles, Nose-gaies, sweet meats (messengers

30. *Stand forth Demetrius*: in text, next line—Rowe.

33. *Stand forth Lysander*: in text, next line—Rowe.

39. *faining* .. *faining*: *feigning* .. *feigning*—Rowe.

NIGHTS DREAME

[I. i. 35-67

Of strong prevailment in unhardned youth)
 With cunning hast thou filch'd my daughters heart,
 Turn'd her obedience (which is due to me)
 To stubborne harshnesse. And my gracious Duke,
 Be it so she will not heere before your Grace,
 Consent to marrie with *Demetrius*,
 I beg the ancient priviledge of Athens;
 As she is mine, I may dispose of her; 50
 Which shall be either to this Gentleman,
 Or to her death, according to our Law,
 Immediately provided in that case.

The. What say you Hermia? be advis'd faire Maide,
 To you your Father should be as a God;
 One that compos'd your beauties; yea and one
 To whom you are but as a forme in waxe
 By him imprinted: and within his power,
 To leave the figure, or disfigure it:
Demetrius is a worthy Gentleman. 60

Her. So is *Lysander*.

The. In himselfe he is.
 But in this kinde, wanting your fathers voyce.
 The other must be held the worthier.

Her. I would my father look'd but with my eyes.

The. Rather your eies must with his judgment looke.

Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
 I know not by what power I am made bold,
 Nor how it may concerne my modestie
 In such a presence heere to pleade my thoughts: 70
 But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
 The worst that may befall me in this case,
 If I refuse to wed *Demetrius*.

The. Either to dye the death, or to abjure
 For ever the society of men.
 Therefore faire Hermia question your desires,

Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether (if you yeeld not to your fathers choice)
 You can endure the liverie of a Nunne,
 For aye to be in shady Cloister mew'd, 80
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymnes to the cold fruitlesse Moone,
 Thrice blessed they that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage,
 But earthlier happie is the Rose distil'd,
 Then that which withering on the virgin thorne,
 Growes, lives, and dies, in single blessednesse.

Her. So will I grow, so live, so die my Lord,
 Ere I will yeeld my virgin Patent up
 Unto his Lordship, whose unwished yoake, 90
 My soule consents not to give soveraignty.

The. Take time to pause, and by the next new Moon
 The sealing day betwixt my love and me,
 For everlasting bond of fellowship:
 Upon that day either prepare to dye,
 For disobedience to your fathers will,
 Or else to wed *Demetrius* as hee would,
 Or on *Dianaes* Altar to protest
 For aie, austerity, and single life. 99

Dem. Relent sweet *Hermia*, and *Lysander*, yeelde
 Thy crazed title to my certaine right.

Lys. You have her fathers love, *Demetrius*:
 Let me have *Hermiaes*: do you marry him.

Egeus. Scornfull *Lysander*, true, he hath my Love;
 Aud what is mine, my love shall render him.
 And she is mine, and all my right of her,
 I do estate unto *Demetrius*.

Lys. I am my Lord, as well deriv'd as he,
 As well possest: my love is more then his:

105. *Aud:* And-Qq.2-4F.

NIGHTS DREAME

[I. i. 101-131

My fortunes every way as fairely ranck'd 110

(If not with vantage) as *Demetrius*:

And (which is more then all these boasts can be)

I am belov'd of beauteous *Hermia*.

Why should not I then prosecute my right?

Demetrius, Ile avouch it to his head,

Made love to *Nedars* daughter, *Helena*,

And won her soule: and she (sweet Ladie) dotes,

Devoutly dotes, dotes in Idolatry,

Upon this spotted¹ and inconstant man. ¹*polluted*

The. I must confesse, that I have heard so much,

And with *Demetrius* thought to have spoke thereof: 121

But being over-full of selfe-affaires,

My minde did lose it. But *Demetrius* come,

And come *Egeus*, you shall go with me,

I have some private schooling for you both.

For you faire *Hermia*, looke you arme your selfe,

To fit your fancies to your Fathers will;

Or else the Law of Athens yeelds you up

(Which by no meanes we may extenuate)

To death, or to a vow of single life. 130

Come my *Hippolita*, what cheare my love?

Demetrius and *Egeus* go along:

I must imploy you in some businesse

Against our nuptiall, and conferre with you

Of something, neerely that concernes your selves.

Ege. With dutie and desire we follow you. *Exeunt*

*Manet*² *Lysander* and *Hermia*. ²*remains*

Lys. How now my love? Why is your cheek so pale?

How chance the Roses there do fade so fast? 139

Her. Belike for want of raine, which I could well

Beteeme them, from the tempest of mine eyes.

141. mine: my-QQ.

Lys. For ought that ever I could reade,
 Could ever heare by tale or historie,
 The course of true love never did run smooth,
 But either it was different in blood.

Her. O crosse! too high to be enthal'd to love.

Lys. Or else misgraffed, in respect of yeares.

Her. O spight! too old to be ingag'd to yong.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choise of merit.

Her. O hell! to choose love by anothers eie. 150

Lys. Or if there were a simpatie in choise,
 Warre, death, or sicknesse, did lay siege to it;
 Making it momentarie, as a sound:
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dreame,
 Briefe as the lightning in the collied¹ night, ¹ *black*
 That (in a spleene²) unfolds both heaven and earth;
 And ere a man hath power to say, behold, ² *passion*
 The jawes of darknesse do devoure it up:
 So quicke bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true Lovers have beene ever crost, 160
 It stands as an edict in destinie:
 Then let us teach our triall patience,
 Because it is a customarie crosse,
 As due to love, as thoughts, and dreames, and sighes,
 Wishes and teares; poore Fancies³ followers. ³ *love's*

Lys. A good perswasion; therefore heare me *Hermia*,
 I have a Widdow Aunt, a dowager,
 Of great revennew, and she hath no childe,
 From Athens is her house remov'd seven leagues, 169
 And she respects⁴ me, as her onely sonne: ⁴ *regards*
 There gentle *Hermia*, may I marrie thee,

142. begins Ay me! (Eigh me)—Qq.

142. ever I could: I could ever—Qq. 146. love: low—THEOBALD.

149. merit: friends—Qq.

150. eie: eyes—Qq.

153. momentarie: momentany—Qq. 169. remov'd: remote—Qq.

NIGHTS DREAME

[I. i. 162-189

And to that place, the sharpe Athenian Law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then
Steale forth thy fathers house to morrow night:
And in the wood, a league without the towne,
(Where I did meete thee once with *Helena*,
To do observance for a morne of May)
There will I stay for thee.

Her. My good *Lysander*,
I sweare to thee, by Cupids strongest bow, 180
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicitie of Venus Doves,
By that which knitteth soules, and prospers love,
And by that fire which burn'd the Carthage Queene,
When the false Troyan under saile was seene,
By all the voves that ever men have broke,
(In number more then ever women spoke)
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To morrow truly will I meete with thee. 189
Lys. Keepe promise love: looke here comes *Helena*.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speede faire *Helena*, whither away?
Hel. Cal you me faire? that faire againe unsay,
Demetrius loves you faire: O happie faire! ¹ *pole-stars*
Your eyes are loadstarres,¹ and your tongues sweet ayre
More tuneable then Larke to shepheards eare,
When wheate is greene, when hauthorne buds appeare,
Sickness is catching: O were favor² so, ² *features*
Your words I catch, faire *Hermia* ere I go,
My eare should catch your voice, my eye, your eye, 200
My tongue should catch your tongues sweet melodie,

177. *for:* to-QQ. 183. *love:* loves-IQ. 194. *you:* your-QQ.
199. *Your words:* Yours would-HANMER.

Were the world mine, *Demetrius* being bated,¹
 The rest Ile give to be to you translated. ^{1excepted}
 O teach me how you looke, and with what art
 you sway the motion of *Demetrius* hart.

Her. I frowne upon him, yet he loves me still.

Hel. O that your frownes would teach my smiles
 such skil.

Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love. 209

Hel. O that my prayers could such affection moove.

Her. The more I hate, the more he followes me.

Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.

Her. His folly *Helena* is none of mine.

Hel. None but your beauty, wold that fault wer mine

Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face,
Lysander and my selfe will flie this place.

Before the time I did *Lysander* see,
 Seem'd Athens like a Paradise to mee.

O then, what graces in my Love do dwell,
 That he hath turn'd a heaven into hell. 220

Lys. *Helen*, to you our mindes we will unfold,
 To morrow night, when *Phœbe* doth behold
 Her silver visage, in the watry glasse,
 Decking with liquid pearle, the bladed grasse
 (A time that Lovers flights doth still conceale)
 Through *Athens* gates, have we devis'd to steale.

Her. And in the wood, where often you and I,
 Upon faint Primrose beds, were wont to lye,
 Emptying our bosomes, of their counsell sweld:
 There my *Lysander*, and my selfe shall meete, 230
 And thence from *Athens* turne away our eyes
 To seeke new friends and strange companions,

203. *Ile*: I'd-POPPE. 213. *none*: no fault-IQ. 218. *like*: as-IQ.

220. *into*: unto a-IQ.

229. *sweld*: sweet-THEOBALD.

232. *strange companions*: stranger companies-THEOBALD.

NIGHTS DREAME

[I. i. 220-249

Farwell sweet play-fellow, pray thou for us,
And good lucke grant thee thy *Demetrius*.
Keepe word *Lysander* we must starve our sight,
From lovers foode, till morrow deepe midnight.

Exit Hermia.

Lys. I will my *Hermia*. *Helena* adieu, 238
As you on him, *Demetrius* dotes on you. *Exit Lysander.*

Hele. How happy some, ore othersome can be?
Through *Athens* I am thought as faire as she.
But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not so:
He will not know, what all, but he doth know,
And as hee erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things base and vilde, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to forme and dignity,
Love lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loves minde of any judgement taste: 250
Wings and no eyes, figure, unheedy haste.
And therefore is Love said to be a childe,
Because in choise he is often beguil'd,
As waggish boyes in game themselves forswear;
So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.
For ere *Demetrius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,¹ 1 eyes
He hail'd downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when this Haile some heat from *Hermia* felt,
So he dissolv'd, and showres of oathes did melt,
I will goe tell him of faire *Hermias* flight: 260
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Pursue her; and for his intelligence,
If I have thanks, it is a deere expence:

239. *dotes*: dote-Qq.

253. *often*: so oft-1Q.

243. *dotb*: do-Qq.

262. *bis*: this-Qq.

But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To have his sight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

[Scene ii. *The same. Quince's house.*]

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Joyner, Bottome the Weaver, Flute the bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, and | Starveling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Qui. Here is the scrowle of every mans name, which is thought fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude before the Duke and the Dutches, on his wedding day at night. 10

Bot. First, good *Peter Quince*, say what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and so grow on to a point.

Quin. Marry our play is the most lamentable Comedy, and most cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke I assure you, and a merry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call forth your Actors by the scrowle. Masters spread your selves.

Quince. Answer as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weaver. 20

Bottome. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quince. You *Nicke Bottome* are set downe for *Pyramus*.

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A Lover that kills himselfe most gallantly for love. 27

6. according: according—Qq. 2-4F.

12-3. grow on to: grow to—Qq. 26. gallantly: gallant—Qq.

Bot. That will aske some teares in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience looke to their eies: I will moove stormes; I will condole in some measure. To the rest yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play *Ercles* rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all split the raging Rocks; and shivering shocks shall break the locks of prison gates, and *Pbibbus* carre shall shine from farre, and make and marre the foolish Fates. This was lofty. Now name the rest of the Players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants vaine: a lover is more condoling.

Quin. *Francis Flute* the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

40

Quin. You must take *Thisbie* on you.

Flut. What is *Thisbie*, a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* must love.

Flut. Nay faith, let not mee play a woman, I have a beard comming.

Qui. That's all one, you shall play it in a Maske, and you may speake as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisbie* too: Ile speake in a monstrous little voyce; *Thisne*, *Thisne*, ah *Pyramus* my lover deare, thy *Thisbie* deare, and Lady deare.

51

Quin. No no, you must play *Pyramus*, and *Flute*, you *Thisby*.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Qu. *Robin Starveling* the Taylor.

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quince. *Robin Starveling*, you must play *Thisbies* mother?

Tom Snowt, the Tinker.

33-5. 8 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON. 41. *You must: Flute, you must*—IQ.

Snowt. Heere *Peter Quince.* 60

Quin. You, *Pyramus* father; my self, *Thisbies* father;
Snugge the Joyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope there
is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the Lyons part written? pray you if
be, give it me, for I am slow of studie.

Quin. You may doe it *extemporie*, for it is nothing
but roaring.

Bot. Let mee play the Lyon too, I will roare that I
will doe any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare,
that I will make the Duke say, Let him roare againe, let
him roare againe. 71

Quin. If you should doe it too terribly, you would
fright the Dutchesse and the Ladies, that they would
shrike, and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us every mothers sonne.

Bottom. I graunt you friends, if that you should
fright the Ladies out of their Wittes, they would
have no more discretion but to hang us: but I will ag-
gravate my voyce so, that I will roare you as gently as
any sucking Dove; I will roare and 'twere any Nightin-
gale. 81

Quin. You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Pira-
mus* is a sweet-fac'd man, a proper man as one shall see in
a summers day; a most lovely Gentleman-like man, ther-
fore you must needs play *Piramus*.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I
best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it, in either your straw-colour
beard, your orange tawnie beard, your purple in graine

62. *there:* here—Qq.

64-5. *if be:* if it be—Qq. 2-4F.

72. *If you:* An you—CAPELL.

80. *roare and:* roar you an—Qq.

NIGHTS DREAME

[I. ii. 97-II. i. 11

beard, or your French-crowne colour'd beard, your perfect yellow. 92

Quin. Some of your French Crownes have no haire at all, and then you will play bare-fac'd. But masters here are your parts, and I am to intreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by too morrow night: and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the Towne, by Moone-light, there we will rehearse: for if we meete in the Citie, we shalbe dog'd with company, and our devises knowne. In the meane time, I wil draw a bil of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you faile me not.

Bottom. We will meete, and there we may rehearse more obscenely and couragiously. Take paines, be perfect, adieu. 104

Quin. At the Dukes oake we meete.

Bot. Enough, hold or cut bow-strings. *Exeunt*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *A wood near Athens.*]

Enter a Fairie at one doore, and Robin good-fellow [Puck] at another.

Rob. [Puck] How now spirit, whether wander you?

Fai. Over hil, over dale, through bush, through briar,
Over parke, over pale, through flood, through fire,
I do wander everie where, swifter then the Moons sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queene, to dew her orbs upon the
green. |

The Cowslips tall, her pensioners bee,
In their gold coats, spots you see, 10

91. colour'd: colour-QQ.

98. we will: will we-IQ.

103. more: most-IQ.

5-6. through ... through: thorough ... thorough-IQ.

5-8. 8 rhymed ll.-Pork.

Those be Rubies, Fairie favors,
 In those freckles, live their favors,
 I must go seeke some dew drops heere,
 And hang a pearle in every cowslips eare.
 Farewell thou Lob of spirits, Ile be gon,
 Our Queene and all her Elves come heere anon.

Rob. The King doth keepe his Revels here to night,
 Take heed the Queene come not within his sight,
 For *Oberon* is passing fell and wrath,
 Because that she, as her attendant, hath 20
 A lovely boy stolne from an Indian King,
 She never had so sweet a changeling,
 And jealous *Oberon* would have the childe
 Knight of his traine, to trace the Forrests wilde.
 But she (perforce) with-holds the loved boy,
 Crownes him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
 And now they never meete in grove, or greene,
 By fountaine cleere, or spangled star-light sheene,
 But they do square,¹ that all their Elves for feare 29
 Creepe into Acorne cups and hide them there. ¹*quarrel*

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
 Or else you are that shrew'd and knavish spirit
 Cal'd Robin Good-fellow. Are you not hee,
 That frights the maidens of the Villagrec, ²*band-mill*
 Skim milke, and sometimes labour in the querne,²
 And bootlesse make the breathlesse huswife cherne,
 And sometime make the drinke to beare no barme,³
 Misleade night-wanderers, laughing at their harme,
 Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Pucke, ³*froth*
 You do their worke, and they shall have good lucke. 40
 Are not you he?

32. *spirit*: *sprite*—1Q.33. *Are you not*: *Are not you*—1Q.34. *Villagrec*: *villagery* (cc)—1Q.

NIGHTS DREAME

[II. i. 42-66]

Rob. Thou speak'st aright;
 I am that merrie wanderer of the night:
 I jest to *Oberon*, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and beane-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likenesse of a silly foale,
 And sometime lurke I in a Gossips bole,
 In very likenesse of a roasted crab:¹ ^{1 crab-apple}
 And when she drinkes, against her lips I bob,
 And on her withered dewlop poure the Ale. 50
 The wisest Aunt telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three-foot stoole, mistaketh me,
 Then slip I from her bum, downe topples she,
 And tailour cries, and fals into a coffe. ^{2 company}
 And then the whole quire² hold their hips, and loffe,
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze,³ and sweare,
 A merrier houre was never wasted there. ^{3 sneeze}
 But roome Fairy, heere comes *Oberon*.
Fair. And heere my Mistris:
 Would that he were gone. 60

*Enter the King of Fairies [Oberon] at one doore with
 his traine, | and the Queene [Titania] at another
 with hers. |*

Ob. Ill met by Moone-light,
 Proud *Tytania*.
Qu. [*Tita.*] What, jealous *Oberon*? Fairy skip hence.
 I have forsworne his bed and companie.
Ob. Tarrie rash Wanton; am not I thy Lord?
Qu. Then I must be thy Lady: but I know
 When thou wast stolne away from Fairy Land,
 And in the shape of *Corin*, sate all day, 70

46. *silly*: filly-1Q. 59-60. 1 l.-2Q. 63-4. 1 l.-2Q.
 65. *Fairy*: Fairies-THEOBALD. 69. *wast*: hast-2Q.

Playing on pipes of Corne, and versing love
 To amorous *Phyllida*. Why art thou heere
 Come from the farthest steepe of *India*?
 But that forsooth the bouncing *Amazon*
 Your buskin'd Mistresse, and your Warrior love,
 To *Theseus* must be Wedded; and you come,
 To give their bed joy and prosperitie.

Ob. How canst thou thus for shame *Tytania*,
 Glance at my credite, with *Hippolita*?
 Knowing I know thy love to *Theseus*? 80
 Didst thou not leade him through the glimmering night
 From *Peregenia*, whom he ravished?
 And make him with faire Eagles breake his faith
 With *Ariadne*, and *Atiopa*?

Que. These are the forgeries of jealousie,
 And never since the middle Summers spring¹ *beginning*
 Met we on hil, in dale, forrest, or mead,
 By paved fountaine, or by rushie brooke,
 Or in the beached margent of the sea,
 To dance our ringlets to the whistling Winde, 90
 But with thy braules thou hast disturb'd our sport.
 Therefore the Windes, piping to us in vaine,
 As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea
 Contagious fogges: Which falling in the Land,
 Hath everie petty River made so proud,
 That they have over-borne their Continents.
 The Oxe hath therefore stretch'd his yoake in vaine,
 The Ploughman lost his sweat, and the greene Corne
 Hath rotted, ere his youth attain'd a beard:
 The fold stands empty in the drowned field, 100
 And Crowes are fatted with the murrion flocke,

73. *steepe*: *steppe*-1Q.83. *Eagles*: *Ægle*-Rowx84. *Atiopa*: *Antiopa*-Qq. 2-4F.95. *Harb*: *Have*-2Rowx. *petty*: *pelting*-Qq.

The nine mens Morris is fild up with mud,
 And the queint Mazes in the wanton greene,
 For lacke of tread are undistinguishable.
 The humane mortals want their winter heere,
 No night is now with hymne or caroll blest;
 Therefore the Moone (the governesse of floods)
 Pale in her anger, washes all the aire;
 That Rheumaticke diseases doe abound.
 And through this distemperature, we see 110
 The seasons alter; hoared headed frosts
 Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson Rose,
 And on old *Hyems* chinne and Icie crowne,
 An odorous Chaplet of sweet Sommer buds
 Is as in mockry set. The Spring, the Sommer,
 The childing Autumne, angry Winter change
 Their wonted Liveries, and the mazed world,
 By their increase, now knowes not which is which;
 And this same progeny of evils,
 Comes from our debate, from our dissention, 120
 We are their parents and originall.

Ober. Do you amend it then, it lies in you,
 Why should *Titania* crosse her *Oberon*?
 I do but beg a little changeling boy,
 To be my Henchman.

Qu. Set your heart at rest,
 The Fairy land buyes not the childe of me,
 His mother was a Votresse of my Order,
 And in the spiced *Indian* aire, by night
 Full often hath she gossipt by my side, 130
 And sat with me on *Neptunes* yellow sands,
 Marking th'embarked traders on the flood,

110. *through*: thorough—1Q. 2-3F.

111. *boared beaded*: hoary-headed—1Q. 2-3F.

113. *cbinne*: thin—HALLIWELL. 119-20. 2 five-accent ll.—2-3F.

When we have laught to see the sailes conceive,
 And grow big bellied with the wanton winde:
 Which she with pretty and with swimming gate,
 Following (her wombe then rich with my yong squire)
 Would imitate, and saile upon the Land,
 To fetch me trifles, and returne againe,
 As from a voyage, rich with merchandize.
 But she being mortall, of that boy did die, 140
 And for her sake I doe reare up her boy,
 And for her sake I will not part with him.

Ob. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Qu. Perchance till after *Theseus* wedding day.

If you will patiently dance in our Round,
 And see our Moone-light revels, goe with us;
 If not, shun me and I will spare your haunts.

Ob. Give me that boy, and I will goe with thee.

Qu. Not for thy Fairy Kingdome. Fairies away:
 We shall chide downe right, if I longer stay. *Exeunt.*

Ob. Wel, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove,
 Till I torment thee for this injury. 152

My gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembrest
 Since once I sat upon a promontory,
 And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
 Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
 That the rude sea grew civill at her song,
 And certaine starres shot madly from their Spheares,
 To heare the Sea-maids musicke.

Puc. I remember. 160

Ob. That very time I say (but thou couldst not)
 Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
 At a faire Vestall, throned by the West,
 And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
 As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts,

141. *I doe: do I-IQ.*

161. *say: saw-IQ.*

NIGHTS DREAME

[II. i. 161-189]

But I might see young *Cupids* fiery shaft
 Quencht in the chaste beames of the watry Moone;
 And the imperiall Votresse passed on,
 In maiden meditation, fancy free. 170
 Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
 It fell upon a little westerne flower;
 Before, milke-white; now purple with loves wound,
 And maidens call it, Love in idlenesse.
 Fetch me that flower; the hearb I shew'd thee once,
 The juyce of it, on sleeping eye-lids laid,
 Will make or man or woman madly dote
 Upon the next live creature that it sees.
 Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
 Ere the *Leviathan* can swim a league. 180

Pucke. Ile put a girdle about the earth, in forty minutes.
 [Exit.]

Ober. Having once this juyce,
 Ile watch *Titania*, when she is asleepe,
 And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
 The next thing when she waking looks upon,
 (Be it on Lyon, Beare, or Wolfe, or Bull,
 On medling Monkey, or on busie Ape)
 Shee shall pursue it, with the soule of love.
 And ere I take this charme off from her sight, 190
 (As I can take it with another hearbe)
 Ile make her render up her Page to me.
 But who comes heere? I am invisible,
 And I will over-heare their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Deme. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not,
 Where is *Lysander*, and faire *Hermia*?

181. *girdle about: girdle round about*-1Q.

181-3. 2 five-accent ll.-POPE.

186. *when: then*-1Q.

190. *off from: from off*-1Q.

The one Ile stay, the other stayeth me.
 Thou toldst me they were stolne into this wood;
 And heere am I, and wood¹ within this wood, ^{1 mad}
 Because I cannot meet my *Hermia*. 201
 Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.

Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted Adamant,
 But yet you draw not Iron, for my heart
 Is true as steele. Leave you your power to draw,
 And I shall have no power to follow you.

Deme. Do I entice you? do I speake you faire?
 Or rather doe I not in plainest truth,
 Tell you I doe not, nor I cannot love you?

Hel. And even for that doe I love thee the more;
 I am your spaniell, and *Demetrius*, 211
 The more you beat me, I will fawne on you.
 Use me but as your spaniell; spurne me, strike me,
 Neglect me, lose me; onely give me leave
 (Unworthy as I am) to follow you.
 What worser place can I beg in your love,
 (And yet a place of high respect with me)
 Then to be used as you doe your dogge.

Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
 For I am sicke when I do looke on thee. 220

Hel. And I am sicke when I looke not on you.

Dem. You doe impeach your modesty too much,
 To leave the Citty, and commit your selfe
 Into the hands of one that loves you not,
 To trust the opportunity of night,
 And the ill counsell of a desert place,
 With the rich worth of your virginity.

Hel. Your vertue is my priviledge: for that

198. stay .. stayeth: slay .. slayeth—THEOBALD.

199. into: unto—QQ. 200. wood within: wode within—HANMER.

210. thee: you—1Q. 218. doe: use—QQ.

NIGHTS DREAME

[II. i. 221-248]

It is not night when I doe see your face.
Therefore I thinke I am not in the night, 230
Nor doth this wood lacke worlds of company,
For you in my respect are nll the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is heere to looke on me?

Dem. Ile run from thee, and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wilde beasts.

Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you;
Runne when you will, the story shall be chang'd:
Apollo flies, and *Daphne* holds the chase;
The Dove pursues the 'Griffin, the milde Hinde 240
Makes speed to catch the Tyger. Bootlesse speede,
When cowardise pursues, and valour flies.

Demet. I will not stay thy questions, let me go;
Or if thou follow me, doe not beleewe,
But I shall doe thee mischief in the wood.

Hel. I, in the Temple, in the Towne, and Field
You doe me mischief. Fye *Demetrius*,
Your wrongs doe set a scandall on my sexe:
We cannot fight for love, as men may doe;
We should be woo'd, and were not made to wooe.

[*Exit Dem.*]

I follow thee, and make a heaven of hell, 251
To die upon the hand I love so well. *Exit.*

Ob. Fare thee well Nymph, ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt flie him, and he shall seeke thy love.
Hast thou the flower there? Welcome wanderer.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. I, there it is.

Ob. I pray thee give it me.

232. nll: all-QQ. 2-4F. 246. and: the-1Q. 251. I: I'll-QQ.

I know a banke where the wilde time blowes,
 Where Oxslips and the nodding Violet growes, 260
 Quite over-cannoped with luscious woodbine,
 With sweet muske roses, and with Eglantine;
 There sleepes *Tytania*, sometime of the night,
 Lul'd in these flowers, with dances and delight:
 And there the snake throwes her enammel'd skinne,
 Weed wide enough to rap a Fairy in.
 And with the juyce of this Ile streak her eyes,
 And make her full of hatefull fantasies.
 Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove;
 A sweet *Athenian* Lady is in love 270
 With a disdainefull youth: annoint his eyes,
 But doe it when the next thing he espies,
 May be the Lady. Thou shalt know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on.
 Effect it with some care, that he may prove
 More fond on her, then she upon her love;
 And looke thou meet me ere the first Cocke crow.

Pu. Feare not my Lord, your servant shall do so.

Exit. |

[Scene ii. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter Queene of Fairies, with her traine.

Queen. Come, now a Roundell,¹ and a Fairy song;
 Then for the third part of a minute hence, ¹ *dance*
 Some to kill Cankers in the muske rose buds, ² *bats*
 Some warre with Reremise,² for their leathern wings,
 To make my small Elves coates, and some keepe backe
 The clamorous Owle that nightly hoots and wonders
 At our queint spirits: Sing me now asleepe,
 Then to your offices, and let me rest.

Fairies Sing.

10

*You spotted Snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny Hedgehogges be not seene,
 Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
 Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
 Philomele with melodie,
 Sing in your sweet Lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
 Never harme, nor spell, nor charme,
 Come our lovely Lady nye,
 So good night with Lullaby.*

20

*2. Fairy. Weaving Spiders come not beere,
 Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
 Beetles blacke approach not neere;
 Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
 Philomele with melody, &c.*

*1. Fairy. Hence away, now all is well;
 One aloofe, stand Centinell.*

*Shee sleepes.**[Exeunt Fairies.]*

*Enter Oberon [and squeezes the flower on Titania's
 eyelids].*

*Ober. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Doe it for thy true Love take: 30
 Love and languish for his sake.
 Be it Ounce,¹ or Catte, or Beare, ^{1 wild cat}
 Pard,² or Boare with bristled haire, ^{2 leopard}
 In thy eye that shall appeare,
 When thou wak'st, it is thy deare,
 Wake when some vile thing is neere. *[Exit.]**

16. *your: our-1Q.*

18. 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lis. Faire love, you faint with wandring in the woods,
And to speake troth I have forgot our way: .
Wee'll rest us *Hermia*, if you thinke it good, 40
And tarry for the comfort of the day.

Her. Be it so *Lysander*; finde you out a bed,
For I upon this banke will rest my head.

Lys. One turfe shall serve as pillow for us both,
One heart, one bed, two bosomes, and one troth.

Her. Nay good *Lysander*, for my sake my deere
Lie further off yet, doe not lie so neere.

Lys. O take the sence sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning, in loves conference,
I meane that my heart unto yours is knit, 50
So that but one heart can you make of it.
Two bosomes interchanged with an oath,
So then two bosomes, and a single troth.
Then by your side, no bed-roome me deny,
For lying so, *Hermia*, I doe not lye.

Her. *Lysander* riddles very prettily;
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If *Hermia* meant to say, *Lysander* lied.
But gentle friend, for love and courtesie
Lie further off, in humane modesty, 60
Such separation, as may well be said,
Becomes a vertuous batchelour, and a maide,
So farre be distant, and good night sweet friend;
Thy love nere alter, till thy sweet life end.

Lys. Amen, amen, to that faire prayer, say I,

38. *woods*: wood-1Q.

51. *can you*: we can-QQ.

52. *interchanged*: interchained-QQ.

60. *humane*: human-4F.

NIGHTS DREAME

[II. ii. 63-88

And then end life, when I end loyalty:

Heere is my bed, sleepe give thee all his rest.

Her. With halfe that wish, the wishers eyes be prest.

Enter Pucke.

They sleepe.

Puck. Through the Forrest have I gone, 70

But *Athenian* finde I none,

One whose eyes I might approve

This flowers force in stirring love.

Night and silence: who is heere?

Weedes¹ of *Athens* he doth weare: garments

This is he (my master said)

Despised the *Athenian* maide:

And heere the maiden sleeping sound,

On the danke and durty ground.

Pretty soule, she durst not lye 80

Neere this lacke-love, this kill-curtisie.

Churle, upon thy eyes I throw

All the power this charme doth owe:

When thou wak'st, let love forbid

Sleepe his seate on thy eye-lid.

So awake when I am gone:

For I must now to *Oberon*. *Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena running.

Hel. Stay, though thou kill me, sweete *Demetrius*.

De. I charge thee hence, and do not haunt me thus.

Hel. O wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so. 91

De. Stay on thy perill, I alone will goe.

Exit Demetrius.

Hel. O I am out of breath, in this fond chace,

71. *finde: found*-1Q.

72. *One: On*-Qq. 2-4F.

The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace,
 Happy is *Hermia*, wheresoeer she lies;
 For she hath blessed and attractive eyes.
 How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt teares.
 If so, my eyes are oftner washt then hers.
 No, no, I am as ugly as a Beare; 100
 For beasts that meete me, runne away for feare,
 Therefore no marvaile, though *Demetrius*
 Doe as a monster, flie my presence thus.
 What wicked and dissembling glasse of mine,
 Made me compare with *Hermias* sphery eyne?
 But who is here? *Lysander* on the ground;
 Deade or asleepe? I see no bloud, no wound,
Lysander, if you live, good sir awake.

Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy
 sweet sake. |

Transparent *Helena*, nature her shewes art, 110
 That through thy bosome makes me see thy heart.
 Where is *Demetrius*? oh how fit a word
 Is that vile name, to perish on my sword!

Hel. Do not say so *Lysander*, say not so:
 What though he love your *Hermia*? Lord, what though?
 Yet *Hermia* still loves you; then be content.

Lys. Content with *Hermia*? No, I do repent
 The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
 Not *Hermia*, but *Helena* now I love;
 Who will not change a Raven for a Dove? 120
 The will of man is by his reason sway'd:
 And reason saies you are the worthier Maide.
 Things growing are not ripe untill their season;
 So I being yong, till now ripe not to reason,
 And touching now the point of humane skill,

110. *nature her shewes*: nature shows—QQ.

119. *Helena now I*: *Helena* I—1Q.

Reason becomes the Marshall to my will,
And leades me to your eyes, where I orelooke
Loves stories, written in Loves richest booke.

Hel. Wherefore was I to this keene mockery borne?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorne? 130

Ist not enough, ist not enough, yong man,
That I did never, no nor never can,
Deserve a sweete looke from *Demetrius* eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth you do me wrong (good-sooth you do)
In such disdainfull manner, me to wooe.

But fare you well; perforce I must confesse,
I thought you Lord of more true gentlenesse.
Oh, that a Lady of one man refus'd,
Should of another therefore be abus'd. *Exit.* 140

Lys. She sees not *Hermia*: *Hermia* sleepe thou there,
And never maist thou come *Lysander* neere;
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomacke brings:
Or as the heresies that men do leave,
Are hated most of those that did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit, and my heresie,
Of all be hated; but the most of me;
And all my powers addresse your love and might,
To honour *Helen*, and to be her Knight. *Exit.* 150

Her. [*Awaking*] Helpe me *Lysander*, helpe me; do
thy best |

To plucke this crawling serpent from my brest.
Aye me, for pittie; what a dreame was here?
Lysander looke, how I do quake with feare:
Me-thought a serpent eate my heart away,
And yet sat smiling at his cruell prey.

146. *that: they-QQ.*

156. *yet: you-QQ.*

Lysander, what remoov'd? *Lysander*, Lord,
 What, out of hearing, gone? No sound, no word?
 Alacke where are you? speake and if you heare:
 Speake of all loves; I sound almost with feare. 160
 No, then I well perceive you are not nye,
 Either death or you Ile finde immediately. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*]

*Enter the Clownes [Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute,
 Snout, and Starveling].*

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat, and here's a marvailous convenient
 place for our rehearsall. This greene plot shall be our
 stage, this hauthorne brake our tyring house, and we will
 do it in action, as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. *Peter quince?*

Peter. What saist thou, bully *Bottom*? 9

Bot. There are things in this Comedy of *Piramus* and
Thisby, that will never please. First, *Piramus* must draw a
 sword to kill himselfe; which the Ladies cannot abide.
 How answer you that?

Snout. Berlaken,¹ a parlous² feare. ¹ *by our ladykin*

Star. I beleewe we must leave the killing out, when
 all is done. ² *perilous*

Bot. Not a whit, I have a device to make all well.
 Write me a Prologue, and let the Prologue seeme to say,
 we will do no harme with our swords, and that *Piramus*
 is not kill'd indeede: and for the more better assurance,

160. *sound: swoon (swoune)—IQ.*

14. *Berlaken: By'r lakin—CAPELL.*

tell them, that I *Piramus* am not *Piramus*, but *Bottom*
the | Weaver; this will put them out of feare. 22

Quin. Well, we will have such a Prologue, and it shall
be written in eight and sixe.

Bot. No, make it two more, let it be written in eight
and eight.

Snout. Will not the Ladies be afear'd of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with your selves,
to | bring in (God shield us) a Lyon among Ladies, is a
most | dreadfull thing. For there is not a more fearefull
wilde | foule then your Lyon living: and wee ought to
looke | to it. 33

Snout. Therefore another Prologue must tell he is not
a Lyon.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and halfe his face
must be seene through the Lyons necke, and he himselfe
must speake through, saying thus, or to the same defect;
Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wish you, or I would
request you, or I would entreat you, not to feare, not to
tremble: my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither
as a Lyon, it were pittie of my life. No, I am no such
thing, I am a man as other men are; and there indeed let
him name his name, and tell him plainly hee is *Snug* the
joyner. 45

Quin. Well, it shall be so; but there is two hard
things, that is, to bring the Moone-light into a cham-
ber: for you know, *Piramus* and *Thisby* meete by Moone-
light.

Sn. Doth the Moone shine that night wee play our
play? 51

Bot. A Calender, a Calender, looke in the Almanack,
finde out Moone-shine, finde out Moone-shine.

33. to it: to't--CAPELL.

44. tell him: tell them--Qq.

Enter Pucke.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window (where we play) open, and the Moone may shine in at the casement. 58

Quin. I, or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorne, and say he comes to disfigure, or to present the person of Moone-shine. Then there is another thing, we must have a wall in the great Chamber; for *Piramus* and *Thisby* (saies the story) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sn. You can never bring in a wall. What say you *Bottome*?

Bot. Some man or other must present wall, and let him have some Plaster, or some Lome, or some rough cast about him, to signifie wall; or let him hold his fingers thus; and through that cranny, shall *Piramus* and *Thisby* whisper. 71

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit downe every mothers sonne, and rehearse your parts. *Piramus*, you begin; when you have spoken your speech, enter into that Brake, and so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Rob. What hempen home-spuns have we swagging here,
So neere the Cradle of the Faerie Queene? 80
What, a Play toward? Ile be an auditor,
An Actor too perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speake *Piramus*: *Thisby* stand forth.

Pir. *Thisby*, the flowers of odious savors sweete.

54. *Enter Pucke*: out—Qq.

Quin. Odours, odours.

Pir. Odours savors sweete,

So hath thy breath, my dearest *Thisby* deare.

But harke, a voyce: stay thou but here a while,

And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit. Pir.*

Puck. A stranger *Piramus*, then ere plaid here. 90

This. Must I speake now?

Pet. I marry must you. For you must understand he goes but to see a noyse that he heard, and is to come againe.

Thys. Mostradiant *Piramus*, most Lilly white of hue,
Of colour like the red rose on triumphant bryer,
Most brisky Juvenall, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre,
Ile meete thee *Piramus*, at *Ninnies* toombe. 99

Pet. *Ninus* toombe man: why, you must not speake that yet; that you answere to *Piramus*: you speake all your part at once, cues and all. *Piramus* enter, your cue is past; it is never tyre.

Thys. O, as true as truest horse, that yet would never tyre:

Pir. If I were faire, *Thisby* I were onely thine.

Pet. O monstrous. O strange. We are hanted; pray masters, flye masters, helpe.

The Clownes all Exit. 109

Puk. Ile follow you, Ile leade you about a Round,
Through bogge, through bush, through brake, through
bryer, |

Sometime a horse Ile be, fometime a hound:
A hogge, a headlesse beare, sometime a fire,
And neigh, and barke, and grunt, and rore, and burne,
Like horse, hound, hog, beare, fire, at every turne. *Exit.*

112. *fometime*: sometime-2-4F.

Enter Piramus with the Asse head.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afear'd. *Enter Snowt.*

Sn. O *Bottom*, thou art chang'd; What doe I see on thee? 120

Bot. What do you see? You see an Asse-head of your owne, do you? [*Exit Snout.*]

Enter Peter Quince.

Pet. Blesse thee *Bottom*, blesse thee; thou art translated. *Exit.* ¹ transformed

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an asse of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not stirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke up and downe here, and I will sing that they shall heare I am not afraid. [*Sings.*] 130

The Woosell cocke, so blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throstle, wth his note so true,
The Wren and little quill.

Tyta. [*Awaking*] What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed? |

Bot. [*Sings*] The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainsong Cuckow gray;
Whose note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not answer, nay. 139
For indeede, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird?
Who would give a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow,
never so?

116. *Enter Piramus, etc.*: shifted to after l. 105—CAPELL.

131. *Woosell*: ouzel—POPE. 134. *Wren and*: wren with—QQ.

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, sing againe,
 Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
 On the first view to say, to sweare I love thee.
 So is mine eye enthralled to thy shape,
 And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth move me.

Bot. Me-thinkes mistresse, you should have little
 reason for that: and yet to say the truth, reason and
 love keepe little company together, now-adayes.
 The more the pittie, that some honest neighbours will
 not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke¹ upon occa-
 sion.

¹ *talk ironically* 153

Tyta. Thou art as wise, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not so neither: but if I had wit enough to get
 out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine owne
 turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not desire to goe,
 Thou shalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
 I am a spirit of no common rate: 160
 The Summer still doth tend upon my state,
 And I doe love thee; therefore goe with me,
 Ile give thee Fairies to attend on thee;
 And they shall fetch thee Jewels from the deepe,
 And sing, while thou on pressed flowers dost sleepe:
 And I will purge thy mortall grossnesse so,
 That thou shalt like an airie spirit go.

*Enter Pease-blosseme, Cobweb, Moth, Mustard-
 seede, and foure Fairies.* 169

Fai. Ready; and I, and I, and I, Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,

145. shifted to after l. 147-1Q.

170. 5 ll. 1 *Fai.* Ready. 2 *Fai.* And I. 3 *Fai.* And I. 4 *Fai.*
 And I. All. Where, etc.—CAPELL.

Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
 Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
 With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
 The honic-bags steale from the humble Bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
 And light them at the fierie-Glow-wormes eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
 To fan the Moone-beames from his sleeping eies. 180
 Nod to him Elves, and doe him curtesies.

1. *Fai.* Haile mortall, haile.

2. *Fai.* Haile.

3. *Fai.* Haile.

Bot. I cry your worships mercy hartily; I beseech
 your worships name.

Cob. *Cobweb.*

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good
 Master *Cobweb*: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold
 with you. 190

Your name honest Gentleman?

Peas. *Pease blossome.*

Bot. I pray you commend mee to mistresse *Squash*,
 your mother, and to master *Peascod* your father. Good
 master *Pease-blossome*, I shal desire of you more acquain-
 tance to. Your name I beseech you sir?

Mus. *Mustard-seede.*

Peas. *Pease-blossome.*

198

Bot. Good master *Mustard seede*, I know your pati-
 ence well: that same cowardly gyant-like Oxe beefe
 hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I pro-

182-4. 4 ll. *Peas.* Hail mortal! *Cob.* Hail! *Motb.* Hail! *Mus.*
 Hail!—CAPELL. (*Peas.* *Cob.* *Motb.* *Mus.*—DYCE.)

195. of you more: you of more—QQ.

198. *Pease-blossome* out—QQ. 2-4F.

NIGHTS DREAME

[III. i. 199–ii. 16

mise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master *Mustard-seede*.

Tita. Come waite upon him, lead him to my bower. The Moone me-thinks, lookes with a watric eie, And when she weepes, weepe everie little flower, Lamenting some enforced chastitie. Tye up my lovers tongue, bring him silently. *Exit*.

[Scene ii. *Another part of the wood.*]

Enter King of Pharies, solus.

Ob. I wonder if *Titania* be awak't; Then what it was that next came in her eye, Which she must dote on, in extremitie.

Enter Pucke.

Here comes my messenger: how now mad spirit, What night-rule¹ now about this gaunted grove? ¹ *revelry*

Puck. My Mistris with a monster is in love, Neere to her close and consecrated bower, While she was in her dull and sleeping hower, 10 A crew of patches,² rude Mcehanicals, 2 clowns That worke for bread upon *Athenian* stals, Were met together to rehearse a Play, Intended for great *Theseus* nuptiall day: The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,³ 3 crew Who *Piramus* presented, in their sport, Forsooke his Scene, and entred in a brake, When I did him at this advantage take,

203. *you*: *your*—3-4F.

207. *weepes*: *weepes*—1Q.

209. *lovers*: *love's*—POPE.

7. *gaunted*: *haunted*—QQ. 2-4F.

11. *Mcehanicals*: *mechanicals*—QQ. 2-4F.

An Asses nole¹ I fixed on his head. ¹ *bead*
 Anon his *Thisbie* must be answered, 20
 And forth my Mimmick comes: when they him spie,
 As Wilde-geese, that the creeping Fowler eye,
 Or russed-pated choughes, many in sort
 (Rising and cawing at the guns report)
 Sever themselves, and madly sweepe the skye:
 So at his sight, away his fellowes flye,
 And at our stampe, here ore and ore one fals;
 He murther cries, and helpe from *Athens* cals.
 Their sense thus weake, lost with their fears thus strong,
 Made senselesse things begin to do them wrong. 30
 For briars and thornes at their apparell snatch,
 Some sleeves, some hats, from yeelders all things catch,
 I led them on in this distracted feare,
 And left sweete *Piramus* translated there:
 When in that moment (so it came to passe)
Tytania waked, and straightway lov'd an Asse.
Ob. This fals out better then I could devise:
 But hast thou yet lacht² the *Athenians* eyes, ²*dripped in*
 With the love juyce, as I did bid thee doe?
Rob. I tooke him sleeping (that is finisht to) 40
 And the *Athenian* woman by his side,
 That when he wak't, of force she must be eyde.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Ob. Stand close, this is the same *Athenian*.
Rob. This is the woman, but not this the man.
Dem. O why rebuke you him that loves you so?
 Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
Her. Now I but chide, but I should use thee worse.
 For thou (I feare) hast given me cause to curse,

23. *russet-pated*: *russet-pated*-1Q.4F.

If thou hast slaine *Lysander* in his sleepe, 50
Being ore shooes in bloud, plunge in the deepe, and kill
me too:

The Sunne was not so true unto the day,
As he to me. Would he have stollen away,
From sleeping *Hermia*? Ile beleeve as soone
This whole earth may be bord, and that the Moone
May through the Center creepe, and so displease
Her brothers noonetide, with th' *Antipodes*.
It cannot be but thou hast murdred him,
So should a mutrherer looke, so dead, so grim. 60

Dem. So should the murderer looke, and so should I,
Pierst through the heart with your stearne cruelty:
Yet you the murderer looks as bright as cleare,
As yonder *Venus* in her glimmering spheare.

Her. What's this to my *Lysander*? where is he?
Ah good *Demetrius*, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I'de rather give his carkasse to my hounds.

Her. Out dog, out cur, thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maidens patience. Hast thou slaine him then?
Henceforth be never numbred among men. 70

Oh, once tell true, even for my sake,
Durst thou a lookt upon him, being awake?
And hast thou kill'd him sleeping? O brave tutch:
Could not a worme, an Adder do so much?
An Adder did it: for with doubler tongue
Then thine (thou serpent) never Adder stung.

Dem. You spend your passion on a mispri^d mood,
I am not guiltie of *Lysanders* blood: ¹ *mistaken*
Nor is he dead for ought that I can tell.

51-2. new l. at And kill—Rowe. 60. mutrherer: murderer—2Q.

61. murderer: murder'd—QQ.

63. looks: look—QQ.

67. I de: I had—1Q.

71. tell true: repeated—1Q.

72. a looks: have look'd—QQ.

79. ought: aught—THEOBALD.

Her. I pray thee tell me then that he is well. 80

Dem. And if I could, what should I get therefore?

Her. A priviledge, never to see me more;
And from thy hated presence part I: see me no more
Whether he be dead or no. *Exit.*

Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vaine,
Here therefore for a while I will remaine.
So sorrowes heavinessse doth heavier grow:
For debt that bankrout slip doth sorrow owe,
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay. *Lie downe* 90
[*and sleep*].

Ob. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love juyce on some true loves sight:
Of thy misprision,¹ must perforce ensue ¹ *mistake*
Some true love turn'd, and not a false turn'd true.

Rob. Then fate ore-rules, that one man holding troth,
A million faile, confounding oath on oath.

Ob. About the wood, goe swifter then the winde,
And *Helena* of *Athens* looke thou finde.
All fancy sicke she is, and pale of cheere,² ² *countenance*
With sighes of love, that costs the fresh bloud deare.
By some illusion see thou bring her heere, 101
He charme his eyes against she doth appeare.

Robin. I go, I go, looke how I goe,
Swifter then arrow from the *Tartars* bowe. *Exit.*

Ob. Flower of this purple die,
Hit with *Cupids* archery,
Sinke in apple of his eye,
When his love he doth espie,
Let her shine as gloriously

81. *And if:* An' if—CAPELL.

83-4. *part I:* part I so; new l. at See—POPE.

88. *bankrout slip:* bankrupt sleep—Rowe. 102. *dotb:* do—Qq.

NIGHTS DREAME

[III. ii. 107-132

As the *Venus* of the sky. 110
When thou wak'st if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Enter Pucke.

Puck. Captaine of our Fairy band,
Helena is heere at hand,
And the youth, mistooke by me,
Pleading for a Lovers fee.
Shall we their fond Pageant see?
Lord, what fooles these mortals be!
Ob. Stand aside: the noyse they make, 120
Will cause *Demetrius* to awake.

Puck. Then will two at once wooe one,
That must needs be sport alone:
And those things doe best please me,
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should wooe in
scorn? |
Scorne and derision never comes in teares:
Looke when I vow I weepe; and vowes so borne,
In their nativity all truth appeares. 130
How can these things in me, seeme scorne to you?
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true.

Hel. You doe advance your cunning more & more,
When truth kils truth, O divelish holy fray!
These vowes are *Hermias*. Will you give her ore?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vowes to her, and me, (put in two scales)
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.

128. comes: come-QQ.

129. borne: born-3-4F.

Lys. I had no judgement, when to her I swore. 139

Hel. Nor none in my minde, now you give her ore.

Lys. *Demetrius* loves her, and he loves not you. *Awa.*

Dem. O *Helen*, goddesse, nimph, perfect, divine,
To what my, love, shall I compare thine eyne!
Christall is muddy, O how ripe in show,
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealed white, high *Taurus* snow,
Fan'd with the Easterne winde, turnes to a crow,
When thou holdst up thy hand. O let me kisse
This Princesse of pure white, this scale of blisse.

Hell. O spight! O hell! I see you are all bent 150
To set against me, for your merriment:

If you were civill, and knew curtesie,

You would not doe me thus much injury.

Can you not hate me, as I know you doe,

But you must joyne in soules to mocke me to?

If you are men, as men you are in show,

You would not use a gentle Lady so;

To vow, and sweare, and superpraise my parts,

When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.

You both are Rivals, and love *Hermia*; 160

And now both Rivals to mocke *Helena*.

A trim exploit, a manly enterprize,

To conjure teares up in a poore maids eyes,

With your derision; none of noble sort,

Would so offend a Virgin, and extort

A poore soules patience, all to make you sport.

Lysa. You are unkind *Demetrius*; be not so,

For you love *Hermia*; this you know I know;

And here with all good will, with all my heart,

In *Hermias* love I yeeld you up my part; 170

150. are all: all are—Qq.

156. are men: were men—Qq.

And yours of *Helena*, to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.

Hel. Never did mockers wast more idle breth.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy *Hermia*, I will none:
If ere I lov'd her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her, but as guest-wise sojourn'd,
And now to *Helen* it is home return'd,
There to remaine.

Lys. It is not so.

De. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy perill thou abide it deare. 181
Looke where thy Love comes, yonder is thy deare.

Enter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The care more quicke of apprehension makes,
Wherein it doth impaire the seeing sense,
Ir paies the hearing double recompence.
Thou art not by mine eye, *Lysander* found,
Mine care (I thanke it) brought me to that sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so? 190

Lysan. Why should hee stay whom Love doth presse
to go? |

Her. What love could presse *Lysander* from my side?

Lys. *Lysanders* love (that would not let him bide)
Faire *Helena*; who more engilds the night,
Then all yon fierie oes, and eies of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee, made me leave thee so?

Her. You speake not as you thinke; it cannot be.

Hel. Loe, she is one of this confederacy,

172. to: till-1Q. 177. it is: is it-1Q. 179. It is: *Helen*, it is-1Q.

181. abide: aby-1Q.

187. Ir: It-QQ. 2-4F.

Now I perceive they have conjoyn'd all three, 200
 To fashion this false sport in spight of me.
 Injurious Hermia, most ungratefull maid,
 Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
 To baite me, with this foule derision?
 Is all the counsell that we two have shar'd,
 The sisters vowes, the houres that we have spent,
 When wee have chid the hasty footed time,
 For parting us; O, is all forgot?
 All schoole-daies friendship, child-hood innocence?
 We Hermia, like two Artificiall gods, 210
 Have with our needles, created both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mindes
 Had beene incorporate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition,
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart,
 Two of the first life coats in Heraldry, 220
 Due but to one and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
 To joyne with men in scorning your poore friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
 Our sexe as well as I, may chide you for it,
 Though I alone doe feele the injurie.

Her. I am amazed at your passionate words,
 I scorne you not; It seemes that you scorne me.

Hel. Have you not set *Lysander*, as in scorne
 To follow me, and praise my eies and face? 230
 And made your other love, *Demetrius*

208. *is*: *is*—GLOBE.217. *a union*: *an union*—Qq. 4F.220. *life*: *like*—THEOBALD.

(Who even but now did spurne me with his foote)
 To call me goddesse, nimph, divine, and rare,
 Precious, celestiall? Wherefore speaks he this
 To her he hates? And wherefore doth *Lysander*
 Denie your love (so rich within his soule)
 And tender me (forsooth) affection,
 But by your setting on, by your consent?
 What though I be not so in grace as you,
 So hung upon with love, so fortunate? 240
 (But miserable most, to love unlov'd)
 This you should pittie, rather then despise.

Her. I understand not what you meane by this.

Hel. I, doe, persever, counterfeit sad lookes,
 Make mouthes upon me when I turne my backe,
 Winke each at other, hold the sweete jest up:
 This sport well carried, shall be chronicled.
 If you have any pittie, grace, or manners,
 You would not make me such an argument:
 But fare ye well, 'tis partly mine owne fault, 250
 Which death or absence soone shall remedie.

Lys. Stay gentle *Helena*, heare my excuse,
 My love, my life, my soule, faire *Helena*.

Hel. O excellent!

Her. Sweete, do not scorne her so.

Dem. If she cannot entreate, I can compell.

Lys. Thou canst compell, no more then she entreate.
 Thy threats have no more strength then her weak praise.

Helen, I love thee, by my life I doe;
 I swear by that which I will lose for thee, 260
 To prove him false, that saies I love thee not.

Dem. I say, I love thee more then he can do.

Lys. If thou say so, with-draw and prove it too.

250. *mine*: *my*-1Q.

258. *praise*: *prayers*-THEOBALD.

Dem. Quick, come.

Her. *Lysander*, whereto tends all this?

Lys. Away, you *Ethiope*.

Dem. No, no, Sir, seeme to breake loose;

Take on as you would follow,

But yet come not: you are a tame man, go. 269

Lys. Hang off thou cat, thou bur; vile thing let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.

Her. Why are you growne so rude?

What change is this sweete Love?

Lys. Thy love? out tawny *Tartar*, out;
Out loathed medicine; O hated poison hence

Her. Do you not jest?

Hel. Yes sooth, and so do you.

Lys. *Demetrius*: I will keepe my word with thee.

Dem. I would I had your bond: for I perceive
A weake bond holds you; Ile not trust your word. 280

Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, Ile not harme her so.

Her. What, can you do me greater harme then hate?

Hate me, wherefore? O me, what newes my Love?

Am not I *Hermia*? Are not you *Lysander*?

I am as faire now, as I was ere while.

Since night you lov'd me; yet since night you left me.

Why then you left me (O the gods forbid

In earnest, shall I say?

Lys. I, by my life;

290

And never did desire to see thee more.

Therefore be out of hope, of question, of doubt;

Be certaine, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,

That I doe hate thee, and love *Helena*.

267. *no, Sir, seeme*: no; he'll ... Seem (new l. at Seem)—1Q.

272-4. 2 five-accent ll.—POPE.

275. *O bated*: hated—POPE. *poison*: potion—1Q.

Her. O me, you jugler, you canker blossome,
You theefe of love; What, have you come by night,
And stolne my loves heart from him?

Hel. Fine yfaith:

Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulnesse? What, will you teare 300
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie, you counterfeit, you puppet, you.

Her. Puppet? why so? I, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Betweene our statures, she hath urg'd her height,
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height (forsooth) she hath prevail'd with him.
And are you growne so high in his esteeme,
Because I am so dwarfish, and so low?
How low am I, thou painted May-pole? Speake, 310
How low am I? I am not yet so low,
But that my nailes can reach unto thine eyes.

Hel. I pray you though you mocke me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me; I was never curst:¹ ¹*shrewish*
I have no gift at all in shrewishnesse;
I am a right maide for my cowardize;
Let her not strike me: you perhaps may thinke,
Because she is something lower then my selfe,
That I can match her.

Her. Lower? harke againe. 320

Hel. Good *Hermia*, do not be so bitter with me,
I evermore did love you *Hermia*,
Did ever keepe your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that in love unto *Demetrius*,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you, for love I followed him,
But he hath chid me hence, and threatned me
To strike me, spurne me, nay to kill me too;

And now, so you will let me quiet go,
 To *Athens* will I beare my folly backe, 330
 And follow you no further. Let me go.
 You see how simple, and how fond I am.

Her. Why get you gone: who ist that hinders you?

Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behinde.

Her. What, with *Lysander*?

Her. With *Demetrius*.

Lys. Be not afraid, she shall not harme thee *Helena*.

Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.

Hel. O when she's angry, she is keene and shrewd,
 She was a vixen when she went to schoole, 340
 And though she be but little, she is fierce.

Her. Little againe? Nothing but low and little?
 Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
 Let me come to her.

Lys. Get you gone you dwarfe,
 You *minimus*, of hindring knot-grasse made,
 You bead, you acorne.

Dem. You are too officious,
 In her behalfe that scornes your services.
 Let her alone, speake not of *Helena*, 350
 Take not her part. For if thou dost intend¹ ¹*pretend*
 Never so little shew of love to her,
 Thou shalt abide² it. ²*pay for*

Lys. Now she holds me not,
 Now follow if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
 Of thine or mine is most in *Helena*.

Dem. Follow? Nay, Ile goe with thee cheeke by
 jowle. *Exit Lysander and Demetrius.*

Her. You Mistris, all this coyle³ is long of you.
 Nay, goe not backe. ³*tangle* 360

Hel. I will not trust you I,

353. *abide*: *aby*-1Q.

Nor longer stay in your curst companie.
 Your hands then mine, are quicker for a fray,
 My legs are longer though to runne away. [Exit.]
 [Her. I am amaz'd, and know not what to say.
 Exit.]

Enter Oberon and Pucke.

Ob. This is thy negligence, still thou mistak'st,
 Or else committ'st thy knaveries willingly.
Puck. Beleeve me, King of shadowes, I mistooke,
 Did not you tell me, I should know the man,
 By the *Athenian* garments he hath on? 370
 And so farre blamelesse proves my enterprize,
 That I have nointed an Athenians eies,
 And so farre am I glad, it so did sort,¹ 1 chance
 As this their jangling I esteeme a sport.

Ob. Thou seest these Lovers seeke a place to fight,
 Hie therefore *Robin*, overcast the night,
 The starrie Welkin cover thou anon,
 With drooping fogge as blacke as *Acheron*,
 And lead these testie Rivals so astray,
 As one come not within anothers way. 380
 Like to *Lysander*, sometime frame thy tongue,
 Then stirre *Demetrius* up with bitter wrong;
 And sometime raile thou like *Demetrius*;
 And from each other looke thou leade them thus,
 Till ore their browes, death-counterfeiting, sleepe
 With leaden legs, and Battie-wings doth creepe;
 Then crush this hearbe into *Lysanders* eie,
 Whose liquor hath this vertuous propertie,
 To take from thence all error, with his might,
 And make his eie-bals role with wonted sight. 390

364-5. bracketed l. in Qq.

367. *willingly*: wilfully-Qq.

370. *batb*: had-1Q.

M.N.D.4.

When they next wake, all this derision
 Shall seeme a dreame, and fruitlesse vision,
 And backe to *Athens* shall the Lovers wend
 With league, whose date till death shall never end.
 Whiles I in this affaire do thee imply,
 Ile to my Queene, and beg her *Indian Boy*;
 And then I will her charmed eie release
 From monsters view, and all things shall be peace.

Puck. My Fairie Lord, this must be done with haste,
 For night-swift Dragons cut the Clouds full fast, 400
 And yonder shines *Auroras* harbinger;
 At whose approach Ghosts wandring here and there,
 Troope home to Church-yards; damned spirits all,
 That in crosse-waies and flouds have buriall,
 Alreadie to their wormie beds are gone;
 For feare least day should looke their shames upon,
 They wilfully themselves dxile from light,
 And must for aye consort with blacke browd night.

Ob. But we are spirits of another sort:
 I, with the mornings love have oft made sport, 410
 And like a Forrester, the groves may tread,
 Even till the Easterne gate all fierie red,
 Opening on *Neptune*, with faire blessed beames,
 Turnes into yellow gold, his salt greene streames.
 But notwithstanding haste, make no delay:
 We may effect this businesse, yet ere day.

Puck. Up and downe, up and downe, I will leade
 them up and downe: I am sear'd in field and towne.
Goblin, lead them up and downe: here comes one.

395. *imply*: e(i)mplay-1Q.

400. *night-swift*: night's swift-1Q.

407. *dxile*: exile-QQ.2-4F.

417-9. 4 rhymed ll. and 1 short l. at Here-POP.

418. *sear'd*: fear'd-QQ.2-4F.

Enter Lysander.

420

Lys. Where art thou, proud *Demetrius*?
 Speake thou now.

Rob. Here villaine, drawne & readie. Where art
 thou? |

Lys. I will be with thee straight.

Rob. Follow me then to plainer ground.

[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*]

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. *Lysander*, speake againe;
 Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
 Speake in some bush: Where dost thou hide thy head?

Rob. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
 Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars, 431
 And wilt not come? Come recreant, come thou childe,
 Ile whip thee with a rod. He is defil'd
 That drawes a sword on thee.

Dem. Yea, art thou there?

Ro. Follow my voice, we'l try no manhood here.

Exit. |

[*Re-enter Lysander.*]

Lys. He goes before me, and still dares me on,
 When I come where he cals, then he's gone.
 The villaine is much lighter heel'd then I:
 I followed fast, but faster he did flye; *shifting places.*
 That fallen am I in darke uneven way, 441
 And here wil rest me. Come thou gentle day: *lye down.*
 For if but once thou shew me thy gray light,
 Ile finde *Demetrius*, and revenge this spight. [*Sleeps.*]

421-2. 1 l.-QO.

425. new l. at To.-THEOBALD.

438. be's: he is-1Q.

Enter Robin and Demetrius.

Rob. Ho, ho, ho; coward, why com'st thou not?

Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st. For well I wot,
Thou runst before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor looke me in the face.

Where art thou? 450

Rob. Come hither, I am here.

Dem. Nay then thou mock'st me; thou shalt buy this
deere,

If ever I thy face by day-light see.

Now goe thy way: faintnesse constraineth me,
To measure out my length on this cold bed,
By daies approach looke to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Enter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy houres, shine comforts from the East, 460
That I may backe to *Athens* by day-light,
From these that my poore companie detest;
And sleepe that sometime shuts up sorrowes eie,
Steale me a while from mine owne companie. *Sleepe.*

Rob. Yet but three? Come one more,
Two of both kindes makes up foure.
Here she comes, curst and sad,
Cupid is a knavish lad,

Enter Hermia.

Thus to make poore females mad. 470

Her. Never so wearie, never so in woe,

450. *art thou*: art thou now—1Q.

463. *sometime*: sometimes—Qq. 3 4F.

Bedabbled with the dew, and torne with briars,
 I can no further crawl, no further goe;
 My legs can keepe no pace with my desires.
 Here will I rest me till the breake of day,
 Heavens shield *Lysander*, if they meane a fray.
 [*Lies down and sleeps.*]

Rob. On the ground sleepe sound,
 Ile apply your eie gentle lover, remedy.
 [*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eye.*]
 When thou wak'st, thou tak'st
 True delight in the sight of thy former Ladies eye, 480
 And the Country Proverb knowne,
 That every man should take his owne,
 In your waking shall be showne.
Jacke shall have *Jill*, nought shall goe ill,
 The man shall have his Mare againe, and all shall bee
 well.

They sleepe all the Act.

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *The same. Lysander, Demetrius, Helena,
 and Hermia lying asleep.*]

*Enter Queene of Fairies, and Clowne [Bottom], and
 Fairies, and the King behinde them.*

Tita. Come, sit thee downe upon this flowry bed,
 While I thy amiable cheekes doe coy,¹ ^{1 stroke}
 And sticke muske roses in thy sleeke smoothe head,
 And kisse thy faire large eares, my gentle joy.

Clow. [*Bot.*] Where's *Pease blossome*?

477-80. 10 rhymed ll.—WARBURTON.

478. *apply your:* apply To your—Rowe.

484. 2 rhymed ll.—JOHNSON.

Peas. Ready.

Clow. Scratch my head, *Pease-blossome*. Where's
Moun- | sieuer *Cobweb*. 11

Cob. Ready.

Clowne. Mounsieur *Cobweb*, good Mounsieur get your
weapons in your hand, & kill me a red hipt humble-Bee,
on the top of a thistle; and good Mounsieur bring mee
the hony bag. Doe not fret your selfe too much in the
action, Mounsieur; and good Mounsieur have a care the
hony bag breake not, I would be loth to have yon over-
flowne with a hony-bag signiour. Where's Mounsieur
Mustardseed? 20

Mus. Ready.

Clow. Give me your neafe,¹ Mounsieur *Mustardseed*.
Pray you leave your courtesie good Mounsieur. ¹ *fist*

Mus. What's your will?

Clow. Nothing good Mounsieur, but to help Cavalery
Cobweb to scratch. I must to the Barbers Mounsieur, for
me-thinkes I am marvellous hairy about the face. And I
am such a tender asse, if my haire do but tickle me, I
must | scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou heare some musicke, my sweet
love. 31

Clow. I have a reasonable good care in musicke. Let
us have the tongs and the bones.

Musicke Tongs, Rurall Musicke.

Tita. Or say sweete Love, what thou desirest to eat.

Clowne. Truly a pecke of Provender; I could munch
your good dry Oates. Me-thinkes I have a great desire
to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweete hay hath no fel-
low.

Tita. I have a venturous Fairy, 40

13. *get your:* get you your-1Q.

32-3. *Let us:* Let's-1Q.

18. *yon:* you-QQ. 2-4F.

40-2. five-accent ll.-HANMER.

NIGHTS DREAME

[IV. i. 38-64

That shall seeke the Squirrels hoard,
And fetch thee new Nuts.

Clown. I had rather have a handfull or two of dried
pease. But I pray you let none of your people stirre me, I
have an exposition of sleepe come upon me.

Tyta. Sleepe thou, and I will winde thee in my arms,
Fairies be gone, and be alwaies away. [*Exeunt Fairies.*]
So doth the woodbine, the sweet Honisuckle,
Gently entwist; the female Ivy so
Entrings the barky fingers of the Elme. 50
O how I love thee! how I dote on thee!

[*They sleep.*]

Enter Robin goodfellow and Oberon.

Ob. [*Advancing*] Welcome good *Robin*:
Seest thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I doe begin to pittie.
For meeting her of late behinde the wood,
Seeking sweet savors for this hatefull foole,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her.
For she his hairy temples then had rounded,
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers. 60
And that same dew which sometime on the buds,
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearles;
Stood now within the pretty flouriets eyes,
Like teares that did their owne disgrace bewaile.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in milde termes beg'd my patience,
I then did aske of her, her changeling childe,
Which straight she gave me, and her Fairy sent
To beare him to my Bower in Fairy Land.

47. *alwaies*: all ways—THEOBALD. 53-4. 1 l.—Qq.
57. *savors*: favours—IQ.4F. 63. *flouriets*: floweret's—STEEVENS.

And now I have the Boy, I will undoe 70
 This hatefull imperfection of her eyes.
 And gentle *Pucke*, take this transformed scalpe,
 From off the head of this *Athenian* swaine;
 That he awaking when the other doe,
 May all to *Athens* backe againe repaire,
 And thinke no more of this nights accidents,
 But as the fierce vexation of a dreame.
 But first I will release the Fairy Queene.

Be thou as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see. 80
Dians bud, or Cupids flower,
Hath such force and blessed power.

Now my *Titania* wake you my sweet Queene.

Tita. My *Oberon*, what visions have I seene!
 Me-thought I was enamoured of an Asse.

Ob. There lies your love.

Tita. How came these things to passe?
 Oh, how mine eyes doth loath this visage now!

Ob. Silence a while. *Robin* take off his head:

Titania, musick call, and strike more dead 90
 Then common sleepe; of all these, fine the sense.

Tita. Musicke, ho musicke, such as charmeth sleepe.
Musick still.

Rob. When thou wak'st, with thine owne fooles eies
 peepe.

Ob. Sound musick; come my Queen, take hands
 with me |

And rocke the ground whereon these sleepers be.

79. *Be thou as thou:* Be as thou—Qq.

81. *bud, or:* bud o'er—THEOBALD.

88. *dotb:* do—1Q. 2-4F. *this:* his—1Q.

89. *bis:* this—Qq.

91. *fine:* five—THEOBALD. 94. *When thou:* Now, when thou—1Q.

NIGHTS DREAME

[IV. i. 91-116]

Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to morrow midnight, solemnly
Dance in Duke *Theseus* house triumphantly, 100
And blesse it to all faire posterity.
There shall the paires of faithfull Lovers be
Wedded, with *Theseus*, all in jollity.

Rob. Faire King attend, and marke,
I doe heare the morning Larke.

Ob. Then my Queene in silence sad,
Trip we after the nights shade;
We the Globe can compasse soone,
Swifter then the wandring Moone.

Tita. Come my Lord, and in our flight, 110
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping heere was found,

Sleepers Lye still.

With these mortals on the ground. *Exeunt.*

Winde Hornes. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

Enter Theseus, Egeus, Hippolita and all his traine.

Thes. Goe one of you, finde out the Forrester,
For now our observation is perform'd;
And since we have the vaward¹ of the day, ^{1 fore part}
My Love shall heare the musicke of my hounds. 120
Uncouple in the Western valley, let them goe;
Dispatch I say, and finde the Forrester.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

We will faire Queene, up to the Mountaines top.
And marke the musicall confusion
Of hounds and eccho in conjunction.

Hip. I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,

101. posterity: prosperity-1Q.

104. Faire: Fairy-Qq.

107. after the nights: after night's-1Q.

When in a wood of *Creete* they bayed the Beare
 With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I heare
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountaines, every region neere, 130
 Seeme all one mutuall cry. I never heard
 So musicall a discord, such sweet thunder.

Tbes. My hounds are bred out of the *Spartan* kinde,
 So flew'd,¹ so sanded,² and their heads are hung

¹ *deep-chapped* ² *sandy-spotted*

With eares that sweepe away the morning dew,
 Crooke kneed, and dew-lapt, like *Thessalian* Buls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bels,
 Each under each. A cry more tuneable
 Was never hallowed to, nor cheer'd with horne,
 In *Creete*, in *Sparta*, nor in *Thessaly*; 140
 Judge when you heare. But soft, what nimphs are these?

Egeus. My Lord, this is my daughter heere asleepe,
 And this *Lysander*, this *Demetrius* is,
 This *Helena*, olde *Nedars Helena*,
 I wonder of this being heere together.

Tbe. No doubt they rose up early, to observe
 The right of May; and hearing our intent,
 Came heere in grace of our solemnity.
 But speake *Egeus*, is not this the day
 That *Hermia* should give answer of her choice? 150

Egeus. It is, my Lord.

Tbes. Goe bid the hunts-men wake them with their
 hornes.

Hornes and they wake.

Shout within, they all start up.

Tbes. Good morrow friends: Saint *Valentine* is past,
 Begin these wood birds but to couple now?

131. *Seeme*: *Seem'd*-2-4F.

145. *this*: *their*-1Q.

147. *right*: *rite*-POPE.

Lys. Pardon my Lord.

Thes. I pray you all stand up.

I know you two are Rivall enemies. 160

How comes this gentle concord in the world,

That hatred is is so farre from jealousie,

To sleepe by hate, and feare no enmity.

Lys. My Lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Halfe sleepe, halfe waking. But as yet, I sweare,
I cannot truly say how I came heere.

But as I thinke (for truly would I speake)

And now I doe bethinke me, so it is;

I came with *Hermia* hither. Our intent

Was to be gone from *Athens*, where we might be 170

Without the perill of the *Athenian* Law.

Ege. Enough, enough, my Lord: you have enough;

I beg the Law, the Law, upon his head:

They would have stolne away, they would *Demetrius*,

Thereby to have defeated you and me:

You of your wife, and me of my consent;

Of my consent, that she should be your wife.

Dem. My Lord, faire *Helen* told me of their stealth,

Of this their purpose hither, to this wood,

And I in furie hither followed them; 180

Faire *Helena*, in fancy¹ followed me. ^{1 love}

But my good Lord, I wot not by what power,

(But by some power it is) my love

To *Hermia* (melted as the snow)

Seems to me now as the remembrance of an idle gaude,

Which in my childehood I did doat upon: .

And all the faith, the vertue of my heart,

The object and the pleasure of mine eye,

Is onely *Helena*. To her, my Lord,

162. is is: is-QQ. 2-4F.

170. might be: might-1Q.

181. followed: following-1Q. 183-5. 3 five-accent ll.-Pore.

Was I betroth'd, ere I see *Hermia*, 190
 But like a sicknesse did I loath this food,
 But as in health, come to my naturall taste,
 Now doe I wish it, love it, long for it,
 And will for evermore be true to it.

Thes. Faire Lovers, you are fortunately met;
 Of this discourse we shall heare more anon.
Egeus, I will over-bear your will;
 For in the Temple, by and by with us,
 These couples shall eternally be knit.
 And for the morning now is something worne, 200
 Our purpos'd hunting shall be set aside.
 Away, with us to *Athens*; three and three,
 Wee'll hold a feast in great solemnitie.
 Come *Hippolitæ*. *Exit Duke and Lords.*

Dem. These things seeme small & undistinguishable,
 Like farre off mountaines turned into Clouds.

Her. Me-thinks I see these things with parted eye,
 When every things seemes double.

Hel. So me-thinkes:
 And I have found *Demetrius*, like a jewell, 210
 Mine owne, and not mine owne. [Are you sure
 [That we are awake?]

Dem. It seemes to mee,
 That yet we sleepe, we dreame. Do not you thinke,
 The Duke was heere, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea, and my Father.

Hel. And *Hippolitæ*.

Lys. And he bid us follow to the Temple.

190. see *Hermia*: saw *Hermia*—STEEVENS.

191. like *a*: like in—STEEVENS.

193. doe *I*: I do—1Q.

196. shall beare more: more will hear—1Q.

208. things: thing—POPE.

211-12. bracketed sentence in 2Q.

217. be bid: he did bid—1Q.

Dem. Why then we are awake; lets follow him, and by the way let us recount our dreames.

Bottom wakes. Exit Lovers. 220

Clo. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. | My next is, most faire *Piramus*. Hey ho. *Peter Quince*? | *Flute* the bellows-mender? *Snout* the tinker? *Starve*- | *ling*? Gods my life! Stolne hence, and left me asleepe: I | have had a most rare vision. I had a dreame, past the wit | of man, to say, what dreame it was. Man is but an Asse, | if he goe about to expound this dreame. Me-thought I | was, there is no man can tell what. Me-thought I was, | and me-thought I had. But man is but a patch'd foole, | if he will offer to say, what me-thought I had. The eye of | man hath not heard, the eare of man hath not seen, mans | hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his | heart to report, what my dreame was. I will get *Peter Quince* to write a ballet of this dreame, it shall be called *Bottomes Dreame*, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke. Peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her death.

Exit. 238

[Scene ii. *Athens. Quince's House.*]

Enter Quince, Flute, Thisbie, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to *Bottomes* house? Is he come home yet?

Starv. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt hee is transported.

This. [*Flu.*] If he come not, then the play is mar'd. It goes | not forward, doth it?

218–19. 2 five-accent ll.—2Rowx. 225. *I had: I have had*—Qq.
1. *Thisbie* out—2Rowx.

Quin. It is not possible: you have not a man in all *Athens*, able to discharge *Piramus* but he.

This. No, hee hath simply the best wit of any handy-craft man in *Athens*. 11

Quin. Yea, and the best person too, and hee is a very Paramour, for a sweet voyce.

This. You must say, Paragon. A Paramour is (God blesse us) a thing of nought.

Enter Snug the Joyner.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is comming from the Temple, and there is two or three Lords & Ladies more married: If our sport had gone forward, we had all bin married men. 20

This. O sweet bully *Bottome*: thus hath he lost sixpence a day, during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day. And the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing *Piramus*, Ile be hang'd. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in *Piramus*, or nothing.

Enter Bottome.

Bot. Where are these Lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. *Bottome*, ô most couragious day! O most happye houre! 29

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what. For if I tell you, I am no true *Athenian*. I will tell you every thing as it fell out.

Qu. Let us heare, sweet *Bottome*.

Bot. Not a word of me: all that I will tell you, is, that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparell together, good strings to your beards, new ribbands to your pumps,

32. as it fell: right as it fell—*Qu.*

meete presently at the Palace, every man looke ore his part: for the short and the long is, our play is preferred: In any case let *Thisby* have cleane linnen: and let not him that playes the Lion, paire his nailes, for they shall hang out for the Lions clawes. And most deare Actors, eate no Onions, nor Garlicke; for wee are to utter sweete breath, and I doe not doubt but to heare them say, it is a sweet Comedy. No more words: away, go away.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*]

Enter Theseus, Hippolita, [Philostrate,] Egeus and his Lords. |

Hip. 'Tis strange my *Theseus*, that these lovers speake of. |

The. More strange then true. I never may beleewe These anticke fables, nor these Fairy toyes, Lovers and mad men have such seething braines, Such shaping phantasies, that apprehend more Then coole reason ever comprehends. The Lunaticke, the Lover, and the Poet, Are of imagination all compact.¹ ¹*composed* 10 One sees more divels then vaste hell can hold; That is the mad man. The Lover, all as franticke, Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt*. The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling, doth glance From heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. And as imagination bodies forth the forms of things Unknowne; the Poets pen turnes them to shapes, And gives to aire nothing, a locall habitation,

7-8. new l. at More—THEOBALD. 14-15. new l. at Doth—Rowe.
16-19. 5 five-accent ll.—2Rowe. 18. *aire*: airy—2Q.

And a name. Such tricks hath strong imagination,
 That if it would but apprehend some joy, 20
 It comprehends some bringer of that joy.
 Or in the night, imagining some feare,
 How easie is a bush suppos'd a Beare?

Hip. But all the storic of the night told over,
 And all their minds transfigur'd so together,
 More witnesseth than fancies images,
 And growes to something of great constancie;¹
 But howsoever, strange, and admirable. ^{1 consistency}

*Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia,
 and Helena.* 30

The. Heere come the lovers, full of joy and mirth:
 Joy, gentle friends, joy and fresh dayes
 Of love accompany your hearts.

Lys. More then to us, waite in your royall walkes,
 your boord, your bed.

The. Come now, what maskes, what dances shall
 we have,
 To weare away this long age of three houres,
 Between our after supper, and bed-time?
 Where is our usuall manager of mirth? 40
 What Revels are in hand? Is there no play,
 To ease the anguish of a torturing houre?
 Call *Egeus*.

Ege. [*Phil.*] Heere mighty *Theseus*.

The. Say, what abridgement² have you for this eve-
 ning? ^{2 pastime}
 What maske? What musicke? How shall we beguile
 The lazie time, if not with some delight?

32-5. 3 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

43. *Egeus*: Philostrate—Qq.

NIGHTS DREAME

[V. i. 42-67]

Ege. [*Phil.*] There is a breefe¹ how many sports
are rife: | ^{1 short account}
Make choise of which your Highnesse will see first. 50
[*Giving a paper.*]

Lis. [*Reads*] The battell with the Centaurs to be
sung |

By an Athenian Eunuch, to the Harpe.

The. Wee'l none of that. That have I told my Love
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.

Lis. [*Reads*] The riot of the tipsie Bachanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer, in their rage?

The. That is an old device, and it was plaid
When I from *Thebes* came last a Conqueror.

Lis. [*Reads*] The thrice three Muses, mourning for
the death | of learning, late deceast in beggerie.

The. That is some Satire keene and criticall, 61
Not sorting with a nuptiall ceremonie.

Lis. [*Reads*] A tedious breefe Scene of yong *Pira-*
mus, |
And his love *Thisby*; very tragicall mirth.

The. Merry and tragicall? Tedious, and briefe? That
is, hotice, and wondrous strange snow. How shall wee
finde the concord of this discord?

Ege. [*Phil.*] A play there is, my Lord, some ten
words long, |

Which is as breefe, as I have knowne a play;
But by ten words, my Lord, it is too long; 70
Which makes it tedious. For in all the play,
There is not one word apt, one Player fitted.
And tragicall my noble Lord it is: for *Piramus*

49. rife: ripe—1Q.

51-67. all given to Theseus—Qq.

59-60. 2 five-accent ll.—Qq.

65-7. 3 ll. ending brief, snow, discord—THEOBALD.

73-7. 5 five-accent ll.—2-4F.

Therein doth kill himselfe. Which when I saw
 Rehearse, I must confesse, made mine eyes water:
 But more merrie teares, the passion of loud laughter-
 Never shed.

Thes. What are they that do play it?

Ege. [*Phil.*] Hard handed men, that worke in
 Athens heere, |

Which never labour'd in their mindes till now; 80

And now have toyed their unbreathed¹ memories

With this same play, against your nuptiall. ¹ *unpractised*

The. And we will heare it.

Phi. No, my noble Lord, it is not for you. I have
 heard |

It over, and it is nothing, nothing in the world;

Unlesse you can finde sport in their intents,

Extreamely stretcht, and cond with cruell paine,

To doe you service. 88

Thes. I will heare that play. For never any thing
 Can be amisse, when simplenesse and duty tender it.

Goe bring them in, and take your places, Ladies.

[*Exit Philostrate.*]

Hip. I love not to see wretchednesse orecharged;
 And duty in his service perishing.

Thes. Why gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

Hip. He saies, they can doe nothing in this kinde.

Thes. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing
 Our sport shall be, to take what they mistake;
 And what poore duty cannot doe, noble respect
 Takes it in might, not merit.

Where I have come, great Clearkes have purposed 100
 To greeete me with premeditated welcomes;

Where I have seene them shiver and looke pale,

NIGHTS DREAME

[V. i. 96-124]

Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiz'd accent in their feares,
And in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me sweete,
Out of this silence yet, I pickt a welcome:
And in the modesty of fearefull duty,
I read as much, as from the ratling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence. 110
Love therefore, and tongue-tide simplicity,
In least, speake most, to my capacity.

[*Re-enter Philostrate.*]

Egeus. [*Phil.*] So please your Grace, the Prologue is
address.¹ [*Phil.*] ^{1 ready}
Duke. [*Tbes.*] Let him approach. *Flor. Trum.*

Enter the Prologue. Quince.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should thinke, we come not to offend,
But with good will. To shew our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then, we come but in despight. 120
We do not come, as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight,
We are not heere. That you should here repent you,
The Actors are at hand; and by their show,
You shall know all, that you are like to know.

Tbes. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his Prologue, like a rough Colt: he
knowes not the stop. A good morall my Lord. It is not
enough to speake, but to speake true. 129

Hip. Indeed hee hath plaid on his Prologue, like a
childe on a Recorder, a sound, but not in government.

Tbes. His speech was like a tangled chaine: nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Tawyer with a T'rumpet before them.

Enter Pyramus and Thisby, Wall, Moone-shine, and Lyon. |

Prol. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show
But wonder on, till truth make all things plaine.
This man is *Piramus*, if you would know;
This beauteous Lady, *Thisby* is certaine.
This man, with lyme and rough-cast, doth present 140
Wall, that vile wall, which did these lovers sunder:
And through walls chink (poor soules) they are content
To whisper. At the which, let no man wonder.
This man, with Lanthorne, dog, and bush of thorne,
Presenteth moone-shine. For if you will know,
By moone-shine did these Lovers thinke no scorne
To meet at *Ninus* toombe, there, there to woove:
This grizy beast (which Lyon hight¹ by name)
The trusty *Thisby*, comming first by night, ^{1 called}
Did scarre away, or rather did affright: 150
And as she fled, her mantle she did fall;
Which Lyon vile with bloody mouth did staine.
Anon comes *Piramus*, sweet youth and tall,
And findes his *Thisbies* Mantle slaine;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blamefull blade,
He bravely broacht his boiling bloudy breast,
And *Thisby*, tarrying in Mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let *Lyon*, *Moone-shine*, *Wall*, and Lovers twaine,
At large discourse, while here they doe remaine. 160
Exit all but Wall.

134. *Tawyer* ... *them* out—Qq.

148. *grizy*: *grisly*—Qq. 2-4F.

154. *his Thisbies*: *his trusty Thisby's*—Qq.

Tbes. I wonder if the Lion be to speake.

Deme. No wonder, my Lord: one Lion may, when many Asses doe.

Exit Lyon, Thisbie, and Mooneshine.

Wall. In this same Interlude, it doth befall,
That I, one *Snowt* (by name) present a wall:
And such a wall, as I would have you thinke,
That had in it a crannied hole or chinke:
Through which the Lovers, *Piramus* and *Thisbie* 170
Did whisper often, very secretly.
This loame, this rough-cast, and this stone doth shew,
That I am that same Wall; the truth is so.
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearefull Lovers are to whisper.

Tbes. Would you desire Lime and Haire to speake better?

Deme. It is the wittiest partition, that ever I heard discourse, my Lord.

Tbes. *Pyramus* drawes neere the Wall, silence. 180

Enter Pyramus.

Pir. O grim lookt night, ô night with hue so blacke,
O night, which ever art, when day is not:
O night, ô night, alacke, alacke, alacke,
I feare my *Thisbies* promise is forgot.
And thou ô wall, thou sweet and lovely wall,
That stands betweene her fathers ground and mine,
Thou wall, ô wall, ô sweet and lovely wall,
Shew me thy chinke, to blinke through with mine eine.

[*Wall holds up his fingers.*]

Thankes courteous wall. *Jove* shield thee well for this.
But what see I? No *Thisbie* doe I see. 191

186. *thou sweet and:* O sweet O-QQ. 187. *stands:* stand'st-IQ.

O wicked wall, through whom I see no blisse,
Curst be thy stones for thus deceiving mee.

Tbes. The wall me-thinkes being sensible,¹ should
curse againe.

¹ *having feeling*

Pir. No in truth sir, he should not. *Deceiving me,*
Is *Thibbies* cue; she is to enter, and I am to spy
Her through the wall. You shall see it will fall.

Enter Thibbie.

Pat as I told you; yonder she comes. 200

Tbis. O wall, full often hast thou heard mv mones,
For parting my faire *Piramus*, and me.
My cherry lips have often kist thy stones;
Thy stones with Lime and Haire knit up in thee.

Pyra. I see a voyce; now will I to the chinke,
To spy and I can heare my *Thibbies* face. *Thibbie?*

Tbis. My Love thou wilt, my Love I thinke.

Pir. Thinke what thou wilt, I am thy Lovers grace,
And like *Limander* am I trusty still.

Tbis. And like *Helen* till the Fates me kill. 210

Pir. Not *Sbafalus* to *Procrus*, was so true.

Tbis. As *Sbafalus* to *Procrus*, I to you.

Pir. O kisse me through the hole of this vile wall.

Tbis. I kisse the wals hole, not your lips at all.

Pir. Wilt thou at *Ninnies* tombe meete me straight
way?

Tbis. Tide life, tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thibbe.*]

Wall. Thus have I *Wall*, my part discharged so;
And being done, thus *Wall* away doth go. *Exit Clow.*

196-200. prose-Pope. 197. *enter, and: enter now, and-Qq.*
210. *And like: And I like-Qq. 2F.*

NIGHTS DREAME

[V. i. 208-242

Du. Now is the morall downe betweene the two
Neighbors. 221

Dem. No remedie my Lord, when Wals are so wil-
full, to heare without warning.

Dut. This is the silliest stuffe that ere I heard.

Du. The best in this kind are but shadowes, and the
worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Dut. It must be your imagination then, & not theirs.

Duk. If wee imagine no worse of them then they of
themselves, they may passe for excellent men. Here com
two noble beasts, in a man and a Lion. 230

Enter Lyon and Moone-shine.

Lyon. You Ladies, you (whose gentle harts do feare
The smallest monstrous mouse that creepes on floore)
May now perchance, both quake and tremble heere,
When Lion rough in wildest rage doth roare.
Then know that I, one *Snug* the Joyner am
A Lion fell, nor else no Lions dam:
For if I should as Lion come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pittie of my life.

Du. [*Tbes.*] A verie gentle beast, and ot a good
conscience. | 240

Dem. The verie best at a beast, my Lord, that ere I saw.

Lis. This Lion is a verie Fox for his valor.

Du. True, and a Goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so my Lord: for his valor cannot carrie
his discretion, and the Fox carries the Goose.

Du. His discretion I am sure cannot carrie his valor:
for the Goose carries not the Fox. It is well; leave it to
his discretion, and let us hearken to the Moone.

220. *morall:* mural-2POPE.

230. *beasts, in:* beasts in,-2ROWE.

248. *bearken:* listen-1Q.

224. *ere:* ever-1Q.

239. *of:* on-QQ.

Moon. This Lanthorne doth the horned Moone present. 250

De. He should have worne the hornes on his head.

Du. Hee is no crescent, and his hornes are invisible, within the circumference.

Moon. This lanthorne doth the horned Moone present: My selfe, the man i'th Moone doth seeme to be.

Du. This is the greatest error of all the rest; the man should be put into the Lanthorne. How is it els the man i'th Moone?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle. For you see, it is already in snuffe. 260

Dut. [*Hip.*] I am wearie of this Moone; would he would | change.

Du. It appeares by his smal light of discretion, that he is in the wane: but yet in courtesie, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed Moone.

Moon. All that I have to say, is to tell you, that the Lanthorne is the Moone; I, the man in the Moone; this thorne bush, my thorne bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why all these should be in the Lanthorne: for they are in the Moone. But silence, heere comes *Thisby*.

Enter Thisby. 272

This. This is old *Ninnies* tombe: where is my love?
Lyon. Oh.

The Lion roares, Thisby runs off.

Dem. Well roar'd Lion.

Du. Well run *Thisby*.

254-5. 2 five-accent ll.—Qq. 3-4F.

259-60. prose—1Q.

271. *they*: all these—1Q.

255. *dotb*: do—Qq.

261. *wearie*: aweary—1Q.

NIGHTS DREAME

[V. i. 272-302]

Dut. Well shone Moone.
Truly the Moone shines with a good grace.
[*The Lion shakes T'bisbe's mantle, and exit.*]
Du. Wel mouz'd¹ Lion. ¹ moused 280
Dem. And then came *Piramus*.
Lys. And so the Lion vanisht.

Enter Piramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moone, I thank thee for thy sunny beames,
I thanke thee Moone, for shining now so bright:
For by thy gracious, golden, glittering beames,
I trust to taste of truest *T'bisbies* sight.
But stay: O spight! but marke, poore Knight,
What dreadful dole² is heere? ² grief 290
Eyes do you see! How can it be!
O dainty Ducke: O Deere!
Thy mantle good; what staine with blood!
Approch you Furies fell:
O Fates! come, come: Cut thred and thrum,³
Quaile; crush, conclude, and quell. ³ tuft of yarn
Du. This passion, and the death of a deare friend,
Would go neere to make a man looke sad.
Dut. Beshrew my heart, but I pittie the man.
Pir. O wherefore Nature, did'st thou Lions frame?
Since Lion vilde hath heere deflour'd my deere: 300
Which is: no, no, which was the fairest Dame
That liv'd, that lov'd, that lik'd, that look'd with cheere.
Come teares, confound: Out sword, and wound
The pap of *Piramus*:

278-9. prose-QQ. 281. shifted to after 282-GLOBE.
286. beames: gleams-STAUNTON.
287. taste ... *T'bisbies*: take ... *Thisby*-QQ.
288-94. 11 rhymed ll.-POPE. 293. you: ye-QQ.
296-7. prose-QQ. 303-8. 11 rhymed ll.-JOHNSON.

I, that left pap, where heart doth hop; [*Stabs himself.*]
Thus dye I, thus, thus, thus.

Now am I dead, now am I fled, my soule is in the sky,
Tongue lose thy light, Moone take thy flight,

[*Exit Moonshine.*]

Now dye, dye, dye, dye, dye. [*Dies.*]

Dem. No Die, but an ace for him; for he is but one.

Lis. Lesse then an ace man. For he is dead, he is nothing. 312

Du. With the helpe of a Surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an Asse.

Dut. How chance Moone-shine is gone before?

Tbisby comes backe, and findes her Lover.

Enter Tbisby.

Duke. She wil finde him by starre-light.
Heere she comes, and her passion ends the play.

Dut. Me thinkes shee should not use a long one for such a *Piramus*: I hope she will be breefe. 321

Dem. A Moth wil turne the ballance, which *Piramus* which *Tbisby* is the better [he for a man; God warnd us: she, for a woman; God blesse us.]

Lys. She hath spyed him already, with those sweete eyes. |

Dem. And thus she meanes, *videlicet.*

Tbis. Asleepe my Love? What, dead my Dove?
O *Piramus* arise:
Speake, Speake. Quite dumbe? Dead, dead? A tombe
Must cover thy sweet eyes.

315-16. prose-1Q.

318-19. prose-QQ.

322. *Moth*: mote-STEEVENS.

323-4. bracketed ll. in QQ. *warnd*: WARRANT-COLLIER.

326-40. 23 rhymed ll. except 330, 2 ll. ending lips and nose-THEOBALD.

NIGHTS DREAME

[V. i. 337-377]

These Lilly Lips, this cherry nose, 330
 These yellow Cowslip cheekes
 Are gone, are gone: Lovers make mone:
 His eyes were greene as Leekes.
 O sisters three, come, come to mee,
 With hands as pale as Milke,
 Lay them in gore, since you have shore
 With sheeres, his thred of silke.
 Tongue not a word: Come trusty sword:
 Come blade, my brest imbrue: [Stabs herself.]
 And farwell friends, thus *Thisbie* ends; 340
 Adieu, adieu, adieu.

Duk. Moon-shine & Lion are left to burie the dead.

Deme. I, and Wall too.

Bot. [Starting up] No, I assure you, the wall is
 downe, that parted | their Fathers. Will it please you
 to see the Epilogue, or | to heare a *Bergomask* dance,
 betweene two of our com- | pany? 347

Duk. No Epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs
 no excuse. Never excuse; for when the plaiers are all
 dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if hee that
 writ it had plaid *Piramus*, and hung himselfe in *Thisbies*
 garter, it would have beene a fine Tragedy: and so it is
 truely, and very notably discharg'd. But come, your
Burgomaske;¹ let your Epilogue alone. [A dance.] 354
 The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

Lovers to bed, 'tis almost Fairy time. ¹rustic dance
 I feare we shall out-sleepe the comming morne,
 As much as we this night have over-watcht.
 This palpable grosse play hath well beguil'd
 The heavy gate of night. Sweet friends to bed. 360
 A fortnight hold we this solemnity.
 In nightly Revels; and new jollitie. *Exeunt.*

351. *bung*: *hanged-Qq.*

Enter Puck.

Puck Now the hungry Lyons rores,
 And the Wolfe beholds the Moone:
 Whilest the heavy ploughman snores,
 All with weary taske fore-done.¹ ¹ tired out
 Now the wasted brands doe glow,
 Whil'st the scritch-owle, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch that lies in woe, 370
 In remembrance of a shrowd.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the Church-way paths to glide.
 And we Fairies, that do runne,
 By the triple *Hecates* teame,
 From the presence of the Sunne,
 Following darkenesse like a dreame,
 Now are frolicke; not a Mouse 380
 Shall disturbe this hallowed house.
 I am sent with broome before,
 To sweep the dust behinde the doore.

Enter King and Queene of Fairies, with their traine.

Ob. Through the house give glimmering light,
 By the dead and drowsie fier,
 Everie Elfe and Fairie spright,
 Hop as light as bird from brier,
 And this Ditty after me, sing and dance it trippinglie.

Tita. First rehearse this song by roate, 390
 To each word a warbling note.

364. *Lyons*: lion—Rowe.
 389. 2 rhymed ll.—2Rowe.

365. *bebolds*: behowls—THEOBALD.
 390. *this*: your—IQ.

NIGHTS DREAME

[V. i. 406-433

Hand in hand, with Fairie grace,
Will we sing and blesse this place.

The Song [and dance].

*Now untill the breake of day,
Through this house each Fairy stray.
To the best Bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessed be:
And the issue there create,
Ever shall be fortunate: 400
So shall all the couples three,
Ever true in loving be:
And the blots of Natures hand,
Shall not in their issue stand.
Never mole, barelip, nor scarre,
Nor marke prodigious, such as are
Despised in Nativitie,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field dew consecrate,
Every Fairy take his gate, 410
And each severall chamber blesse,
Through this Pallace with sweet peace,
Ever shall in safety rest,
And the owner of it blest.
Trip away, make no stay;
Meet me all by breake of day.*

[Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.]

Robin. If we shadowes have offended,
Thinke but this (and all is mended)
That you have but slumbred heere,
While these visions did appeare. 420

413. shift to after 414—STAUNTON.

V. i. 434-445] A MIDSOMMER DREAME

And this weake and idle theame,
No more yeelding but a dreame,
Centles, doe not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And as I am an honest *Pucke*,
If we have unearned lucke,
Now to scape the Serpents tongue,
We will make amends ere long:
Else the *Pucke* a lyar call.
So good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And *Robin* shall restore amends.

430

[*Exit.*]

423. *Centles*: *Gentles*—Qq. 2-4F.

FINIS.

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

KING OF FRANCE.

DUKE OF FLORENCE.

BERTRAM, *Count of Rousillon.*

LAFEU, *an old lord.*

PAROLLES, *a follower of Bertram.*

Steward, }
A Clown, } *servants to the Countess of Rousillon.*
A Page.

COUNTRESS OF ROUSILLON, *mother to Bertram.*

HELENA, *a gentlewoman protected by the Countess.*

An old Widow of Florence.

DIANA, *daughter to the Widow.*

VIOLENTA, }
MARIANA, } *neighbours and friends to the Widow.*

Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., French and Florentine.

SCENE: *Rousillon; Paris; Florence; Marseilles.*]



The house in which Shakespeare was born, Stratford-on-Avon. It has been restored and is now a museum for the preservation of the poet's relics. (Many thousands of tourists visit the place every year.) (The cellar is the only part that remains somewhat as it may have been in the reign of Elizabeth.)

ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL



Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

[*Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

*Eneer yong Bertram Count of Rossillion, his Mother
[the Countess of Rousillon], and | Helena, Lord La-
few, all in blacke. |*

Mother [Count.].

IN delivering my sonne from me, I burie a se-
cond husband.

Ros. [Ber.] And I in going Madam, weep ore my
fathers death anew; but I must attend his maje-
sties command, to whom I am now in Ward,¹ evermore
in subjection. ¹*guardianship* 10

Laf. You shall find of the King a husband Madame,
you sir a father. He that so generally is at all times good,
must of necessitie hold his vertue to you, whose worthi-
nesse would stirre it up where it wanted rather then lack
it where there is such abundance.

Mo. What hope is there of his Majesties amendment?

2. *Eneer:* Enter—2-4F. *Rossillion:* Rousillon, and so throughout—
POPE.

3. *Lafew:* Lafeu, and so throughout—CAMBRIDGE.

Laf. He hath abandon'd his Phisitions Madam, under whose practises he hath persecuted time with hope, and finds no other advantage in the processe, but onely the loosing of hope by time. 20

Mo. This yong Gentlewoman had a father, O that had, how sad a passage tis, whose skill was almost as great as his honestie, had it stretch'd so far, would have made nature immortall, and death should have play for lacke of worke. Would for the Kings sake hee were living, I thinke it would be the death of the Kings disease.

Laf. How call'd you the man you speake of Madam?

Mo. He was famous sir in his profession, and it was his great right to be so: *Gerard de Narbon*. 29

Laf. He was excellent indeed Madam, the King very latelie spoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: hee was skilfull enough to have liv'd stil, if knowledge could be set up against mortallitie.

Ros. What is it (my good Lord) the King languishes of?

Laf. A Fistula my Lord.

Ros. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this Gentlewoman the Daughter of *Gerard de Narbon*? 39

Mo. His sole childe my Lord, and bequeathed to my over looking. I have those hopes of her good, that her education promises her dispositions shee inherits, which makes faire gifts fairer: for where an uncleane mind carries vertuous qualities, there commendations go with pittie, they arc vertues and traitors too: in her they are the better for their simplenesse; she derives her honestie, and atcheeves her goodness.

Lafew. Your commendations Madam get from her teares. 49

20. *loosing*: *losing*-2-4F.

45. *arc*: *are*-2-4F.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. i. 55-87]

Mo. 'Tis the best brine a Maiden can season her praise in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her sorrowes takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this *Helena*, go too, no more least it be rather thought you affect a sorrow, then to have——

Hell. I doe affect a sorrow indeed, but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, excessive greefe the enemy to the living.

Mo. If the living be enemy to the greefe, the excesse makes it soone mortall. 60

Ros. Maddam I desire your holie wishes.

Laf. How understand we that?

Mo. Be thou blest *Bertrame*, and succeed thy father In manners as in shape: thy blood and vertue Contend for Empire in thee, and thy goodnesse Share with thy birth-right. Love all, trust a few, Doe wrong to none: be able for thine enemy Rather in power then use: and keepe thy friend Under thy owne lifes key. Be cheekt for silence, 69 But never tax'd for speech. What heaven more wil, That thee may furnish, and my prayers plucke downe, Fall on thy head. Farwell my Lord, 'Tis an unseason'd Courtier, good my Lord Advise him.

Laf. He cannot want the best That shall attend his love.

Mo. Heaven blesse him: Farwell *Bertram*. [*Exit.*]

Ros. [*To Helena*] The best wishes that can be forg'd in your thoughts | be servants to you: be comfortable to my mother, your | Mistris, and make much of her. | 80

55. to have—: have it.—CAPELL.

Laf. Farewell prettie Lady, you must hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Lafeu.*]

Hell. O were that all, I thinke not on my father,
And these great teares grace his remembrance more
Then those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgott him. My imagination
Carries no favour in't but *Bertrams*.
I am undone, there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. 'Twere all one,
That I should love a bright particuler starre, 90
And think to wed it, he is so above me
In his bright radience and colaterall light,
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere;
Th'ambition in my love thus plagues it selfe:
The hind that would be mated by the Lion
Must die for love. 'Twas prettie, though a plague
To see him everie houre to sit and draw
His arched browes, his hawking eie, his curles
In our hearts table:¹ heart oo capeable ^{1 tablet}
Of everie line and tricke of his sweet favour. 100
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancie
Must sanctifie his Reliques. Who comes heere?

Enter Parrolles.

[*Aside*] One that goes with him: I love him for his sake,
And yet I know him a notorious Liar,
Thinke him a great way foole, solie a coward,
Yet these fixt evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when Vertues steely bones
Lookes bleake i'th cold wind: withall, full ofte we see
Cold wisdomes waighting on superfluous follie. 110

Par. Save you faire Queene.

106. *solie*: *solely*-3-4F.

109. *Lookes*: *Look-Rowe*.

Hel. And you Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.

Par. Are you meditating on virginitie?

Hel. I: you have some staine of souldier in you: Let mee aske you a question. Man is enimie to virginitie, how may we barracado it against him?

Par. Keepe him out.

119

Hel. But he assailes, and our virginitie though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us some war-like resistance.

Par. There is none: Man setting downe before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Blesse our poore Virginitie from underminers and blowers up. Is there no Military policy how Virgins might blow up men?

127

Par. Virginitie beeing blowne downe, Man will quicklier be blowne up: marry in blowing him downe againe, with the breach your selves made, you lose your Citty. It is not politicke, in the Common-wealth of Nature, to preserve virginity. Losse of Virginitie, is rationall encrease, and there was never Virgin goe, till virginitie was first lost. That you were made of, is mettall to make Virgins. Virginitie, by beeing once lost, may be ten times found: by being ever kept, it is ever lost: 'tis too cold a companion: Away with't.

Hel. I will stand for't a little, though therefore I die a Virgin.

139

Par. There's little can bee saide in't, 'tis against the rule of Nature. To speake on the part of virginitie, is to accuse your Mothers; which is most infallible disobedience. He that hangs himselfe is a Virgin: Virgini-

123. *setting*: sitting-Johnson.

133. *goe*: got-2-4F.

tie murders it selfe, and should be buried in highwayes out of all sanctified limit, as a desperate Offendresse against Nature. Virginitie breedes mites, much like a Cheese, consumes it selfe to the very payring, and so dies with feeding his owne stomacke. Besides, Virginitie is peevish, proud, ydle, made of selfe-love, which is the most inhibited sinne in the Cannon. Keepe it not, you cannot choose but loose by't. Out with't: within ten yeare it will make it selfe two, which is a goodly increase, and the principall it selfe not much the worse. Away with't.

154

Hel. How might one do sir, to loose it to her owne liking?

Par. Let mee see. Marry ill, to like him that ne're it likes. 'Tis a commodity wil lose the glosse with lying: The longer kept, the lesse worth: Off with't while 'tis vendible. Answer the time of request, Virginitie like an olde Courtier, weares her cap out of fashion, richly suted,¹ but unsuteable, just like the brooch & the tooth-pick, which were not now: your Date is better in your Pye and your Porredge, then in your cheeke: and your virginity, your old virginity, is like one of our French wither'd peares, it lookes ill, it eates drily, marry 'tis a wither'd peare: it was formerly better, marry yet 'tis a wither'd peare: Will you any thing with it?

Hel. Not my virginity yet: ^{1 dressed}

There shall your Master have a thousand loves, 170
A Mother, and a Mistresse, and a friend,
A Phenix, Captaine, and an enemy,
A guide, a Goddess, and a Sovereigne,
A Counsellor, a Traitoresse, and a Deare:
His humble ambition, proud humility:

147. *payring*: *paring* (pairing-3-4F.)—Rowe.

152. *two*: *ten*—HANMER.

163. *were*: *wear*—CAPELL.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. i. 186-214

His jarring, concord: and his discord, dulcet:
His faith, his sweet disaster: with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious christendomes
That blinking Cupid gossips. Now shall he:
I know not what he shall, God send him well, 180
The Courts a learning place, and he is one.

Par. What one ifaith?

Hel. That I wish well, 'tis pittie.

Par. What's pittie?

Hel. That wishing well had not a body in't,
Which might be felt, that we the poorer borne,
Whose baser starres do shut us up in wishes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends,
And shew what we alone must thinke, which never
Returns us thanks. 190

Enter Page.

Pag. Monsieur *Parrolles*,
My Lord calls for you. [Exit.]

Par. Little *Hellen* farewell, if I can remember thee, I
will thinke of thee at Court.

Hel. Monsieur *Parolles*, you were borne under a
charitable starre.

Par. Under *Mars* I.

Hel. I especially thinke, under *Mars*.

Par. Why under *Mars*? 200

Hel. The warres hath so kept you under, that you
must needs be borne under *Mars*.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde I thinke rather.

Par. Why thinke you so?

Hel. You go so much backward when you fight.

192-3. 1 l.—CAPELL.

201. *batb*: have—POPE.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away,

When feare proposes the safetie: 209

But the composition that your valour and feare makes
in you, is a vertue of a good wing,¹ and I like the
weare well. ¹*strong in flight*

Paroll. I am so full of businesses, I cannot answere
thee acutely: I will returne perfect Courtier, in the
which my instruction shall serve to naturalize thee, so
thou wilt be capeable of a Courtiers councell, and un-
derstand what advice shall thrust uppon thee, else thou
diest in thine unthankfulnes, and thine ignorance makes
thee away, farewell: When thou hast leysure, say thy
praiers: when thou hast none, remember thy Friends:
Gét thee a good husband, and use him as he uses thee:
So farewell. [*Exit.*] 222

Hel. Our remedies oft in our selves do lye,
Which we ascribe to heaven: the fated skye
Gives us free scope, onely doth backward pull
Our slow designes, when we our selves are dull.
What power is it, which mounts my love so hye,
That makes me see, and cannot feede mine eye?
The mightiest space in fortune, Nature brings
To joyne like, likes; and kisse like native things. 230
Impossible be strange attempts to those
That weigh their paines in sence, and do suppose
What hath beene, cannot be. Who ever strove
To shew her merit, that did misse her love?
(The Kings disease) my project may deceive me,
But my intents are fixt, and will not leave me. *Exit*

208-9. prose-POPE.

[Scene ii. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Flourish Cornets.

*Enter the King of France with Letters, and
divers Attendants.*

King. The *Florentines* and *Senoy*s are by th'cares,
Have fought with equall fortune, and continue
A braving warre.

1. *Lo.G.* So tis reported sir.

King. Nay tis most credible, we heere receive it,
A certaintie vouch'd from our Cosin *Austria*,
With caution, that the *Florentine* will move us 10
For speedie ayde: wherein our deerest friend
Prejudicates the businesse, and would seeme
To have us make deniall.

1. *Lo.G.* His love and wisdom
Approv'd so to your Majesty, may pleade
For amplest credence.

King. He hath arm'd our answer,
And *Florence* is deni'de before he comes:
Yet for our Gentlemen that meane to see
The *Tuscan* service, freely have they leave 20
To stand on either part.

2. *Lo.E.* It well may serve
A nurserie to our Gentrie, who are sicke
For breathing,¹ and exploit. 1 exercise

King. What's he comes heere.

Enter Bertram, Lafew, and Parolles.

1. *Lor.G.* It is the Count *Rosignoll* my good Lord,
Yong *Bertram*.

7, 14, 27. *G.*: out, and so throughout—Rowe.
22, 79. *E.*: out, and so throughout—Rowe.

King. Youth, thou bear'st thy Fathers face,
 Franke Nature rather curious then in hast 30
 Hath well compos'd thee: Thy Fathers morall parts
 Maist thou inherit too: Welcome to *Paris*.

Ber. My thanks and dutie are your Majesties.

Kin. I would I had that corporall soundnesse now,
 As when thy father, and my selfe, in friendship
 First tride our souldiership: he did looke farre
 Into the service of the time, and was
 Discipled of the bravest. He lasted long,
 But on us both did haggish Age steale on,
 And wore us out of act: It much repaires me 40
 To talke of your good father; in his youth
 He had the wit, which I can well observe
 To day in our yong Lords: but they may jest
 Till their owne scorne returne to them unnoted
 Ere they can hide their levitie in honour:
 So like a Courtier, contempt nor bitterness
 Were in his pride, or sharpnesse; if they were,
 His equall had awak'd them, and his honour
 Clocke to it selfe, knew the true minute when
 Exception bid him speake: and at this time 50
 His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him,
 He us'd as creatures of another place,
 And bow'd his eminent top to their low rankes,
 Making them proud of his humillitie,
 In their poore praise he humbled: Such a man
 Might be a copie to these yonger times;
 Which followed well, would demonstrate them now
 But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance sir
 Lies richer in your thoughts, then on his tombe: 60

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. ii. 50-76]

So in approofe¹ lives not his Epitaph,
As in your royall speech. ¹ *approbation*

King. Would I were with him he would alwaies say,
(Me thinks I heare him now) his plausive² words
He scatter'd not in eares, but grafted them
To grow there and to beare: Let me not live,
This his good melancholly oft began ² *plausible*

On the Catastrophe and heele of pastime
When it was out: Let me not live (quoth hee)
After my flame lackes oyle, to be the snuffe 70

Of yonger spirits, whose apprehensive senses
All but new things disdain; whose judgements are
Meere fathers of their garments: whose constancies
Expire before their fashions: this he wish'd.

I after him, do after him wish too:
Since I nor wax nor honie can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive
To give some Labourers roome.

L. 2. E. You'r loved Sir,
They that least lend it you, shall lacke you first. 80

Kin. I fill a place I know't: how long ist Count
Since the Physitian at your fathers died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some six moneths since my Lord.

Kin. If he were living, I would try him yet.
Lend me an arme: the rest have worne me out
With severall applications: Nature and sicknesse
Debate it at their leisure. Welcome Count,
My sonne's no deerer.

Ber. Thanke your Majesty. *Exit* 90

Flourish.

[Scene iii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse, Steward, and Clowne.

Coun. I will now heare, what say you of this gentlewoman.

Ste. Maddam the care I have had to even¹ your content, I wish might be found in the Kalender of my past endeavours, for then we wound our Modestie, and make foule the clearnesse of our deservings, whenof our selves we publish them. ¹*equal* 8

Coun. What doe's this knave heere? Get you gone sirra: the complaints I have heard of you I do not all beleeve, 'tis my slownesse that I doe not: For I know you lacke not folly to commit them, & have abilitie enough to make such knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you Madam, I am a poore fellow.

Coun. Well sir.

Clo. No maddam,

'Tis not so well that I am poore, though manie of the rich are damn'd, but if I may have your Ladiships good will to goe to the world,² *Isbell* the woman and w will doe as we may. ²*get married* 21

Coun. Wilt thou needes be a begger?

Clo. I doe beg your good will in this case.

Cou. In what case?

Clo. In *Isbels* case and mine owne: service is no heritage, and I thinke I shall never have the blessing of God, till I have issue a my bodie: for they say barnes³ are blessings. ³*children*

Cou. Tell me thy reason why thou wilt marrie?

Clo. My poore bodie Madam requires it, I am driven

17. joined to next l.—POPE. 20. w: 1-2-4F. 27. a: o'-2ROWE.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. iii. 31-67

onby the flesh, and hee must needes goe that the diuell drives. 32

Cou. Is this all your worships reason?

Clo. Faith Madam I have other holic reasons, such as they are.

Con. May the world know them?

Clo. I have beene Madam a wicked creature, as you and all flesh and blood are, and indeede I doe marrie that I may repent. 39

Cou. Thy marriage sooner then thy wickednesse.

Clo. I am out a friends Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wives sake.

Cou. Such friends are thine enemies knave.

Clo. Y'are shallow Madam in great friends, for the knaves come to doe that for me which I am a wearie of: he that eres¹ my Land, spares my teame, and gives mee leave to Inne² the crop: if I be his cuckold hee's my drudge; he that comforts my wife, is the cherisher of my flesh and blood; hee that cherishes my flesh and blood, loves my flesh and blood; he that loves my flesh and blood is my friend: *ergo*, he that kisses my wife is my friend: if men could be contented to be what they are, there were no feare in marriage, for yong *Cbarbon* the Puritan, and old *Poysam* the Papist, how somere their hearts are sever'd in Religion, their heads are both one, they may joule horns together like any Deare i'th Herd.

Cou. Wilt thou ever be a foule mouth'd and calumnious knave? ¹*plows* ²*get in* 58

Clo. A Prophet I Madam, and I speake the truth the next waie, for I the Ballad will repeate, which men full true shall finde, your marriage comes by destinie, your Cuckow sings by kinde.

36. *Con.*: misprint 1F. 41. *a*: o'-CAPELL. 47. *Inne*: in-4F. 60-2. *for I, etc.*: 4 ll. ending repeat, find, destiny, kind-2ROWE.

Cou. Get you gone sir, Ile talke with you more anon.

Stew. May it please you Madam, that hee bid *Hellen* come to you, of her I am to speake.

Cou. Sirra tell my gentlewoman I would speake with her, *Hellen* I meane.

Clo. Was this faire face the cause, quoth she,
Why the Grecians sacked *Troy*,
Fond¹ done, done, fond² was this King *Priams* joy, 70
With that she sighed as she stood, *bis*
And gave this sentence then, among nine bad if one be
good, among nine bad if one be good, there's yet one
good in ten. ¹*foolishly* ²*fondly*

Cou. What, one good in tenn? you corrupt the song sirra.

Clo. One good woman in ten Madam, which is a purifying ath'song: would God would serve the world so all the yeere, weed finde no fault with the tithe woman if I were the Parson, one in ten quoth a? and wee might have a good woman borne but ore everie blazing starre, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the Lotteriewell, a man may draw his heart out ere a plucke one. 83

Cou. Youle begone sir knave, and doe as I command - you?

Clo. That man should be at womans command, and yet no hurt done, though honestie be no Puritan, yet it will doe no hurt, it will weare the Surplis of humilitie over the blacke-Gowne of a bigge heart: I am going forsooth, the businesse is for *Helen* to come hither.

Exit. 91

Cou. Well now.

70-4. 8 ll. ending fond, joy, stood, stood, then, good, good, ten-MALONE.

78. *atb'*: o'the-CAPELL.

80. *and*: an-POPE.

79. *weed*: we'ld-CAMBRIDGE.

81. *ore*: one-2COLLIER.

Stew. I know Madam you love your Gentlewoman intirely.

Cou. Faith I doe: her Father bequeath'd her to mee, and she her selfe without other advantage, may lawfullie make title to as much love as shee findes, there is more owing her then is paid, and more shall be paid her then sheele demand.

Stew. Madam, I was verie late more neere her then I thinke shee wisht mee, alone shee was, and did communicate to her selfe her owne words to her owne eares, shee thought, I dare vowe for her, they toucht not anie stranger sence, her matter was, shee loved your Sonne; Fortune shee said was no goddess, that had put such difference betwixt their two estates: Love no god, that would not extend his might onelie, where qualities were leuell, Queene of Virgins, that would suffer her poore Knight surpris'd without rescue in the first assault or ransome afterward: This shee deliver'd in the most bitter touch of sorrow that ere I heard Virgin exclaime in, which I held my dutie speedily to acquaint you withall, sithence¹ in the losse that may happen, it concernes you something to know it.

¹since 115

Cou. You have discharg'd this honestlie, keepe it to your selfe, manie likelihoods inform'd mee of this before, which hung so tottring in the ballance, that I could neither beleieve nor misdoubt: praie you leave mee, stall this in your bosome, and I thanke you for your honest care: I will speake with you further anon.

Exit Steward. 122

108. *Queene:* Dian (Diana) no queen—THEOBALD.

Enter Hellen.

Old. Cou. Even so it was with me when I was yong:
 If ever we are natures, these are ours, this thorne
 Doth to our Rose of youth righlie belong
 Our bloud to us, this to our blood is borne,
 It is the show, and seale of natures truth,
 Where loves strong passion is imprest in youth,
 By our remembrances of daies forgon, 130
 Such were our faults, or then we thought them none,
 Her eie is sicke on't, I observe her now.

Hell. What is your pleasure Madam?

Ol. Cou. You know *Hellen* I am a mother to you.

Hell. Mine honorable Mistris.

Ol. Cou. Nay a mother, why not a mother? when I
 sed a mother

Me thought you saw a serpent, what's in mother,
 That you start at it? I say I am your mother,
 And put you in the Catalogue of those 140
 That were enwombed mine, 'tis often seene
 Adoption strives with nature, and choise breedes
 A native slip to us from forraine seedes:
 You nere opprest me with a mothers groane,
 Yet I expresse to you a mothers care,
 (Gods mercie maiden) dos it curd thy blood
 To say I am thy mother? what's the matter,
 That this distempered messenger of wet?
 The manie colour'd Iris rounds thine eye?

—————Why, that you are my daughter?

Hell. That I am not. 151

124. *Old*: out, and so throughout—*Rowe*. *Cou.*: out—*Singer*.

126. *rigblie*: rightly—3-4F.

133-4. 2 ll. ending *Helen*, to you—*Capell*.

136. new l. at *Why*—*Pope*.

150. dash out—*Capell*.

Old. Cou. I say I am your Mother.

Hell. Pardon Madam.

The Count *Rosillion* cannot be my brother:

I am from humble, he from honored name:

No note upon my Parents, his all noble,

My Master, my deere Lord he is, and I

His servant live, and will his vassall die:

He must not be my brother.

Ol. Cou. Nor I your Mother. 160

Hell. You are my mother Madam, would you were

So that my Lord your sonne were not my brother,

Indeede my mother, or were you both our mothers,

I care no more for, then I doe for heaven,

So I were not his sister, cant¹ no other, ^{1 can it be}

But I your daughter, he must be my brother.

Old. Cou. Yes *Hellen*, you might be my daughter in law,

God shield you meane it not, daughter and mother

So strive upon your pulse; what pale agen?

My feare hath catcht your fondnesse! now I see 170

The mistrie of your lovelinesse, and finde

Your salt teares head, now to all sence 'tis grosse:

You love my sonne, invention is asham'd

Against the proclamation of thy passion

To say thou doost not: therefore tell me true,

But tell me then 'tis so, for looke, thy cheekes

Confesse it 'ton tooth to th'other, and thine eies

See it so grosely showne in thy behaviours,

That in their kinde they speake it, onely sinne

And hellish obstinacie tye thy tongue 180

That truth should be suspected, speake, ist so?

160. *Mother.*: *Mother?*—2*Rowe*.

165. *sister*, *cant*: *sister*. *Can't*—*Theobald*.

171. *lovelinesse*: *loneliness*—*Theobald*.

177. *it 'ton tooth to th'other*: *it, th'one to th'other*—*Knicht*.

If it be so, you have wound a goodly clewe:
 If it be not, forswear't how ere I charge thee,
 As heaven shall worke in me for thine availle
 To tell me truelie.

Hell. Good Madam pardon me.

Cou. Do you love my Sonne?

Hell. Your pardon noble Mistris.

Cou. Love you my Sonne?

Hell. Doe not you love him Madam? 190

Cou. Goe not about; my love hath in't a bond
 Whereof the world takes note: Come, come, disclose:
 The state of your affection, for your passions
 Have to the full appeach'd.

Hell. Then I confesse

Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
 That before you, and next unto high heaven, I love your
 Sonne:

My friends were poore but honest, so's my love:
 Be not offended, for it hurts not him 200

That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not
 By any token of presumptuous suite,
 Nor would I have him, till I doe deserve him,

Yet never know how that desert should be:

I know I love in vaine, strive against hope:

Yet in this captious,¹ and intemible Sive.

I still poure in the waters of my love ¹capacious

And lacke not to loose still; thus *Indian* like

Religious in mine error, I adore

The Sunne that lookes upon his worshipper, 210

But knowes of him no more. My deerest Madam,

Let not your hate incounter with my love,

For loving where you doe; but if your selfe,

197-8. 2 ll. ending heaven, son-Pope.

206. *intemible*: *intenable*-2-4F.

THAT ENDS WELL

[I. iii. 216-244

Whose aged honor cites a vertuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastly, and love dearely, that your *Dian*
Was both her selfe and love, O then give pittie
To her whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give where she is sure to loose;
That seekes not to finde that, her search implies, 220
But riddle like, lives sweetely where she dies.

Cou. Had you not lately an intent, speake truely,
To goe to *Paris*?

Hell. Madam I had.

Cou. Wherefore? tell true.

Hell. I will tell truth, by grace it selfe I sweare:
You know my Father left me some prescriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects, such as his reading
And manifest experience, had collected
For generall soveraigntie: and that he wil'd me 230
In heedfull'st reservation to bestow them,
As notes, whose faculties inclusive were,
More then they were in note: Amongst the rest,
There is a remedie, approv'd, set downe,
To cure the desperate languishings whereof
The King is render'd lost.

Cou. This was your motive for *Paris*, was it, speake?

Hell. My Lord, your sonne, made me to think of this;
Else *Paris*, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the conversation of my thoughts, 240
Happily beene absent then.

Cou. But thinke you *Hellen*,
If you should tender your supposed aide,
He would receive it? He and his Phisitions
Are of a minde, he, that they cannot helpe him:

237. for .. speake: separate l.—CAPELL.

241. *Happily*: *Haply*—POPE.

They, that they cannot helpe, how shall they credit
 A poore unlearned Virgin, when the Schooles
 Embowel'd¹ of their doctrine, have left off
 The danger to it selfe. 1 emptied

Hell. There's something in't 250
 More then my Fathers skill, which was the great'st
 Of his profession, that his good receipt,
 Shall for my legacie be sanctified
 Byth'luckiest stars in heaven, and would your honor
 But give me leave to trie successe, I'de venture
 The well lost life of mine, on his Graces cure,
 By such a day, an houre.

Cou. Doo'st thou beleeeve't?

Hell. I Madam knowingly. 259

Cou. Why *Hellen* thou shalt have my leave and love,
 Meanes and attendants, and my loving greetings
 To those of mine in Court, Ile staie at home
 And praie Gods blessing into thy attempt:
 Begon to morrow, and be sure of this,
 What I can helpe thee to, thou shalt not misse. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

[Scene i. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

*Enter the King with divers yong Lords, taking leave for
 the Florentine warre: Count Rosse [Bertram], and
 Parrolles. Florish Cornets.*

King. Farewell yong Lords, these warlike principles
 Doe not throw from you, and you my Lords farewell:
 Share the advice betwixt you, if both gaine, all
 The guift doth stretch it selfe as 'tis receiv'd,
 And is enough for both.

255. *I'de*: I'd-CAMBRIDGE.

4. *Florish*: Flourish-4F.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. i. 6-31

[1.] *Lord. G.* 'Tis our hope sir, 10
After well entred souldiers, to returne
And finde your grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will not confesse he owes the mallady
That doth my life besiege: farwell yong Lords,
Whether I live or die, be you the sonnes
Of worthy French men: let higher Italy
(Those bated that inherit but the fall
Of the last Monarchy) see that you come
Not to wooe honour, but to wed it, when 20
The bravest questant¹ shrinkes: finde what you seeke,
That fame may cry you loud: I say farewell.

[2.] *L. G.* Health at your bidding serve your Majesty.

King. Those girles of Italy, take heed of them,
They say our French, lacke language to deny
If they demand: beware of being Captives
Before you serve. ¹ *inquirer*

Bo. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell, come hether to me.

[*Exit, attended.*]

1. *Lo. G.* Oh my sweet Lord that you wil stay be-
hind us. | 30

Parr. 'Tis not his fault the spark.

2. *Lo. E.* Oh 'tis brave warres.

Parr. Most admirable, I have scene those warres.

Rossill. I am commanded here, and kept a coyle² with,
Too young, and the next yeere, and 'tis too early.

Parr. And thy minde stand too't boy, ² *turmoil*
Steale away bravely.

Rossill. I shal stay here the for-horse to a smocke,
Creeking my shooes on the plaine Masonry,

36. *And: AN-THEOBALD.*

36-7 1 l.—POPE.

Till honour be bought up, and no sword worne 40
But one to dance with: by heaven, Ile steale away.

1. *Lo. G.* There's honour in the theft.

Parr. Commit it Count.

2. *Lo. E.* I am your accessary, and so farewell.

Ros. I grow to you, & our parting is a tortur'd body.

1. *Lo. G.* Farewill Captaine.

2. *Lo. E.* Sweet Mounsier *Parolles*.

Parr. Noble *Heroes*; my sword and yours are kinne,
good sparkes and lustrous, a word good mettals. You
shall finde in the Regiment of the Spinij, one Captaine
Spurio his sicatrice, with an Embleme of warre heere on
his sinister cheek; it was this very sword entrench'd it:
say to him I live, and observe his reports for me. 53

Lo. G. We shall noble Captaine. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Parr. *Mars* doate on you for his novices, what will
ye doe?

Ross. Stay the King.

[*Re-enter King. Bertram and Parolles retire.*]

Parr. [*To Ber.*] Use a more spacious ceremonie to
the Noble | Lords, you have restrain'd your selfe within
the List of | too cold an adieu: be more expressive to
them; for they | weare themselves in the cap of the
time, there do muster | true gate; eat, speake, and
move under the influence of | the most receiv'd starre,
and though the devill leade the | measure, such are
to be followed: after them, and take a | more dilated
farewell. | 65

Ross. And I will doe so.

Parr. Worthy fellowes, and like to proove most si-
newie sword-men. *Exeunt* [*Bertram and Parolles*].

46. *Farewell: Farewell-2-4F.*

51. *his sicatrice, with: with his sicatrice-THEOBALD.*

Enter Lafew.

L. Laf. [*Kneeling*] Pardon my Lord for mee and for
my tidings. | 70

King. Ile see thee to stand up.

L. Laf. Then heres a man stands that has brought
his pardon, |

I would you had kneel'd my Lord to aske me mercy,
And that at my bidding you could so stand up.

King. I would I had, so I had broke thy pate
And askt thee mercy for't.

Laf. Goodfaith a-crosse, but my good Lord 'tis thus,
Will you be cur'd of your infirmitie?

King. No.

Laf. O will you eat no grapes my royall foxe? 80
Yes but you will, my noble grapes, and if

My royall foxe could reach them: I have seen a medicine¹
That's able to breath life into a stone, ¹*physician*

Quicken a rocke, and make you dance Canari
With sprightly fire and motion, whose simple touch

Is powerfull to arayse King *Pippen*, nay
To give great *Charlemaine* a pen in's hand

And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why doctor she: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will see her: now by my faith and honour, 91

If seriously I may convay my thoughts

In this my light deliverance, I have spoke

With one, that in her sexe, her yeeres, profession,

Wisedome and constancy, hath amaz'd mee more

Then I dare blame my weakenesse: will you see her?

For that is her demand, and know her businesse?

71. *see:* fee—THEOBALD.

81. *and:* an—THEOBALD.

86. *Pippen:* Pepin—THEOBALD.

That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now good *Lafew*,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee 100
May spend our wonder too, or take off thine
By wondring how thou tookst it.

Laf. Nay, Ile fit you,
And not be all day neither. [Exit.]

King. Thus he his speciall nothing ever prologues.

[Re-enter *Lafew*.]

Laf. Nay, come your waies.

Enter Hellen.

King. This haste hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your waies,
This is his Majestic, say your minde to him, 110
A Traitor you doe looke like, but such traitors
His Majesty seldome feares, I am *Cresseds* Uncle,
That dare leave two together, far you well. Exit.

King. Now faire one, do's your busines follow us?

Hel. I my good Lord,
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did professe, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him,
Knowing him is enough: on's bed of death, 120
Many receipts he gave me, chieflie one,
Which as the dearest issue of his practice
And of his olde experience, th'onlie darling,
He bad me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer then mine owne two: more deare I have so,
And hearing your high Majestic is toucht
With that malignant cause, wherein the honour
Of my deare fathers gift, stands cheefe in power,

I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humblenesse. 130

King. We thanke-you maiden,
But may not be so credulous of cure,
When our most learned Doctors leave us, and
The congregated Colledge have concluded,
That labouring Art can never ransome nature
From her inaydible estate: I say we must not
So staine our judgement, or corrupt our hope,
To prostitute our past-cure malladie
To empericks, or to dissever so
Our great selfe and our credit, to esteeme 140
A sencelesse helpe, when helpe past sence we deeme.

Hell. My dutie then shall pay me for my paines:
I will no more enforce mine office on you,
Humbly intreating from your royall thoughts,
A modest one to beare me backe againe.

King. I cannot give thee lesse to be cal'd gratefull:
Thou thoughtst to helpe me, and such thanks I give,
As one neere death to those that wish him live:
But what at full I know, thou knowst no part,
I knowing all my perill, thou no Art. 150

Hell. What I can doe, can doe no hurt to try,
Since you set up your rest 'gainst remedie:
He that of greatest workes is finisher,
Oft does them by the weakest minister:
So holy Writ, in babes hath judgement showne,
When Judges have bin babes; great fouds have flowne
From simple sources: and great Seas have dried
When Miracles have by the great'st beene denied.
Oft expectation failes, and most oft there
Where most it promises: and oft it hits, 160
Where hope is coldest, and despaire most shifts.

King. I must not heare thee, fare thee wel kind maide,
Thy paines not us'd, must by thy selfe be paid,
Proffers not tooke, reape thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inspired Merit so by breath is bard,
It is not so with him that all things knowes
As 'tis with us, that square our guesse by shoves:
But most it is presumption in us, when
The help of heaven we count the act of men.
Deare sir, to my endeavors give consent, 170
Of heaven, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an Impostrue, that proclaime
My selfe against the levill of mine aime,
But know I thinke, and thinke I know most sure,
My Art is not past power, nor you past cure.

King. Art thou so confident? Within what space
Hop'st thou my cure?

Hel. The greatest grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horses of the sunne shall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnall ring, 180
Ere twice in murke and occidentall dampe
Moist *Hesperus* hath quench'd her sleepy Lampe:
Or foure and twenty times the Pylots glasse
Hath told the theevish minutes, how they passe:
What is infirme, from your sound parts shall flie,
Health shall live free, and sicknesse freely dye.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'st thou venter?

Hell. Taxe of impudence,
A strumpets boldnesse, a divulged shame 190
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maidens name
Seard otherwise, ne worse of worst extended

172. *Impostrue*: impostor—3-4F.

182. *her*: his—Rowe.

188. *venter*: venture—2-4F.

192. *ne worse of*: nay, worse — if—Globe.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. i. 177-207

With vildest torture, let my life be ended.

Kin. Methinks in thee some blessed spirit doth speak
His powerfull sound, within an organ weake:
And what impossibility would slay
In common sence, sence saves another way:
Thy life is deere, for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath estimate:
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all 200
That happines and prime, can happy call:
Thou this to hazard, needs must intimate
Skill infinite, or monstrous desperate,
Sweet practiser, thy Physicke I will try,
That ministers thine owne death if I die.

Hel. If I breake time, or flinch in property
Of what I spoke, unpittied let me die,
And well deserv'd: not helping, death's my fee,
But if I helpe, what doe you promise me.

Kin. Make thy demand. 210

Hel. But will you make it even?

Kin. I by my Scepter, and my hopes of helpe.

Hel. Then shalt thou give me with thy kingly hand
What husband in thy power I will command:
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To choose from forth the royall bloud of France,
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or image of thy state:
But such a one thy vassall, whom I know
Is free for me to aske, thee to bestow. 220

Kin. Heere is my hand, the premises observ'd,
Thy will by my performance shall be serv'd:
So make the choice of thy owne time, for I
Thy resolv'd Patient, on thee still relye:

212. *helpe: heaven*—THEOBALD.

More should I question thee, and more I must,
 Though more to know, could not be more to trust:
 From whence thou cam'st, how tended on, but rest
 Unquestion'd welcome, and undoubted blest.
 Give me some helpe heere hoa, if thou proceed,
 As high as word, my deed shall match thy deed. 230
Florish. Exit.

[Scene ii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Lady. [*Count.*] Come on sir, I shall now put you to the height | of your breeding.

Clown. I will shew my selfe highly fed, and lowly taught, I know my businesse is but to the Court.

Lady. To the Court, why what place make you speciall, when you put off that with such contempt, but to the Court? 8

Clo. Truly Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, hee may easilie put it off at Court: hee that cannot make a legge, put off's cap, kisse his hand, and say nothing, has neither legge, hands, lippe, nor cap; and indeede such a fellow, to say precisely, were not for the Court, but for me, I have an answere will serve all men.

Lady. Marry that's a bountifull answere that fits all questions. ¹*squat*

Clo. It is like a Barbers chaire that fits all buttockes, the pin buttocke, the quatch¹-buttocke, the brawn buttocke, or any buttocke. ²*strumpet*

Lady. Will your answere serve fit to all questions? 20

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an Atturney, as your French Crowne for your taffety punke,² as

230. *deed; meed-Dyce.*

231. *Florish:* misprint 1 F.

Tibs rush for *Toms* fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-tuesday, a Morris for May-day, as the naile to his hole, the Cuckold to his horne, as a scolding queane to a wrangling knave, as the Nuns lip to the Friars mouth, nay as the pudding to his skin.

Lady. Have you, I say, an answer of such fitness for all questions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your Constable, it will fit any question. 31

Lady. It must be an answer of most monstrous size, that must fit all demands.

Clo. But a trifle neither in good faith, if the learned should speake truth of it: heere it is, and all that belongs to't. Aske mee if I am a Courtier, it shall doe you no harme to learne.

Lady. To be young againe if we could: I will bee a foole in question, hoping to bee the wiser by your answer. 40

La. I pray you sir, are you a Courtier?

Clo. O Lord sir theres a simple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

La. Sir I am a poore freind of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord sir, thicke, thicke, spare not me.

La. I thinke sir, you can eate none of this homely meate.

Clo. O Lord sir; nay put me too't, I warrant you.

La. You were lately whipt sir as I thinke.

Clo. O Lord sir, spare not me. 50

La. Doe you crie O Lord sir at your whipping, and spare not me? Indeed your O Lord sir, is very sequent to your whipping: you would answer very well to a whipping if you were but bound too't.

34. *trifle*: trifle-3-4F.

41. run on, *La.* out-3F.

Cl. I nere had worse lucke in my life in my O Lord sir: I see things may serve long, but not serve ever.

La. I play the noble huswife with the time, to entertaine it so merrily with a foole.

Cl. O Lord sir, why there't serves well agen.

La. And end sir to your businesse: give *Hellen* this,
And urge her to a present answer backe, 61
Commend me to my kinsmen, and my sonne,
This is not much.

Cl. Not much commendation to them.

La. Not much imployment for you, you understand me.

Cl. Most fruitfully, I am there, before my legeggs.

La. Hast you agen. *Exeunt* [*severally.*]

[Scene iii. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Count, Lafew, and Parolles.

Ol. Laf. They say miracles are past, and we have our Philosophicall persons, to make moderne and familiar things supernaturall and causelesse. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terroures, ensconcing our selves into seeming knowledge, when we should submit our selves to an unknowne feare.

Par. Why 'tis the rarest argument of wonder, that hath shot out in our latter times.

Ros. And so 'tis. 10

Ol. Laf. To be relinquisht of the Artists.

Par. So I say [*Laf.*] both of *Galen* and *Paracelsus*.

[*Par.* So I say.]

Ol. Laf. Of all the learned and authenticke fellowes.

57-8. 2 ll. ending time, foole-KNIGHT. 60. *And:* An-2Rowe.

67. *leggs:* legs-2-4F. 68. *Hast:* Haste-4F.

2. *Ol.:* out, and so throughout-Rowe. 12-13 bracketed l. Globe.

Par. Right so I say.

Ol. Laf. That gave him out incurable.

Par. Why there 'tis, so say I too.

Ol. Laf. Not to be help'd.

Par. Right, as 'twere a man assur'd of a——

Ol. Laf. Uncertaine life, and sure death.

Par. Just, you say well: so would I have said. 20

Ol. Laf. I may truly say, it is a noveltie to the world.

Par. It is indeede if you will have it in shewing, you shall reade it in what do ye call there.

Ol. Laf. A shewing of a heavenly effect in an earthly Actor.

Par. That's it, I would have said, the verie same.

Ol. Laf. Why your Dolphin is not lustier: fore mee I speake in respect—— 28

Par. Nay 'tis strange, 'tis very straunge, that is the breefe and the tedious of it, and he's of a most facinerious¹ spirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Ol. Laf. Very hand of heaven. ¹*wicked*

Par. I, so I say.

Ol. Laf. In a most weake—— [*Pausing.*]

Par. And debile minister great power, great transcendence, which should indeede give us a further use to be made, then alone the recov'ry of the king, as to bee [*Pausing.*]

Old Laf. Generally thankfull.

Enter King, Hellen, and attendants.

Par. I would have said it, you say well: heere comes the King. [*Lafeu and Parolles retire.*] 41

Ol. Laf. Lustique, as the Dutchman saies: Ile like a

35. *grear*: great—2-4F.

35-7. all given to *Lafeu*—2DYCK.

42. *Lustique*: Lustig (*Lustigh*)—CAPELL.

maide the Better whil'st I have a tooth in my head: why
he's able to leade her a Carranto.

Par. Mor du vinager, is not this *Helen*?

Ol. Laf. Fore God I thinke so.

King. Goe call before mee all the Lords in Court,
Sit my preserver by thy patients side,
And with this healthfull hand whose banisht sence
Thou hast repeal'd, a second time receyve 50
The confirmation of my promis'd guift,
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter 3 or 4 Lords.

Faire Maide send forth thine eye, this youthfull parcell
Of Noble Batchellors, stand at my bestowing,
Ore whom both Soveraigne power, and fathers voice
I have to use; thy franke election make,
Thou hast power to choose, and they none to forsake.

Hel. To each of you, one faire and vertuous Mistris;
Fall when love please, marry to each but one. 60

Old Laf. I'de give bay curtall,¹ and his furniture
My mouth no more were broken² then these boyes,
And writ as little beard. ¹ *docked horse*

King. Peruse them well: ² *without teeth*
Not one of those, but had a Noble father.

She addresses her to a Lord.

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath through me, restor'd
the king to health.

All. We understand it, and thanke heaven for you.

Hel. I am a simple Maide, and therein wealthiest 70
That I protest, I simply am a Maide:

45. *Mor du vinager*: *Mort du vinaigre*—Rowe.

59-60. *Mistris*; *Fall*: *mistress Fall*,—Rowe.

67. *Gentlemen*: *separate l.*—CAPELL.

67-8. *beaven .. bealtb*: *verse*—CAPELL.

Please it your Majestie, I have done already:
The blushes in my cheekes thus whisper mee,
We blush that thou shouldst choose, but be refused;
Let the white death sit on thy cheek for ever,
Wee'l nere come there againe.

King. Make choise and see,
Who shuns thy love, shuns all his love in mee.

Hel. Now *Dian* from thy Altar do I fly,
And to imperiall love, that God most high 80
Do my sighes streame: Sir, wil you heare my suite ?

1. *Lo.* And grant it.

Hel. Thankes sir, all the rest is mute.

Ol. Laf. I had rather be in this choise, then throw
Ames-ace¹ for my life. ¹ *double-ace, lowest throw*

Hel. The honor sir that flames in your faire eyes,
Before I speake too threatningly replies:
Love make your fortunes twentie times above
Her that so wishes, and her humble love.

2. *Lo.* No better if you please. 90

Hel. My wish receive,
Which great love grant, and so I take my leave.

Ol. Laf. Do all they denie her? And they were sons
of mine, I'de have them whip'd, or I would send them
to'th Turke to make Eunuches of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand should take,
Ile never do you wrong for your owne sake:
Blessing upon your vowes, and in your bed
Finde fairer fortune, if you ever wed. 99

Old Laf. These boyes are boyes of Ice, they'le none
have heere: sure they are bastards to the English, the
French nere got em.

84-5. prose-POPE.
101. beere: her-ROWE.

93. And: AN-CAPELL.

La. [*Hel.*] You are too young, too happie, and too good |

To make your selfe a sonne out of my blood.

4. *Lord.* Faire one, I thinke not so.

Ol. Lord [*Laf.*] There's one grape yet, I am sure thy father | drunke wine. But if thou be'st not an asse, I am a youth | of fourteene: I have knowne thee already. |

Hel. [*To Bertram*] I dare not say I take you, but I give |

Me and my service, ever whilst I live 110
Into your guiding power: This is the man.

King. Why then young *Bertram* take her shee's thy wife.

Ber. My wife my Leige? I shal beseech your highnes In such a busines, give me leave to use The helpe of mine owne eies.

King. Know'st thou not *Bertram* what shee ha's done for mee?

Ber. Yes my good Lord, but never hope to know why I should marrie her. 120

King. Thou know'st shee ha's rais'd me from my sickly bed.

Ber. But followes it my Lord, to bring me downe Must answer for your raising? I knowe her well: Shee had her breeding at my fathers charge: A poore Physitians daughter my wife? Disdaine Rather corrupt me ever.

King. Tis onely title thou disdainst in her, the which I can build up: strange is it that our bloods Of colour, waight, and heat, pour'd all together, 130

112-13. verse-Rowe.

116-22. 4 ll. ending *Bertram*, lord, her, bed-Pope.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. iii. 127-157

Would quite confound distinction: yet stands off
 In differences so mightie. If she bee
 All that is vertuous (save what thou dislik'st)
 A poore Phisitians daughter, thou dislik'st
 Of vertue for the name: but doe not so:
 From lowest place, whence vertuous things proceed,
 The place is dignified by th' doers deede.
 Where great additions¹ swell's, and vertue none,
 It is a dropsied honour. Good a lone, ¹ *titles*
 Is good without a name? Vilenesse is so: 140
 The propertie by what is is, should go,
 Not by the title. Shee is young, wise, faire,
 In these, to Nature shee's immediate heire:
 And these breed honour: that is honours scorne,
 Which challenges it selfe as honours borne,
 And is not like the sire: Honours thrive,
 When rather from our acts we them derive
 Then our fore-goers: the meere words, a slave
 Debosh'd² on everie tombe, on everie grave:
 A lying Trophee, and as oft is dumbe, 150
 Where dust, and damn'd oblivion is the Tombe.
 Of honour'd bones indeed, what should be saide?
 If thou canst like this creature, as a maide,
 I can create the rest: Vertue, and shee ² *debased*
 Is her owne dower: Honour and wealth, from mee.
Ber. I cannot love her, nor will strive to doo't.
King. Thou wrong'st thy selfe, if thou shold'st strive
 to choose.
Hel. That you are well restor'd my Lord, I'me glad:
 Let the rest go. 160
King. My Honor's at the stake, which to defeat
 I must produce my power. Heere, take her hand,

131. *stands:* stand-2Rowe.

136. *whence:* when-THEOBALD.

141. *is:* it-2-4F.

157-8. *verse:* POPE.

Proud scornfull boy, unworthie this good gift,
 That dost in vile misprision¹ shackle up
 My love, and her desert: that canst not dreame,
 We poizing us in her defective scale, ¹ *misconception*
 Shall weigh thee to the beame: That wilt not know,
 It is in Us to plant thine Honour, where
 We please to have it grow. Checke thy contempt:
 Obey Our will, which trauailes in thy good: 170
 Beleeve not thy disdain, but presentlie
 Do thine owne fortunes that obedient right
 Which both thy dutie owes, and Our power claimes,
 Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
 Into the staggers,² and the carelesse lapse ² *madness*
 Of youth and ignorance: both my revenge and hate
 Loosing upon thee, in the name of justice,
 Without all termes of pittie. Speake, thine answer.

Ber. Pardon my gracious Lord: for I submit
 My fancie to your eies, when I consider 180
 What great creation, and what dole of honour
 Flies where you bid it: I finde that she which late
 Was in my Nobler thoughts, most base: is now
 The praised of the King, who so ennobled,
 Is as 'twere borne so.

King. Take her by the hand,
 And tell her she is thine: to whom I promise
 A counterpoize: If not to thy estate,
 A ballance more repleat.

Ber. I take her hand. 190

Kin. Good fortune, and the favour of the King
 Smile upon this Contract: whose Ceremonie
 Shall seeme expedient on the now borne brieft,
 And be perform'd to night: the solemne Feast
 Shall more attend upon the coming space,
 Expecting absent friends. As thou lov'st her,
 Thy love's to me Religious: else, do's erre. *Exeunt*

Parolles and Lafew stay behind, commenting of this wedding.

Laf. [*Advancing*] Do you heare Monsieur? A word with you. | 200

Par. Your pleasure sir.

Laf. Your Lord and Master did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation? My Lord? my Master?

Laf. I: Is it not a Language I speake?

Par. A most harsh one, and not to bee understood without bloudie succeeding My Master?

Laf. Are you Companion to the Count *Rosillion*?

Par. To any Count, to all Counts: to what is man.

Laf. To what is Counts man: Counts maister is of another stile. 211

Par. You are too old sir: Let it satisfie you, you are too old.

Laf. I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did thinke thee for two ordinaries: to bee a prettie wise fellow, thou didst make tollerable vent of thy travell, it might passe: yet the scarffes and the bannerets about thee, did manifoldlie dissuade me from beleeving thee a vessell of too great a burthen. I have now found thee, when I loose thee againe, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that th' ourt scarce worth. 224

Par. Hadst thou not the priviledge of Antiquity upon thee.

Laf. Do not plundge thy selfe to farre in anger, least thou hasten thy triall: which if, Lord have mercie on thee for a hen, so my good window of Lettice fare thee

223. *th' ourt*: thou'rt-3-4F.

229. *Lettice*: lattice-3-4F.

well, thy casement I neede not open, for I look through thee. Give me thy hand. 231

Par. My Lord, you give me most egregious indignity.

Laf. I with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not my Lord deserv'd it.

Laf. Yes good faith, ev'ry dramme of it, and I will not bate thee a scruple.

Par. Well, I shall be wiser.

Laf. Ev'n as soone as thou can'st, for thou hast to pull at a smacke a'th contrarie. If ever thou bee'st bound in thy skarfe and beaten, thou shall finde what it is to be proud of thy bondage, I have a desire to holde my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I may say in the default, he is a man I know. 243

Par. My Lord you do me most insupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell paines for thy sake, and my poore doing eternall: for doing I am past, as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave. *Exit.*

Par. Well, thou hast a sonne shall take this disgrace off me; scurvy, old, filthy, scurvy Lord: Well, I must be patient, there is no fettering of authority. Ile beate him (by my life) if I can meete him with any convenience, and he were double and double a Lord. Ile have no more pittie of his age then I would have of—Ile beate him, and if I could but meet him agen.

Enter Lafew.

Laf. Sirra, your Lord and masters married, there's newes for you: you have a new Mistris. 258

Par. I most unfainedly beseech your Lordshippe to

239. *a'th*: o'the-2Rowe.

240. *iball*: shalt-24F.

253, 255. *and*: an-Pope.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. iii. 260-290

make some reservation of your wrongs. He is my good Lord, whom I serve above is my master.

Laf. Who? God.

Par. I sir.

Laf. The devill it is, that's thy master. Why dooest thou garter up thy armes a this fashion? Dost make hose of thy sleeves? Do oother servants so? Thou wert best set thy lower part where thy nose stands. By mine Honor, if I were but two houres yonger, I'de beate thee: meetink'st thou art a generall offence, and every man shold beate thee: I thinke thou wast created for men to breath¹ themselves upon thee.

¹exercise 271

Par. This is hard and undeserved measure my Lord.

Laf. Go too sir, you were beaten in *Italy* for picking a kernell out of a Pomgranat, you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more sawcie with Lordes and honourable personages, then the Commission of your birth and vertue gives you Heraldry. You are not worth another word, else I'de call you knave. I leave you.

Exit

Enter Count Rossillion.

280

Par. Good, very good, it is so then: good, very good, let it be conceal'd awhile.

Ros. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever.

Par. What's the matter sweet-heart?

Rossill. Although before the solemne Priest I have sworne, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what sweet heart?

Ros. O my *Parrolles*, they have married me: Ile to the *Tuscan* warres, and never bed her.

264. dooest: dost—Rowe.

265. a: o'—2Rowe.

268, 278. I'de: I'd—CAMBRIDGE.

268-9. meetink'st: methinks—2Rowe.

285-6. 2 ll. ending sworne, her—2Rowe.

Par. *France* is a dog-hole, and it no more merits,
The tread of a mans foot: too'th warres. 291

Ros. There's letters from my mother: What th'im-
port is, I know not yet.

Par. I that would be knowne: too'th warres my boy,
too'th warres:

He weares his honor in a boxe unseene,
That hugges his kickie wickie¹ heare at home,
Spending his manlie marrow in her armes ^{1 wife}
Which should sustaine the bound and high curvet
Of *Marses* fierie steed: to other Regions, 300
France is a stable, wee that dwell in't Jades,
Therefore too'th warre.

Ros. It shall be so, Ile send her to my house,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled: Write to the King
That which I durst not speake. His present gift
Shall furnish me to those Italian fields
Where noble fellowes strike: Warres is no strife
To the darke house, and the detected wife. 309

Par. Will this Caprichio² hold in thee, art sure?

Ros. Go with me to my chamber, and advice me.
Ile send her straight away: To morrow, ^{2 caprice}
Ile to the warres, she to her single sorrow.

Par. Why these bals bound, ther's noise in it. Tis hard
A yong man married, is a man that's mard:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely: go,
The King ha's done you wrong: but hush'tis so. *Exit*

[Scene iv. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Helena and Clowne.

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is she well?

308. *Warres:* war-2-4F. 309. *detected:* detested-Rowe.

THAT ENDS WELL

[II. iv. 2-31

Clo. She is not well, but yet she has her health, she's very merrie, but yet she is not well: but thanks be given she's very well, and wants nothing i'th world: but yet she is not well.

Hel. If she be verie wel, what do's she ayle, that she's not verie well?

Clo. Truly she's very well indeed, but for two things

Hel. What two things? 10

Clo. One, that she's not in heaven, whether God send her quickly: the other, that she's in earth, from whence God send her quickly.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Blesse you my fortunate Ladie.

Hel. I hope sir I have your good will to have mine owne good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to leade them on, and to keepe them on, have them still. O my knave, how do's my old Ladie? 20

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles, and I her money, I would she did as you say.

Par. Why I say nothing.

Clo. Marry you are the wiser man: for many a mans tongue shakes out his masters undoing: to say nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title, which is within a verie little of nothing.

Par. Away, th'art a knave. 29

Clo. You should have said sir before a knave, th'art a knave, that's before me th'art a knave: this had beene truth sir.

17. *fortune: fortunes*—CAPELL.

30, 31. *th'art: thou'rt*—CAPELL.

29. *th'art: thou'rt*—ROWE.

Par. Go too, thou art a wittie foole, I have found thee.

Clo. Did you finde me in your selfe sir, or were you taught to finde me?

Clo. The search sir was profitable, and much Foole may you find in you, even to the worlds pleasure, and the encrease of laughter.

Par. A good knave ifaith, and well fed. 40
Madam, my Lord will go awaie to night,
A verie serrious businesse call's on him:
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which as your due time claimes, he do's acknowledge,
But puts it off to a compell'd restraint:
Whose want, and whose delay, is strew'd with sweets
Which they distill now in the curbed time,
To make the comming houre oreflow with joy,
And pleasure drowne the brim.

Hel. What's his will else? 50

Par. That you will take your instant leave a'th king,
And make this hast as your owne good proceeding,
Strengthened with what Apologie you thinke
May make it probable neede.

Hel. What more commands hee?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you presentlie
Attend his further pleasure.

Hel. In every thing I waite upon his will.

Par. I shall report it so. *Exit Par.*

Hell. I pray you come sirrah. *Exit* 60

37. run on, *Clo.* out—Rowe.

51. a'th: o'the—Rowe.

60. come sirrah: separate l.—THEOBALD.

[Scene v. *Paris. The King's palace.*]

Enter Lafew and Bertram.

Laf. But I hope your Lordshippe thinkes not him a souldier.

Ber. Yes my Lord and of verie valiant approofe.

Laf. You have it from his owne deliverance.¹

Ber. And by other warranted testimonie.

Laf. Then my Diall goes not true, I tooke this Larke for a bunting. ^{1 delivery}

Ber. I do assure you my Lord he is very great in knowledge, and accordinglie valiant. 10

Laf. I have then sinn'd against his experience, and transgress against his valour, and my state that way is dangerous, since I cannot yet find in my heart to repent: Heere he comes, I pray you make us freinds, I will pursue the amitie.

Enter Parolles.

Par. [*To Ber.*] These things shall be done sir.

Laf. Pray you sir whose his Tailor?

Par. Sir? 19

Laf. O I know him well, I sir, hee sirs a good workeman, a verie good Tailor.

Ber. [*Aside to Par.*] Is shee gone to the king?

Par. Shee is.

Ber. Will shee away to night?

Par. As you'le have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, casketted my treasure, Given order for our horses, and to night, When I should take possession of the Bride, And ere I doe begin. 29

20. *sirs: sir, 's—THEOBALD.*

29. *And: End—COLLIER.*

Laf. A good Travailer is something at the latter end of a dinner, but on that lies three thirds, and uses a known truth to passe a thousand nothings with, should bee once hard, and thrice beaten. God save you Capitaine.

Ber. Is there any unkindnes betweene my Lord and you Monsieur?

Par. I know not how I have deserved to run into my Lords displeasure. 38

Laf. You have made shift to run into't, bootes and spurres and all: like him that leapt into the Custard, and out of it you'le runne againe, rather then suffer question for your residence.

Ber. It may bee you have mistaken him my Lord.

Laf. And shall doe so ever, though I tooke him at's prayers. Fare you well my Lord, and beleve this of me, there can be no kernell in this light Nut: the soule of this man is his cloathes: Trust him not in matter of heavie consequence: I have kept of them tame, & know their natures. Farewell Monsieur, I have spoken better of you, then you have or will to deserve at my hand, but we must do good against evill. [Exit.] 51

Par. An idle Lord, I sweare.

Ber. I thinke so.

Par. Why do you not know him?

Ber. Yes, I do know him well, and common speech Gives him a worthy passe. Heere comes my clog.

Enter Helena.

Hel. I have sir as I was commanded from you Spoke with the King, and have procur'd his leave For present parting, onely he desires 60

31. on: one-2Rowz.

33. bard: heard-2-4F.

Some private speech with you.

Ber. I shall obey his will.

You must not mervaille *Helen* at my course,
Which holds not colour with the time, nor does
The ministration, and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For such a businesse, therefore am I found
So much unsettled: This drives me to intreate you,
That presently you take your way for home,
And rather muse then aske why I intreate you, 70
For my respects are better then they seeme,
And my appointments have in them a neede
Greater then shewes it selfe at the first view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother,
[*Giving a letter.*]

'Twill be two daies ere I shall see you, so
I leave you to your wisdom.

Hel. Sir, I can nothing say,
But that I am your most obedient servant.

Ber. Come, come, no more of that.

Hel. And ever shall 80

With true observance seeke to ecke out that
Wherein toward me my homely starres have faild
To equall my great fortune.

Ber. Let that goe: my hast is verie great. Farwell:
Hie home.

Hel. Pray sir your pardon.

Ber. Well, what would you say?

Hel. I am not worthie of the wealth I owe,¹
Nor dare I say 'tis mine: and yet it is, ^{1 own}
But like a timorous theefe, most faine would steale 90
What law does vouch mine owne.

Ber. What would you have?

84. *bast*: haste-2-3F.

84-5. *my .. home*: separate l.—POPE.

Hel. Something, and scarce so much: nothing indeed, I would not tell you what I would my Lord: Faith yes, Strangers and foes do sunder, and not kisse.

Ber. I pray you stay not, but in hast to horse.

Hel. I shall not breake your bidding, good my Lord: Where are my other men? Monsieur, farwell. *Exit*

Ber. Go thou toward home, where I wil never come, Whilst I can shake my sword, or heare the drumme: Away, and for our flight. 101

Par. Bravely, Coragio.¹ ¹ *courage* [*Exeunt.*]

Actus Tertius.

[Scene i. *Florence. The Duke's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter the Duke of Floreuce [*attended*], the two Frenchmen, | with a troope of Souldiers.

Duke. So that from point to point, now have you heard The fundamentall reasons of this warre, Whose great decision hath much blood let forth And more thirsts after.

1. *Lord.* Holy seemes the quarrell
Upon your Graces part: blacke and fearefull
On the opposer. 10

Duke. Therefore we mervaile much our Cosin France Would in so just a businesse, shut his bosome Against our borrowing prayers. ² *uninitiated*

French. E. [2. Lord] Good my Lord,
The reasons of our state I cannot yeelde,
But like a common and an outward² man,
That the great figure of a Counsaile frames,
By selfe unable motion, therefore dare not

94. *Faith yes:* separate 1.—GLOBE.

98. given to Bertram—2THEOBALD.

2. *Floreuce:* misprint 1F.

Say what I thinke of it, since I have found
My selfe in my incertaine grounds to faile 20
As often as I guest.

Duke. Be it his pleasure.

Fren. G. [1. *Lord*] But I am sure the yonger of our
nature, |

That surfet on their ease, will day by day
Come heere for Physicke.

Duke. Welcome shall they bee:
And all the honors that can flye from us,
Shall on them settle: you know your places well,
When better fall, for your availes they fell,
To morrow to'th the field. *Flourish.* [*Exeunt.*] 30

[Scene ii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse and Clowne.

Count. It hath happen'd all, as I would have had it, save
that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth I take my young Lord to be a ve-
rie melancholly man. ¹*ruffle of boot*

Count. By what observance I pray you.

Clo. Why he will looke uppon his boote, and sing:
mend the Ruffe¹ and sing, aske questions and sing, picke
his teeth, and sing: I know a man that had this tricke of
melancholy hold a goodly Mannor for a song. 10

Lad. [*Count.*] Let me see what he writes, and when
he meanes | to come. [*Opening a letter.*]

Clow. I have no minde to *Isbell* since I was at Court.
Our old Lings, and our *Isbels* a'th Country, are nothing
like your old Ling and your *Isbels* a'th Court: the brains

30. *to'th the:* to the—2-4F.

14. *Lings:* ling—2-4F. *a':* o'—Rowx.

10. *bold:* sold—3-4F.

15. *a':* o'—Rowx.

of my Cupid's knock'd out, and I beginne to love, as an old man loves money, with no stomacke.

Lad. What have we heere?

Clo. In that you have there. *exit*

[*Count. reads.*] *A Letter.* 20

I have sent you a daughter-in-Law, shee hath recovered the King, and undone me: I have wedded her, not bedded her, | and sworne to make the not eternall. You shall heare I am | runne away, know it before the report come. If there bee | bredth enough in the world, I will hold a long distance. My | duty to you.

Your unfortunate sonne, |
Bertram.

This is not well rash and unbridled boy,
To flye the favours of so good a King,
To plucke his indignation on thy head, 30
By the misprising of a Maide too vertuous
For the contempt of Empire.

Enter Clowne.

Clow. O Madam, yonder is heavie newes within betweene two souldiers, and my yong Ladie.

La. What is the matter.

Clo. Nay there is some comfort in the newes, some comfort, your sonne will not be kild so soone as I thoght he would.

La. Why should he be kill'd? 40

Clo. So say I Madame, if he runne away, as I heare he does, the danger is in standing too't, that's the losse of men, though it be the getting of children. Heere they

19. In: E'en—THEOBALD.

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. ii. 45-71

come will tell you more. For my part I onely heare your
sonne was run away. [Exit.]

Enter Hellen and two Gentlemen.

French E. [First Gent.] Save you good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.

French G. [Sec. Gent.] Do not say so.

La. Thinke upon patience, pray you Gentlemen, 50
I have felt so many quirkes of joy and greefe,
That the first face of neither on the start
Can woman me untoo't. Where is my sonne I pray you?

Fren. G. Madam he's gone to serve the Duke of Flo-
rence,

We met him thitherward, for thence we came:

And after some dispatch in hand at Court,

Thither we bend againe.

58

Hel. Looke on his Letter Madam, here's my Pasport.

[Reads.]

*When thou canst get the Ring upon my finger, which never
shall come off, and shew mee a childe begotten of thy
bodie, | that I am father too, then call me husband:
but in such a (then) | I write a Never.*

This is a dreadfull sentence.

La. Brought you this Letter Gentlemen?

1. G. I Madam, and for the Contents sake are sorrie
for our paines.

Old La. [Count.] I prethee Ladie have a better
cheere, |

If thou engrossest, all the greefes are thine,

Thou robst me of a moiety: He was my sonne, 70

But I do wash his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my childe. Towards Florence is he?

66. new l. at And for—CAPELL.

Fren. G. I Madam.

La. And to be a souldier.

Fren. G. Such is his noble purpose, and beleev't
The Duke will lay upon him all the honor
That good convenience claimes.

La. Returne you thither.

Fren. E. I Madam, with the swiftest wing of speed.

Hel. [*Reads*] *Till I have no wife, I have nothing
in France, |* 80
'Tis bitter.

La. Finde you that there?

Hel. I Madame.

Fren. E. 'Tis but the boldnesse of his hand haply, which
his heart was not consenting too.

Lad. Nothing in France, untill he have no wife:
There's nothing heere that is too good for him
But onely she, and she deserves a Lord
That twenty such rude boyes might tend upon,
And call her hourelly Mistris. Who was with him? 90

Fren. E. A servant onely, and a Gentleman: which I
have sometime knowne.

La. *Parolles* was it not?

Fren. E. I my good Ladie, hee.

La. A verie tainted fellow, and full of wickednesse,
My sonne corrupts a well derived nature
With his inducement.

Fren. E. Indeed good Ladie the fellow has a deale of
that, too much, which holds him much to have. 99

La. Y'are welcome Gentlemen, I will intreate you
when you see my sonne, to tell him that his sword can
never winne the honor that he looses: more Ile intreate
you written to bearealong.

91. *which*: which-2-4F. new l. at Which-Popz.

97-105. 2 five-accent ll., 1 six-accent l., 5 five-accent ll.—CAPPELL.

Fren. G. We serve you Madam in that and all your worthiest affaires.

La. Not so, but as we change our courtesies, Will you draw neere? *Exit [Countess and Gentlemen].*

Hel. Till I have no wife I have nothing in France. Nothing in France untill he has no wife:

Thou shalt have none *Rossillion*, none in France, 110

Then hast thou all againe: poore Lord, is't I

That chase thee from thy Countrie, and expose

Those tender limbes of thine, to the event

Of the none-sparing warre? And is it I,

That drive thee from the sportive Court, where thou

Was't shot at with faire eyes, to be the marke

Of smoakie Muskets? O you leaden messengers,

That ride upon the violent speede of fire,

Fly with false ayme, move the still-peering aire

That sings with piercing, do not touch my Lord: 120

Who ever shoots at him, I set him there.

Who ever charges on his forward brest

I am the Caitiffe that do hold him too't,

And though I kill him not, I am the cause

His death was so effected: Better 'twere

I met the ravine¹ Lyon when he roar'd ^{1 ravenous}

With sharpe constraint of hunger: better 'twere,

That all the miseries which nature owes

Were mine at once. No come thou home *Rossillion*,

Whence honor but of danger winnes a scarre, 130

As oft it looses all. I will be gone:

My being heere it is, that holds thee hence,

Shall I stay heere to doo't? No, no, although

The ayre of Paradise did fan the house,

And Angles offic'd all: I will be gone,

126. *ravine*: ravin—CAPELL.

135. *Angles*: angels—2-4F.

That pittifull rumour may report my flight
 To console thine eare. Come night, end day,
 For with the darke (poore theefe) Ile steale away. *Exit.*

[Scene iii. *Florence. Before the Duke's palace.*]

*Flourish. Enter the Duke of Florence, Rossillion,
 drum and trumpets, soldiers, Parrolles.*

Duke. The Generall of our horse thou art, and we
 Great in our hope, lay our best love and credence
 Upon thy promising fortune.

Ber. Sir it is
 A charge too heavy for my strength, but yet
 Wee'l strive to beare it for your worthy sake,
 To th'extreme edge of hazard.

Duke. Then go thou forth, 10
 And fortune play upon thy prosperous helme
 As thy auspicious mistress.

Ber. This very day
 Great Mars I put my selfe into thy file,
 Make me but like my thoughts, and I shall prove
 A lover of thy drumme, hater of love. *Exeunt omnes*

[Scene iv. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Countesse & Steward.

La. Alas! and would you take the letter of her:
 Might you not know she would do, as she has done,
 By sending me a Letter. Reade it agen.

[*Stew. reads.*] *Letter.*

*I am S. Jaques Pilgrim, thither gone:
 Ambitious love hath so in me offended,*

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. iv. 6-33]

*That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon
 With sainted vow my faults to bane amended.
 Write, write, that from the bloodie course of warre, 10
 My dearest Master your deare sonne, may bie,
 Blesse him at home in peace. Whilst I from farre,
 His name with zealous fervour sanctifie:
 His taken labours bid him me forgive:
 I bis despightfull Juno sent him forth,
 From Courtly friends, with Camping foes to live,
 Where death and danger dogges the beeles of worth.
 He is too good and faire for death, and mee,
 Whom I my selfe embrace, to set him free.*

[Count.] Ah what sharpe stings are in her mildest words? | 20

Rynaldo, you did never lacke advice¹ so much,
 As letting her passe so: had I spoke with her,
 I could have well diverted her intents,
 Which thus she hath prevented. ^{1 discretion}

Ste. Pardon me Madam,
 If I had given you this at over-night,
 She might have beene ore-tane: and yet she writes
 Pursuite would be but vaine.

La. What Angell shall
 Blesse this unworthy husband, he cannot thrive, 30
 Unlesse her prayers, whom heaven delights to heare
 And loves to grant, repreeve him from the wrath
 Of greatest Justice. Write, write *Rynaldo*,
 To this unworthy husband of his wife,
 Let everie word waigh heavie of her worrh,
 That he does waigh too light: my greatest greefe,
 Though little he do feele it, set downe sharply.

9. bane: have-2-4F.

35. worrb: worth-2-4F.

Dispatch the most convenient messenger,
 When haply he shall heare that she is gone,
 He will returne, and hope I may that shee 40
 Hearing so much, will speede her foote againe,
 Led hither by pure love: which of them both
 Is deerest to me, I have no skill in sence
 To make distinction: provide this Messenger:
 My heart is heavie, and mine age is weake,
 Greefe would have teares, and sorrow bids me speake.
Exeunt

[Scene v. *Florence. Without the walls.*]

A Tucket afarre off.

*Enter old Widdow of Florence, her daughter [Diana],
 Violenta | and Mariana, with other
 Citizens.*

Widdow. Nay come,
 For if they do approach the City,
 We shall loose all the sight.

Diana. They say, the French Count has done
 Most honourable service.

Wid. It is reported, 10
 That he has taken their great'st Commander,
 And that with his owne hand he slew
 The Dukes brother: [*Tucket*] we have lost our labour,
 They are gone a contrarie way: harke,
 you may know by their Trumpets.

Maria. Come lets returne againe,
 And suffice our selves with the report of it.
 Well *Diana*, take heed of this French Earle,
 The honor of a Maide is her name,
 And no Legacie is so rich 20

5-24. prose-POPE.

As honestie.

Widdow. I have told my neighbour
How you have beene solicited by a Gentleman
His Companion.

¹ *temptations*

Maria. I know that knave, hang him, one *Parolles*,
a filthy Officer he is in those suggestions¹ for the young
Earle, beware of them *Diana*; their promises, entise-
ments, oathes, tokens, and all these engines of lust, are
not the things they go under: many a maide hath beene
seduced by them, and the miserie is example, that so
terrible shewes in the wracke of maiden-hood, cannot
for all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed
with the twigges that threatens them. I hope I neede
not to advise you further, but I hope your owne grace
will keepe you where you are, though there were no
further danger knowne, but the modestie which is so
lost.

Dia. You shall not neede to feare me.

Enter Hellen [disguised like a Pilgrim]. 39

Wid. I hope so: looke here comes a pilgrim, I know
she will lye at my house, thither they send one another,
Ile question her. God save you pilgrim, whether are
bound?

Hel. To S. *Jaques la grand*.

Where do the Palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

Wid. At the S. *Francis* heere beside the Port.

Hel. Is this the way? *A march asfarre.*

Wid. I marrie ist. Harke you, they come this way:
If you will tarrie holy Pilgrime
But till the troopes come by, 50
I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd,

33. *threatens*: threaten—POPE.

44. *la*: 1e-3-4F.

The rather for I thinke I know your hostesse
As ample as my selfe.

Hel. Is it your selfe?

Wid. If you shall please so Pilgrime.

Hel. I thanke you, and will stay upon your leisure.

Wid. you came I thinke from *France*?

Hel. I did so.

Wid. Heere you shall see a Countreiman of yours
That has done worthy service. 60

Hel. His name I pray you?

Dia. The Count *Rossillion*: know you such a one?

Hel. But by the eare that heares most nobly of him:
His face I know not.

Dia. What somere he is
He's bravely taken heere. He stole from *France*
As 'tis reported: for¹ the King had married him
Against his liking. Thinke you it is so? ¹ *because*

Hel. I surely meere the truth, I know his Lady.

Dia. There is a Gentleman that serves the Count,
Reports but courselly of her. 71

Hel. What's his name?

Dia. Monsieur *Parrolles*.

Hel. Oh I beleeeve with him,
In argument of praise, or to the worth
Of the great Count himselfe, she is too meane
To have her name repeated, all her deserving
Is a reserved honestie, and that
I have not heard examin'd.² ² *questioned*

Dia. Alas poore Ladie, 80
'Tis a hard bondage to become the wife
Of a detesting Lord.

Wid. I write good creature, wheresoere she is,

83. *write: warrant—GLOBE.*

THAT ENDS WELL

[III. v. 70-93]

Her hart waighes sadly: this yong maid might do her
A shrewd¹ turne if she pleas'd. ^{1 evil}

Hel. How do you meane?

May be the amorous Count solicites her
In the unlawfull purpose.

Wid. He does indeede,

And brokes² with all that can in such a suite ⁹⁰

Corrupt the tender honour of a Maide: ^{2 traffics}

But she is arm'd for him, and keepes her guard
In honestest defence.

Drumme and Colours.

Enter Count Rossillion, Parrolles, and the whole Armie.

Mar. The goddes forbid else.

Wid. So, now they come:

That is *Anthonio* the Dukes eldest sonne,
That *Escalus*.

Hel. Which is the Frenchman? ¹⁰⁰

Dia. Hee,

That with the plume, 'tis a most gallant fellow,
I would he lov'd his wife: if he were honest
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handsom Gentleman

Hel. I like him well.

Di. 'Tis pittie he is not honest: yonds that same knave
That leades him to these places: were I his Ladie,
I would poison that vile Rascall.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That Jacke an-apes with scarfes. Why is hee
melancholly? ¹¹¹

Hel. Perchance hes hurt i'th battaile.

Par. Loose our drum? Well.

Mar. He's shrewdly vext at something. Looke he
has spyed us.

Wid. Marrie hang you.

Mar. And your curtesie, for a ring-carrier. *Exit*
[Bertram, Parolles, and army].

Wid. The troope is past: Come pilgrim, I wil bring
 you, Where you shall host:¹ Of injoy'n'd penitents
 There's foure or five, to great S. *Jaques* bound, 120
 Alreadie at my house. ¹*lodge*

Hel. I humbly thanke you:
 Please it this Matron, and this gentle Maide
 To eate with us to night, the charge and thanking
 Shall be for me. and to requite you further,
 I will bestow some precepts of this Virgin,
 Worthy the note.

Both. Wee'l take your offer kindly. *Exeunt.*

[Scene vi. *Camp before Florence.*]

Enter Count Rossillion and the Frenchmen,
as at first.

Cap. E. [Sec. Lord] Nay good my Lord put him
 too't: let him | have his way.

Cap. G. [First Lord] If your Lordshippe finde him
 not a Hilding,² | hold me no more in your respect.

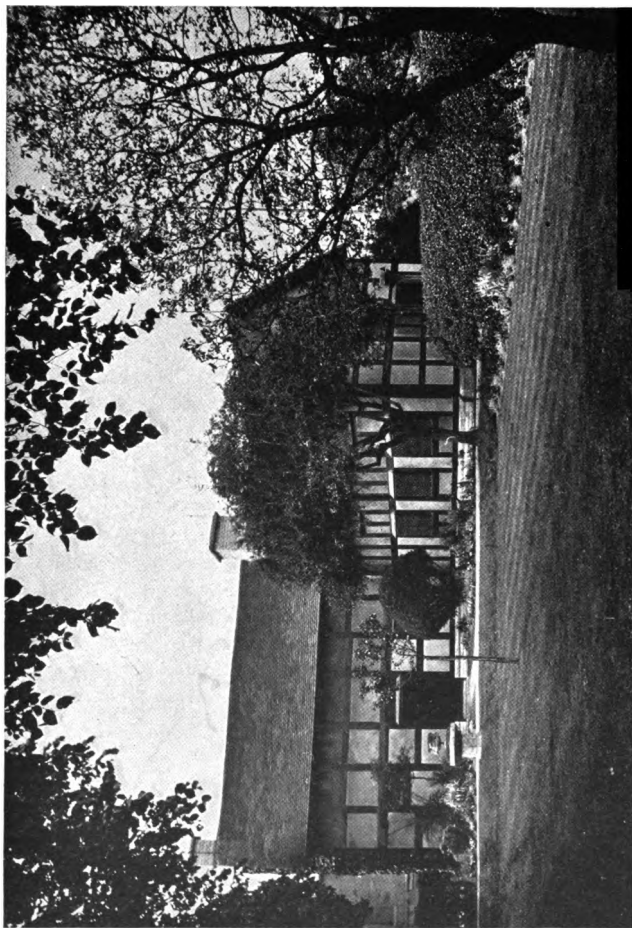
Cap. E. On my life my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you thinke I am so farre ²*base wretch*
 Deceived in him. 9

Cap. E. Beleeve it my Lord, in mine owne direct
 knowledge, without any malice, but to speake of him
 as my kinsman, hee's a most notable Coward, an infi-
 nite and endlesse Lyar, an houely promise-breaker, the
 owner of no one good qualitie, worthy your Lordships
 entertainment.

Cap. G. It were fit you knew him, least reposing too

118-19. 2 ll. ending you, penitents-2Rowz. 8-9. 1 l.-Popz.
 16. least: lent-4F.



Photographed by Catharine Weed Ward

Shakespeare's birthplace, rear view. Adjoining houses were pulled down to lessen the danger from fire and in the space thus gained a garden has been made. In it are planted as many as possible of the flowers mentioned in the poems and plays

farre in his vertue which he hath not, he might at some great and trustie businesse, in a maine daunger, fayle you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

21

Cap. G. None better then to let him fetch off his drumme, which you heare him so confidently undertake to do.

C. E. I with a troop of Florentines wil sodainly surprize him; such I will have whom I am sure he knowes not from the enemie: wee will binde and hoodwinke him so, that he shall suppose no other but that he is carried into the Leager¹ of the adversaries, when we bring him to our owne tents: be but your Lordship presnt at his examination, if he do not for the promise of his life, and in the highest compulsion of base feare, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power against you, and that with the divine forfeite of his soule upon oath, never trust my judgement in anie thing.

¹camp 36

Cap. G. O for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drumme, he sayes he has a stratagem for't: when your Lordship sees the bottome of this successe in't, and to what mettle this counterfeyt lump of ours will be melted if you give him not John drummes entertainment, your inclining cannot be removed. Heere he comes.

Enter Parrolles.

43

Cap. E. [*Aside to Ber.*] O for the love of laughter hinder not the ho- | nor of his designe, let him fetch off his drumme in any | hand.

30. *present*: *present*-2-4F.

39. *this*: *his*-Rowe.

40. *ours*: *ore* (oar)-THEOBALD.

42. *inclining*: *inclining*-2-4F.

Ber. How now Monsieur? This drumme sticks sorely in your disposition.

Cap. G. A pox on't, let it go, 'tis but a drumme. 49

Par. But a drumme: Ist but a drumme? A drum so lost. There was excellent command, to charge in with our horse upon our owne wings, and to rend our owne souldiers.

Cap. G. That was not to be blam'd in the command of the service: it was a disaster of warre that *Cæsar* him selfe could not have prevented, if he had beene there to command.

Ber. Well, wee cannot greatly condemne our succeſſe: some dishonor wee had in the losse of that drum, but it is not to be recovered. 60

Par. It might have beene recovered.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recovered, but that the merit of service is sildome attributed to the true and exact performer, I would have that drumme or another, or *hic jacet*. 66

Ber. Why if you have a stomacke, too't Monsieur: if you thinke your mysterie in stratagem, can bring this instrument of honour againe into his native quarter, be magnanimious in the enterprize and go on, I wil grace the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you speede well in it, the Duke shall both speake of it, and extend to you what further becomes his greatnesse, even to the utmost syllable of your worthinesse.

Par. By the hand of a souldier I will undertake it.

Ber. But you must not now slumber in it.

Par. Ile about it this evening, and I will presently pen downe my dilemma's, encourage my selfe in my

64. *sildome*: *seldom*—2-4F.

70. *magnanimious*: *magnanimous*—2-4F.

certainie, put my selfe into my mortall preparation:
and by midnight looke to heare further from me. 80

Ber. May I bee bold to acquaint his grace you are
gone about it.

Par. I know not what the successe will be my Lord,
but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant,
And to the possibility of thy souldiership,
Will subscribe for thee: Farewell.

Par. I love not many words.

Exit

Cap. E. No more then a fish loves water. Is not this
a strange fellow my Lord, that so confidently seemes to
undertake this businesse, which he knowes is not to be
done, damnes himselfe to do, & dares better be damnd
then to doo't. 93

Cap. G. You do not know him my Lord as we doe,
certaine it is that he will steale himselfe into a mans fa-
vour, and for a weeke escape a great deale of discove-
ries, but when you finde him out, you have him ever af-
ter.

Ber. Why do you thinke he will make no deede at
all of this that so seriouslie hee dooes addresse himselfe
unto? 101

Cap. E. None in the world, but returne with an in-
vention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies:
but we have almost imbostr¹ him, you shall see his fall to
night; for indeede he is not for your Lordshippes re-
spect. ¹ *bunted down*

Cap. G. Weele make you some sport with the Foxe
ere we case² him. He was first smoak'd by the old Lord
Lafew, when his disguise and he is parted, tell me what
a sprat you shall finde him, which you shall see this ve-
rie night. ² *skin* 111

85-7. prose-POPE.

85. *th'art*: thou'rt-CAPELL.

Cap. E. I must go looke my twiggess,
He shall be caught.

Ber. Your brother he shall go along with me.

Cap. G. As't please your Lordship, Ile leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Ber. Now wil I lead you to the house, and shew you
The Lasse I spoke of.

Cap. E. But you say she's honest.

Ber. That's all the fault: I spoke with hir but once,
And found her wondrous cold, but I sent to her 120
By this same Coxcombe that we have i'th winde
Tokens and Letters, which she did resend,
And this is all I have done: She's a faire creature,
Will you go see her?

Cap. E. With all my heart my Lord. *Exeunt*

[Scene vii. Florence. *The Widow's bousc.*]

Enter Hellen, and Widdow.

Hel. If you misdoubt me that I am not shee,
I know not how I shall assure you further,
But I shall loose the grounds I worke upon.

Wid. Though my estate be falne, I was well borne,
Nothing acquainted with these businesses,
And would not put my reputation now
In any staining act.

Hel. Nor would I wish you.
First give me trust, the Count he is my husband, 10
And what to your sworne counsaile I have spoken,
Is so from word to word: and then you cannot
By the good ayde that I of you shall borrow,
Erre in bestowing it.

Wid. I should beleeve you,
For you have shew'd me that which well approves
Y'are great in fortune.

Hel. Take this purse of Gold,
And let me buy your friendly helpe thus farre,
Which I will over-pay, and pay againe 20
When I have found it. The Count he woes your
daughter, ^{1 importunate}
Layes downe his wanton siedge before her beautie,
Resolve to carrie her: let her in fine consent
As wee'l direct her how 'tis best to beare it:
Now his important¹ blood will naught denie,
That shee'l demand: a ring the Countie² weares,
That downward hath succeeded in his house ^{2 count}
From sonne to sonne, some foure or five discents,
Since the first father wore it. This Ring he holds 30
In most rich choice: yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not seeme too deere,
How ere repented after.

Wid. Now I see the bottome of your purpose.

Hel. You see it lawfull then, it is no more,
But that your daughter ere she seemes as wonne,
Desires this Ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Her selfe most chastly absent: after
To marry her, Ile adde three thousand Crownes 40
To what is past already.

Wid. I have yeelded: ^{3persevere}
Instruct my daughter how she shall persevere,³
That time and place with this deceite so lawfull
May prove coherent. Every night he comes

17. Y'are: You're-HUDSON. 24. Resolve: Resolved-COLLIER.

34. new l. at The-CAPELL.

39. after: after this-2-4F.

45. comes: comes-2-4F.

With Musickes of all sorts, and songs compos'd
 To her unworthinesse: It nothing steeds us
 To chide him from our eeves, for he persists
 As if his life lay on't.

Hel. Why then to night

50

Let us assay our plot, which if it speed,
 Is wicked meaning in a lawfull deede;
 And lawfull meaning in a lawfull act,
 Where both not sinne, and yet a sinfull fact.
 But let's about it.

[*Exeunt.*]

Actus Quartus.

[Scene i. *Without the Florentine camp.*]

*Enter one of the Frenchmen [Second French Lord],
 with five or sixe other | souldiers in ambush.*

1. *Lord E.* [*Sec. Lord*] He can come no other way
 but by this hedge | corner: when you sallie upon him,
 speake what terrible | Language you will: though you
 understand it not your | selves, no matter: for we
 must not seeme to understand | him, unlesse some one
 among us, whom wee must pro- | duce for an Inter-
 preter. |

1. *Sol.* Good Captaine, let me be th'Interpreter. 10

Lor. E. [*Sec. Lord*] Art not acquainted with him?
 knowes he not | thy voice?

1. *Sol.* No sir I warrant you.

Lo. E. But what linsie wolsy hast thou to speake to us
 againe. ^{1 service}

1. *Sol.* E'n such as you speake to me. 16

Lo. E. He must thinke us some band of strangers, i'th
 adversaries entertainment.¹ Now he hath a smacke of all

47. *steeds: ateads*—4F.

10. *Captaine:* misprint 1F.

neighbouring Languages: therefore we must every one be a man of his own fancie, not to know what we speak one to another: so we seeme to know, is to know straight our purpose: Choughs language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you interpreter, you must seeme very politicke. But couch hoa, heere hee comes, to be-guile two houres in a sleepe, and then to returne & swear the lies he forges.

Enter Parrolles.

27

Par. Ten a clocke: Within these three houres 'twill be time enough to goe home. What shall I say I have done? It must bee a very plausible invention that carries it. They beginne to smoake mee, and disgraces have of late, knock'd too often at my doore: I finde my tongue is too foole-hardie, but my heart hath the feare of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lo. E. This is the first truth that ere thine own tongue was guiltie of.

37

Par. What the divell should move mee to undertake the recoverie of this drumme, being not ignorant of the impossibility, and knowing I had no such purpose? I must give my selfe some hurts, and say I got them in exploit: yet slight ones will not carrie it. They will say, came you off with so little? And great ones I dare not give, wherefore what's the instance.¹ Tongue, I must put you into a Butter-womans mouth, and buy my selfe another of *Bajazet's* Mule, if you prattle mee into these perilles.

¹proof

Lo. E. Is it possible he should know what hee is, and be that he is.

49

28. a: o'-THEOBALD.

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would serve the turne, or the breaking of my Spanish sword.

Lo.E. We cannot afford you so.

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to say it was in stratagem.

Lo.E. 'Twould not do.

Par. Or to drowne my cloathes, and say I was stript.

Lo.E. Hardly serve.

Par. Though I swore I leapt from the window of the Citadell.

Lo.E. How deepe? 60

Par. Thirty fadome.

Lo.E. Three great oathes would scarce make that be beleaved.

Par. I would I had any drumme of the enemies, I would swear I recover'd it.

Lo.E. You shall heare one anon.

Par. A drumme now of the enemies.

Alarum within.

Lo.E. *Tbroca movousus, cargo, cargo, cargo.* 69

All. *Cargo, cargo, cargo, villianda par corbo, cargo.*

Par. O ransome, ransome,

Do not hide mine eyes. [*They seize and blindfold him.*]

Inter. [*First Sold.*] *Boskos thromuldo boskos.*

Par. I know you are the *Muskos* Regiment,
And I shall loose my life for want of language.
If there be heere German or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him speake to me,
He discover that, which shal undo the Florentine.

Int. *Boskos vauvado*, I understand thee, & can speake

51. *ibc*: the-2-4F.

71-2. 1 l.-POPE.

77-8. 2 ll. ending I'll, Florentine-CAPELL.

THAT ENDS WELL

[IV. i. 83-104]

thy tongue: *Kerelybonto* sir, betake thee to thy faith, for
seventeene ponyards are at thy bosome. 81

Par. Oh.

Inter. Oh pray, pray, pray,
Manka revania dulce.

Lo. E. *Oscorbidulchos volivorco.*

Int. The Generall is content to spare thee yet,
And hoodwinkt as thou art, will leade thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou mayst informe
Something to save thy life.

Par. O let me live, 90
And all the secrets of our campe Ile shew,
Their force, their purposes: Nay, Ile speake that,
Which you will wonder at.

Inter. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damne me.

Inter. *Acordo linta.*

Come on, thou are granted space. *Exit*
[with Parolles guarded.]

A sbort Alarum within.

L. E. Go tell the Count *Rossillion* and my brother,
We have caught the woodcocke,¹ and will keepe him
muffed | ^{1 fool} 100
Till we do heare from them.

Sol. Captaine I will.

L. E. A will betray us all unto our selves,
Informe on that.

Sol. So I will sir.

L. E. Till then Ile keepe him darke and safely lockt.
Exit

83-4. prose-DYCE.

97. are: art-3-4F.

[Scene ii. *Florence. The Widow's bouse.*]

Enter Bertram, and the Maide called Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was *Fontybell*.

Dia. No my good Lord, *Diana*.

Ber. Titled Goddesse,

And worth it with addition: but faire soule,

In your fine frame hath love no qualitie?

If the quicke fire of youth light not your minde,

You are no Maiden but a monument

When you are dead you should be such a one 10

As you are now: for you are cold and sterne,

And now you should be as your mother was

When your sweet selfe was got.

Dia. She then was honest.

Ber. So should you be.

Dia. No:

My mother did but dutie, such (my Lord)

As you owe to your wife.

Ber. No more a'that:

I prethee do not strive against my vows: 20

I was compell'd to her, but I love thee

By loves owne sweet constraint, and will for ever

Do thee all rights of service.

Dia. I so you serve us

Till we serve you: But when you have our Roses,

You barely leave our thornes to pricke our selves,

And mocke us with our barenesse.

Ber. How have I sworne.

Dia. 'Tis not the many oathes that makes the truth,
But the plaine single vow, that is vow'd true: 30

19. a': o'-Rowz.

What is not holie, that we sweare not by,
 But take the high'st to wnesse: then pray you tell me,
 If I should sweare by Joves great attributes,
 I lov'd you deerely, would you beleeeve my oathes,
 When I did love you ill? This ha's no holding
 To sweare by him whom I protest to love
 That I will worke against him. Therefore your oathes
 Are words and poore conditions, but unseal'd
 At lest in my opinion.

Ber. Change it, change it:

40

Be not so holy cruell: Love is holie,
 And my integritie ne're knew the crafts
 That you do charge men with: Stand no more off,
 But give thy selfe unto my sicke desires,
 Who then recovers. Say thou art mine, and ever
 My love as it beginnes, shall so persever.

Dia. I see that men make rope's in such a scarre,
 That wee'l forsake our selves. Give me that Ring.

Ber. Ile lend it thee my deere; but have no power
 To give it from me.

50

Dia. Will you not my Lord?

Ber. It is an honour longing to our house,
 Bequeathed downe from manie Ancestors,
 Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
 In me to loose.

Dian. Mine Honors such a Ring,
 My chastities the Jewell of our house,
 Bequeathed downe from many Ancestors,
 Which were the greatest obloquie i'th world,
 In mee to loose. Thus your owne proper wisdom
 Brings in the Champion honor on my part,
 Against your vaine assault.

61

Ber. Heere, take my Ring,

33. *Joves: Gods—GLOBE.*

45. *recovers: recover—ROWE.*

My house, mine honor, yea my life be thine,
And Ile be bid by thee.

Dia. When midnight comes, knocke at my chamber window:

Ile order take, my mother shall not heare.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed, 70
Remaine there but an houre, nor speake to mee:
My reasons are most strong, and you shall know them,
When backe againe this Ring shall be deliver'd:
And on your finger in the night, Ile put
Another Ring, that what in time proceeds,
May token to the future, our past deeds.
Adieu till then, then faile not: you have wonne
A wife of me, though there my hope be done.

Ber. A heaven on earth I have won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*]

Di. For which, live long to thank both heaven & me,
You may so in the end. 81

My mother told me just how he would woo,
As if she sate in's heart. She sayes, all men
Have the like oathes: He had sworne to marrie me
When his wife's dead: therefore Ile lye with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are so braide,¹
Marry that will, I live and die a Maid: ¹*deceitful*
Onely in this disguise, I think't no sinne,
To cosen him that would unjustly winne. *Exit*

[Scene iii. *The Florentine camp.*]

*Enter the two French Captaines [Lords], and some two
or three | Souldiours.*

Cap. G. [First Lord] You have not given him his
mothers letter. |

Cap. E. [*Sec. Lord*] I have deliv'ed it an houre since, there is som | thing in't that stings his nature: for on the reading it, | he chang'd almost into another man.

Cap. G. He has much worthy blame laid upon him, for shaking off so good a wife, and so sweet a Lady.

Cap. E. Especially, hee hath incurred the everlasting displeasure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to sing happinesse to him. I will tell you a thing, but you shall let it dwell darkly with you. 12

Cap. G. When you have spoken it 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

Cap. E. Hee hath perverted a young Gentlewoman heere in *Florence*, of a most chaste renown, & this night he fleshes his will in the spoyle of her honour: hee hath given her his monumentall Ring, and thinkes himselfe made in the unchaste composition.

Cap. G. Now God delay our rebellion as we are our selves, what things are we. 21

Cap. E. Meerely our owne traitours. And as in the common course of all treasons, we still see them reveale themselves, till they attaine to their abhorr'd ends: so he that in this action contrives against his owne Nobility in his proper streame, ore-flows himselfe.

Cap. G. Is it not meant damnable in us, to be Trum-peters of our unlawfull intents? We shall not then have his company to night?

Cap. E. Not till after midnight: for hee is dieted to his houre. 31

Cap. G. That approaches apace: I would gladly have him see his company anathomiz'd, that hee might take a measurc of his owne judgements, wherein so curiously he had set his counterfeit.

Cap. E. We will not meddle with him till he come; for his presence must be the whip of the other.

Cap. G. In the meane time, what heare you of these Warres?

Cap. E. I heare there is an overture of peace. 40

Cap. G. Nay, I assure you a peace concluded.

Cap. E. What will Count *Rossillion* do then? Will he travaile higher, or returne againe into France?

Cap. G. I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his councill.

Cap. E. Let it be forbid sir, so should I bee a great deale of his act. 47

Cap. G. Sir, his wife some two months since fledde from his house, her pretence is a pilgrimage to Saint *Jacques le grand*; which holy undertaking, with most austere sanctimonie she accomlisht: and there residing, the tendernesse of her Nature, became as a prey to her greefe: in fine, made a groane of her last breath, & now she sings in heaven.

Cap. E. How is this justified?

Cap. G. The stronger part of it by her owne Letters, which makes her storie true, even to the poynt of her death: her death it selfe, which could not be her office to say, is come: was faithfully confirm'd by the Rector of the place. 60

Cap. E. Hath the Count all this intelligence?

Cap. G. I, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the veritie.

Cap. E. I am heartily sorrie that hee'l bee gladde of this.

Cap. G. How mightily sometimes, we make us comforts of our losses.

Cap. E. And how mightily some other times, wee drowne our gaine in teares, the great dignitie that his

valour hath here acquir'd for him, shall at home be encountered with a shame as ample. 71

Cap. G. The webbe of our life, is of a mingled yarne, good and ill together: our vertues would bee proud, if our faults whipt them not, and our crimes would dispaire if they were not cherish'd by our vertues.

Enter a Messenger.

How now? Where's your master?

Ser. He met the Duke in the street sir, of whom hee hath taken a solemne leave: his Lordshippe will next morning for France. The Duke hath offered him Letters of commendations to the King. 81

Cap. E. They shall bee no more then needfull there, if they were more then they can commend.

Enter Count Rossillion.

Ber. [*First Lord*] They cannot be too sweete for the Kings tart-nesse, heere's his Lordship now. How now my Lord, | i'st not after midnight? 87

Ber. I have to night dispatch'd sixteene businesses, a moneths length a peece, by an abstract of successe: I have congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nearest; buried a wife, mourn'd for her, writ to my Ladie mother, I am returning, entertain'd my Convoy, & betweene these maine parcels of dispatch, affected many nicer needs: the last was the greatest, but that I have not ended yet.

Cap. E. If the businesse bee of any difficulty, and this morning your departure hence, it requires hast of your Lordship. 98

Ber. I meane the businesse is not ended, as fearing

to heare of it hereafter: but shall we have this dialogue betweene the Foole and the Soldiour. Come, bring forth this counterfet module,¹ has deceiv'd mee, like a double-meaning Prophetier. ^{1model}

Cap. E. Bring him forth, ha's sate i' th stockes all night poore gallant knave.

Ber. No matter, his heeles have deserv'd it, in usurping his spurres so long. How does he carry himselfe?

Cap. E. I have told your Lordship alreadie: The stockes carrie him. But to answer you as you would be understood, hee weepes like a wench that had shed her milke, he hath confest himselfe to *Morgan*, whom hee supposes to be a Friar, from the time of his remembrance to this very instant disaster of his setting i' th stockes: and what thinke you he hath confest? 114

Ber. Nothing of me, ha's a?

Cap. E. His confession is taken, and it shall bee read to his face, if your Lordshippe be in't, as I beleieve you are, you must have the patience to heare it.

Enter Parolles [guarded] with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled; he can say nothing of me: hush, hush. 121

Cap. G. Hoodman comes: *Portotartarossa.*

Inter. He calles for the tortures, what will you say without em.

Par. I will confesse what I know without constraint, If ye pinch me like a Pasty, I can say no more.

Int. Bosko Chimircho.

Cap. Boblibindo chicurmurco.

Int. You are a mercifull Generall: Our Generall bids you answer to what I shall aske you out of a Note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live. 131

Int. [*Reads*] First demand of him, how many horse the Duke | is strong. What say you to that?

Par. Five or six thousand, but very weake and un-serviceable: the troopes are all scattered, and the Commanders verie poore rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I set downe your answer so?

Par. Do, Ile take the Sacrament on't, how & which way you will: all's one to him. 140

Ber. What a past-saving slave is this?

Cap.G. Y're deceiv'd my Lord, this is Mounsieur *Parrolles* the gallant militarist, that was his owne phrase that had the whole theoricke¹ of warre in the knot of his scarfe, and the practise in the chape² of his dagger.

Cap.E. I will never trust a man againe, for keeping his sword cleane, nor beleeeve he can have everie thing in him, by wearing his apparrell neatly. ¹ *theory*

Int. Well, that's set downe. ² *point*

Par. Five or six thousand horse I sed, I will say true, or thereabouts set downe, for Ile speake truth. 151

Cap.G. He's very neere the truth in this.

Ber. But I con³ him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it. ³ *acknowledge*

Par. Poore rogues, I pray you say.

Int. Well, that's set downe.

Par. I humbly thanke you sir, a truth's a truth, the Rogues are marvailous poore.

Interp. [*Reads*] Demaund of him of what strength they are a | foot. What say you to that? 160

Par. By my troth sir, if I were to live this present houre, I will tell true. Let me see, *Spurio* a hundred &

140-1. *all's* .. *this*: separate l., all given to *Ber.*—CAPEL.

142. *Y're*: *You're*—CAPEL.

fiftie, *Sebastian* so many, *Corambus* so many, *Jaques* so many: *Guiltian*, *Cosmo*, *Lodowicke*, and *Gratij*, two hundred fiftie each: Mine owne Company, *Chitopher*, *Vaumont*, *Bentij*, two hundred fiftie each: so that the muster file, rotten and sound, uppon my life amounts not to fiftene thousand pole, halfe of the which, dare not shake the snow from off their Cassockes, least they shake themselves to peeces.

170

Ber. What shall be done to him?

Cap. G. Nothing, but let him have thanks. Demand of him my condition: and what credite I have with the Duke.

Int. Well that's set downe: [*Reads*] you shall demand of | him, whether one Captaine *Dumaine* bee i'th Campe, a | Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what | his valour, honestie, and expertnesse in warres: or whe- | ther he thinkes it were not possible with well-waighing | summes of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What say you | to this? What do you know of it? |

181

Par. I beseech you let me answer to the particular of the intergatories. Demand them singly.

Int. Do you know this Captaine *Dumaine*?

Par. I know him, a was a Botchers Prentize in *Paris*, from whence he was whipt for getting the Shrieves fool with childe, a dumbe innocent that could not say him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave hold your hands, though I know his braines are forfeite to the next tile that fals. 190

Int. Well, is this Captaine in the Duke of Florences campe?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowsie.

164-5, 166. *hundred fiftie*: hundred and fifty-2Rowx.

169. *least*: lest-4F.

Cap. G. Nay looke not so upon me: we shall heare of your Lord anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knowes him for no other, but a poore Officer of mine, and writ to mee this other day, to turne him out a'th band. I thinke I have his Letter in my pocket.

200

Int. Marry we'll search.

Par. In good sadnesse I do not know, either it is there, or it is upon a file with the Dukes other Letters, in my Tent.

Int. Heere'tis, heere's a paper, shall I reade it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our Interpreter do's it well.

Cap. G. Excellently.

Int. [*Reads*] *Dian, the Counts a foole, and full of gold.* |

209

Par. That is not the Dukes letter sir: that is an advertisement to a proper maide in Florence, one *Diana*, to take heede of the allurement of one Count *Rossillion*, a foolish idle boy: but for all that very ruttish. I pray you sir put it up againe.

Int. Nay, Ile reade it first by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't I protest was very honest in the behalfe of the maide: for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and lascivious boy, who is a whale to Virginitie, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable both-sides rogue.

220

Int. [*Reads*] *Let. When he sweares oathes, bid him drop gold, and | take it:
After he scores, he never payes the score:*

194. *Cap.*: *Cap.*-2-4F.

195. *Lord.*: lordship-Porz.

199. *a'ib*: o'the-Rowz.

*Halfe won is match well made, match and well make it,
 He nere payes after-debts, take it before,
 And say a souldier (Dian) told thee this:
 Men are to mell¹ with, boyes are not to kis.
 For count of this, the Counts a Foole I know it,
 Who payes before, but not when he does owe it.*

Thine as he vow'd to thee in thine care, 230

Parolles. ¹ meddle

Ber. He shall be whipt through the Armie with this rime in's forehead.

Cap. E. This is your devoted friend sir, the manifold Linguist, and the army-potent souldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a Cat, and now he's a Cat to me.

Int. I perceive sir by your Generals lookes, wee shall be faine to hang you. 239

Par. My life sir in any case: Not that I am afraide to dye, but that my offences beeing many, I would repent out the remainder of Nature. Let me live sir in a dungeon, i'th stockes, or any where, so I may live.

Int. Wee'le see what may bee done, so you confesse freely: therefore once more to this Captaine *Dumaine*: you have answer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honestie? 247

Par. He will steale sir an Egge out of a Cloister: for rapes and ravishments he paralels *Nessus*. Hee professes not keeping of oaths, in breaking em he is stronger then *Hercules*. He will lye sir, with such volubilitie, that you would thinke truth were a foole: drunkennesse is his best vertue, for he will be swine-drunke, and in his sleepe he does little harme, save to his bed-cloathes about him:

238. *your: the-3-4F.*

but they know his conditions, and lay him in straw. I have but little more to say sir of his honesty, he ha's everie thing that an honest man should not have; what an honest man should have, he has nothing.

Cap. G. I begin to love him for this. 259

Ber. For this description of thine honestie? A pox upon him for me, he's more and more a Cat.

Int. What say you to his expertnesse in warre?

Par. Faith fir, ha's led the drumme before the English Tragedians: to belye him I will not, and more of his souldiership I know not, except in that Country, he had the honour to be the Officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to instruct for the doubling of files. I would doe the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certaine.

Cap. G. He hath out-villain'd villanie so farre, that the raritie redeemes him. 270

Ber. A pox on him, he's a Cat still.

Int. His qualities being at this poore price, I neede not to aske you, if Gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a Cardceue¹ he will sell the fee-simple of his salvation, the inheritance of it, and cut th'intaille from all remainders, and a perpetuall succession for it perpetually. ^{1 quarter-crown}

Int. What's his Brother, the other Captain *Dumain*?

Cap. E. Why do's he aske him of me?

Int. What's he? 280

Par. E'ne a Crow a'th same nest: not altogether so great as the first in goodnesse, but greater a great deale in evill. He excels his Brother for a coward, yet his Brother is reputed one of the best that is. In a retreat hee out-runnes any Lackey; marrie in comming on, hee ha's the Crampe.

263. *fir*: sir-2-4F.

274. *Cardceue*: quart d'écu-Pope.

281. *a'*: o'-Rowe.

Int. If your life be saved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine.

Par. I, and the Captaine of his horse, Count *Rossillion*.

Int. Ile whisper with the Generall, and knowe his pleasure. 291

Par. [*Aside*] Ile no more drumming, a plague of all drummes, | onely to seeme to deserve well, and to beguile the suppo- | sition of that lascivious yong boy the Count, have I run | into this danger: yet who would have suspected an am- | bush where I was taken?

Int. There is no remedy sir, but you must dye: the Generall sayes, you that have so traitorously discovered the secrets of your army, and made such pestiferous reports of men very nobly held, can serve the world for no honest use: therefore you must dye. Come headesman, off with his head. 302

Par. O Lord sir let me live, or let me see my death.

Int. That shall you, and take your leave of all your friends: [*Unblinding him.*]

So, looke about you, know you any heere?

Count. Good morrow noble Captaine.

Lo. E. God blesse you Captaine *Parolles*.

Cap. G. God save you noble Captaine.

Lo. E. Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord *Lafew*? I am for *France*. 311

Cap. G. Good Captaine will you give me a Copy of the sonnet you writ to *Diana* in behalfe of the Count *Rossillion*, and I were not a verie Coward, I'de compell it of you, but far you well. *Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone Captaine all but your scarfe, that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be crush'd with a plot? 318

THAT ENDS WELL

[IV. iii. 361—iv. 11

Inter. If you could finde out a Countrie where but women were that had received so much shame, you might begin an impudent Nation. Fare yee well sir, I am for *France* too, we shall speake of you there. *Exit*
[with soldiers.]

Par. Yet am I thankfull: if my heart were great
'Twould burst at this: Captaine Ile be no more,
But I will eate, and drinke, and sleepe as soft
As Captaine shall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knowes himselfe a braggart
Let him feare this; for it will come to passe,
That every braggart shall be found an Asse.
Rust sword, coole blushes, and *Parrolles* live 330
Safest in shame: being fool'd, by fool'rie thrive;
There's place and meanes for every man alive.
Ile after them. *Exit.*

[Scene iv. *Florence. The Widow's house.*]

Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not
wrong'd you,
One of the greatest in the Christian world
Shall be my suretie: for whose throne 'tis needfull
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneele.
Time was, I did him a desired office¹
Deere almost as his life, which gratitude ^{1 kindness}
Through flintie Tartars bosome would peepe forth,
And answer thanks. I duly am inform'd, 10
His grace is at *Marcellæ*, to which place
We have convenient convoy: you must know
I am supposed dead, the Army breaking,

5. *for*: 'fore—2-4F.

11. *Marcellæ*: *Marseilles*—2Rowz.

My husband hies him home, where heaven ayding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
Wee'l be before our welcome.

Wid. Gentle Madam,

You never had a servant to whose trust
Your busines was more welcome.

Hel. Nor your Mistris

20

Ever a friend, whose thoughts more truly labour
To recompence your love: Doubt not but heaven
Hath brought me up to be your daughters dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive¹

And helper to a husband. But O strange men,
That can such sweet use make of what they hate,
When sawcie trusting of the confin'd thoughts
Defiles the pitchy night, so lust doth play
With what it loathes, for that which is away,

But more of this heereafter: you *Diana*,
Under my poore instructions yet must suffer
Something in my behalfe.

30

¹ instrument

Dia. Let death and honestie

Go with your impositions, I am yours
Upon your will to suffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:

But with the word the time will bring on summer,
When Briars shall have leaves as well as thornes,
And be as sweet as sharpe: we must away, ² end
Our Wagon is prepar'd, and time revives us, 40
All's well that ends well, still the fines² the Crowne;
What ere the course, the end is the renowne. *Exeunt*

[Scene v. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Enter Clowne, old Lady [Countess], and Lafew.

Laf. No, no, no, your sonne was misled with a snipt taffata fellow there, whose villanous saffron wold have made all the unbak'd and dowy youth of a nation in his colour: your daughter-in-law had beene alive at this houre, and your sonne heere at home, more advanc'd by the King, then by that red-tail'd humble Bee I speak of. 8

La. [Count.] I would I had not knowne him, it was the death | of the most vertuous gentlewoman, that ever Nature | had praise for creating. If she had pertaken of my flesh | and cost mee the deerest groanes of a mother, I could | not have owed her a more rooted love.

Laf. Twas a good Lady, 'twas a good Lady. Wee may picke a thousand sallets ere wee light on such another hearbe.

Clo. Indeed sir she was the sweete Margerom of the sallet, or rather the hearbe of grace.

Laf. They are not hearbes you knave, they are nose-hearbes. 20

Clowne. I am no great *Nabuchadnezar* sir, I have not much skill in grace.

Laf. Whether doest thou professe thy selfe, a knave or a foole?

Clo. A foole sir at a womans service, and a knave at a mans.

Laf. Your distinction.

Clo. I would cousen the man of his wife, and do his service.

15. *sallets: salads*—REED.

18. *sallet: salad*—REED.

22. *grace: grass*—ROWE.

Laf. So you were a knave at his service indeed. 30

Clo. And I would give his wife my bauble sir to doe her service.

Laf. I will subscribe for thee, thou art both knave and foole.

Clo. At your service.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why sir, if I cannot serve you, I can serve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Whose that, a Frenchman? 39

Clo. Faith sir a has an English maine, but his fisnomie is more hotter in France then there.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The blacke prince sir, alias the prince of darke-nesse, alias the divell.

Laf. Hold thee there's my purse, I give thee not this to suggest¹ thee from thy master thou talk'st off, serve him still. ^{1 tempt} 47

Clo. I am a woodland fellow sir, that alwaies loved a great fire, and the master I speak of ever keeps a good fire, but sure he is the Prince of the world, let his Nobilitie remaine in's Court. I am for the house with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pompe to enter: some that humble themselves may, but the manie will be too chill and tender, and theyle bee for the flowrie way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy waies, I begin to bee a wearie of thee, and I tell thee so before, because I would not fall out with thee. Go thy wayes, let my horses be wel look'd too, without any trickes. 60

Clo. If I put any trickes upon em sir, they shall bee

Jades trickes, which are their owne right by the law of Nature. *exit*

Laf. A shrewd knave and an unhappie.

Lady. So a is. My Lord that's gone made himselfe much sport out of him, by his authoritie hee remaines heere, which he thinkes is a pattent for his sawcinesse, and indeede he has no pace, but runnes where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amisse: and I was about to tell you, since I heard of the good Ladies death, and that my Lord your sonne was upon his returne home. I moved the King my master to speake in the behalfe of my daughter, which in the minoritie of them both, his Majestie out of a selfe-gracious remembrance did first propose, his Highnesse hath promis'd me to doe it, and to stoppe up the displeasure he hath conceived against your sonne, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyship like it?

La. With verie much content my Lord, and I wish it happily effected. 80

Laf. His Highnesse comes post from *Marcellus*, of as able bodie as when he number'd thirty, a will be heere to morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in such intelligence hath seldome fail'd.

La. Ir rejoyces me, that I hope I shall see him ere I die. I have letters that my sonne will be heere to night: I shall beseech your Lordship to remaine with mee, till they meete together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might safely be admitted. 90

Lad. You neede but pleade your honourable privilege.

65. a: he-Rowe.

82. a: he-2Rowe.

81. *Marcellus*: Marseilles-Pope.

85. Ir: It-3-4F.

Laf. Ladie, of that I have made a bold charter, but
I thanke my God, it holds yet.

Enter Clowne.

Clo. O Madam, yonders my Lord your sonne with
a patch of velvet on's face, whether there bee a scar under't or no, the Velvet knowes, but 'tis a goodly patch of Velvet, his left cheeke is a cheeke of two pile and a halfe, but his right cheeke is worne bare. 110

Laf. A scarre nobly got,
Or a noble scarre, is a good liv'rie of honor,
So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbinado'd¹ face.

Laf. Let us go see ^{1 cut across for broiling}
your sonne I pray you, I long to talke
With the yong noble souldier.

Clowne. 'Faith there's a dozen of em, with delicate
fine hats, and most courteous feathers, which bow the
head, and nod at everie man. 110

Exeunt

Actus Quintus.

[Scene i. *Marseilles. A street.*]

*Enter Hellen, Widdow, and Diana, with
two Attendants.*

Hel. But this exceeding posting day and night,
Must wear your spirits low, we cannot helpe it:
But since you have made the daies and nights as one,
To weare your gentle limbes in my affayres,
Be bold you do so grow in my requitall,
As nothing can unroote you. In happie time,

101-3. prose-POPE.

105-7. prose-POPE.

Enter a gentle Astringer.

10

This man may helpe me to his Majesties care,
If he would spend his power. God save you fir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have seene you in the Court of France.

Gent. I have beene sometimes there.

Hel. I do presume sir, that you are not falne
From the report that goes upon your goodnesse,
And therefore goaded with most sharpe occasions,
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to
The use of your owne vertues, for the which 20
I shall continue thankfull.

Gent. What's your will?

Hel. That it will please you
To give this poore petition to the King,
And ayde me with that store of power you have
To come into his presence.

Gent. The Kings not heere.

Hel. Not heere sir?

Gent. Not indeed,
He hence remov'd last night, and with more hast 30
Then is his use.

Wid. Lord how we loose our paines.

Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Though time seeme so adverse, and meanes unfit:
I do beseech you, whither is he gone?

Gent. Marrie as I take it to *Rossillion*,
Whither I am going.

Hel. I do beseech you sir,
Since you are like to see the King before me,
Commend the paper to his gracious hand, 40

10. *gentle Astringer*: Gentleman-Rowe.

12. *fir*: sir-2-4F.

40. *Commend*: Commend-2-4F.

Which I presume shall render you no blame,
But rather make you thanke your paines for it,
I will come after you with what good speede
Our meanes will make us meanes.

Gent. This Ile do for you.

Hel. And you shall finde your selfe to be well thank't
what e're falles more. We must to horse againe, Go, go,
provide. [Exeunt.]

[Scene ii. *Rousillon. Before the Count's palace.*]

Enter Clowne and Parrolles [following].

Par. Good M^r *Lavatch* give my Lord *Lafew* this letter, I have ere now sir beene better knowne to you, when I have held familiaritie with fresher cloathes: but I am now sir muddled in fortunes mood, and smell somewhat strong of her strong displeasure.

Clo. Truly, Fortunes displeasure is but sluttish if it smell so strongly as thou speak'st of: I will hencefoorth eate no Fish of Fortunes butt'ring. Prethee alow the winde. 10

Par. Nay you neede not to stop your nose sir: I spake but by a Metaphor.

Clo. Indeed sir, if your Metaphor stinke, I will stop my nose, or against any mans Metaphor. Prethee get thee further.

Par. Pray you sir deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh, prethee stand away: a paper from fortunes close-stoole, to give to a Nobleman. Looke heere he comes himselfe.

46-8. 3 ll. ending thank'd, again, provide—POPE.

2. *M^r Lavatch*: *Monsieur Lavache*—CAMBRIDGE.

Enter Lafew.

20

Clo. Heere is a purre of Fortunes sir, or of Fortunes Cat, but not a Muscat, that ha's falne into the uncleane fish-pond of her displeasure, and as he sayes is muddied withall. Pray you sir, use the Carpe as you may, for he lookes like a poore decayed, ingenious, foolish, rascally knave. I doe pittie his distresse in my smiles of comfort, and leave him to your Lordship. *[Exit.]*

Par. My Lord I am a man whom fortune hath cruelly scratch'd. 29

Laf. And what would you have me to doe? 'Tis too late to paire her nailes now. Wherein have you played the knave with fortune that she should scratch you, who of her selfe is a good Lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under? There's a Cardecue for you: Let the Justices make you and fortune friends; I am for other businesse.

Par. I beseech your honour to heare mee one single word,

Laf. you begge a single peny more: Come you shall ha't, save your word. 40

Par. My name my good Lord is *Parrolles*.

Laf. You begge more then word then. Cox my passion,¹ give me your hand: How does your drumme?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the first that found mee. ¹*God's passion*

Laf. Was I insooth? And I was the first that lost thee.

Par. It lies in you my Lord to bring me in some grace for you did bring me out. 48

Laf. Out upon thee knave, doest thou put upon mee

21. *Clo.*: out—THEOBALD. 22. *Muscat*: musk-cat—THEOBALD.

26. *smiles*: similes—THEOBALD.

34. *under*: under her—2-4F. *Cardecue*: quart d'écu—POPE.

at once both the office of God and the diuel: one brings thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Trumpets sound.*] The Kings | comming I know by his Trumpets. Sirrah, inquire fur- | ther after me, I had talke of you last night, though you | are a foole and a knave, you shall eate, go too, follow. |

Par. I praise God for you.

[*Exeunt.*]

[Scene iii. *Rousillon. The Count's palace.*]

Flourish. Enter King, old Lady [*Count.*], Lafew, the two French | Lords, with attendants.

Kin. We lost a Jewell of her, and our esteeme Was made much poorer by it: but your sonne, As mad in folly, lack'd the sence to know Her estimation home.¹ ^{1 to the utmost}

Old La. 'Tis past my Liege,
And I beseech your Majestic to make it
Naturall rebellion, done i'th blade of youth,
When oyle and fire, too strong for reasons force, 10
Ore-beares it, and burnes on.

Kin. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all,
Though my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to shoote.

Laf. This I must say,
But first I begge my pardon: the yong Lord
Did to his Majesty, his Mother, and his Ladie,
Offence of mighty note; but to himselfe
The greatest wrong of all. He lost a wife, 20
Whose beauty did astonish the survey
Of richest eies: whose words all cares tooke captive,

50. *office:* office—2-4F.

9. *blade:* blaze—WARRBURTON.

THAT ENDS WELL

[V. iii. 18-41

Whose deere perfection, hearts that scorn'd to serve,
Humbly call'd Mistris.

Kin. Praising what is lost,
Makes the remembrance deere. Well, call him hither,
We are reconcil'd, and the first view shall kill
All repetition: Let him not aske our pardon,
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper then oblivion, we do burie 30
Th'incensing reliques of it. Let him approach
A stranger, no offender; and informe him
So 'tis our will he should.

Gent. I shall my Liege. [Exit.]

Kin. What sayes he to your daughter,
Have you spoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highnes.

Kin. Then shall we have a match. I have letters sent
me, that sets him high in fame.

Enter Count Bertram. 40

Laf. He lookes well on't.

Kin. I am not a day of season,
For thou maist see a sun-shine, and a haile
In me at once: But to the brightest beames
Distracted clouds give way, so stand thou forth,
The time is faire againe.

Ber. My high repented blames
Deere Sovereaigne pardon to me.

Kin. All is whole, 50
Not one word more of the consumed time,
Let's take the instant by the forward top:
For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees
Th'inaudible, and noiselesse foot of time

35-6. 1 l.—THEOBALD.

38-9. 2 ll. ending me, fame—POPE.

39. sets: set—ROWE.

Steales, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly my Liege, at first
[stucke my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durst make too bold a herauld of my tongue:
Where the impression of mine eye enfixing,
Contempt his scornfull Perspective did lend me, 60
Which warpt the line, of everie other favour,
Scorn'd a faire colour, or exprest it stolne,
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a most hideous object. Thence it came,
That she whom all men prais'd, and whom my selfe,
Since I have lost, have lov'd; was in mine eye
The dust that did offend it.

Kin. Well excus'd: 1 reckoning
That thou didst love her, strikes some scores away.
From the great compt:¹ but love that comes too late,
Like a remorsefull pardon slowly carried 71
To the great sender, turnes a sowre offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: Our rash faults,
Make triviall price of serious things we have,
Not knowing them, untill we know their grave.
Oft our displeasures to our selves unjust,
Destroy our friends, and after weepe their dust:
Our owne love waking, cries to see what's don,e
While shamefull hate sleepes out the afternoone.
Be this sweet *Helens* knell, and now forget her. 80
Send forth your amorous token for faire *Maudlin*,
The maine consents are had, and heere wee'l stay
To see our widdowers second marriage day:

[*Count.*] Which better then the first, O deere heaven
blesse, |

78. *don,e: done,-2-4F.*

79. *shamefull bate: shame full late-GLOBE.*

THAT ENDS WELL

[V. iii. 72-100

Or, ere they meete in me, O Nature cesse.

Laf. Come on my sonne, in whom my houses name
Must be digested: give a favour from you
To sparkle in the spirits of my daughter,
That she may quickly come. [*Bertram gives a ring.*]
By my old beard, |
And ev'rie haire that's on't, *Helen* that's dead 90
Was a sweet creature: such a ring as this,
The last that ere I tooke her leave at Court,
I saw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now pray you let me see it. For mine eye,
While I was speaking, oft was fasten'd too't:
This Ring was mine, and when I gave it *Hellen*,
I bad her if her fortunes ever stooode
Necessitied to helpe, that by this token
I would releve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what should stead her most? 101

Ber. My gracious Soveraigne,
How ere it pleases you to take it so,
The ring was never hers.

Old La. Sonne, on my life
I have seene her weare it, and she reckon'd it
At her lives rate.

Laf. I am sure I saw her weare it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd my Lord, she never saw it:
In Florence was it from a casement throwne mee,
Wrap'd in a paper, which contain'd the name 111
Of her that threw it: Noble she was, and thought
I stood ingag'd. but when I had subscrib'd
To mine owne fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not answer in that course of Honour
As she had made the overture, she ceast
In heavie satisfaction, and would never

Receive the Ring againe.

Kin. Plutus himselfe,

That knowes the tinct and multiplying med'cine, 120
Hath not in natures mysterie more science,
Then I have in this Ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas *Helens*,
Who ever gave it you: then if you know
That you are well acquainted with your selfe,
Confesse 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the Saints to suretie,
That she would never put it from her finger,
Unlesse she gave it to your selfe in bed,
Where you have never come: or sent it us
Upon her great disaster. 130

Ber. She never saw it.

Kin. Thou speak'st it falsely: as I love mine Honor,
And mak'st connecturall feares to come into me,
Which I would faine shut out, if it should prove
That thou art so inhumane, 'twill not prove so:
And yet I know not, thou didst hate her deadly,
And she is dead, which nothing but to close
Her eyes my selfe, could win me to beleewe,
More then to see this Ring. Take him away,

[*Guards seize Bertram.*]

My fore-past¹ proofes, how ere the matter fall 140
Shall taze my feares of little vanitie,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
Wee'l sift this matter further. ^{1 former}

Ber. If you shall prove

This Ring was ever hers, you shall as easie
Prove that I husbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet she never was.

[*Exit guarded.*]

119. *Plutus*: *Plutus*-2Rowe.

133. *connecturall*: *conjectural*-2-4F.

135. *rbou*: *thou*-2-4F.

141. *taze*: *tax*-2-4F.

Enter a Gentleman.

King. I am wrapd in dismall thinkings.

Gen. Gracious Sovereigne. 150

Whether I have beene too blame or no, I know not,
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath for foure or five removes¹ come short,
To tender it her selfe. I undertooke it,
Vanquish'd thereto by the faire grace and speech
Of the poore suppliant, who by this I know
Is heere attending: her businesse lookes in her
With an importing² visage, and she told me
In a sweet verball breefe, it did concerne ¹ *post-stages*
Your Highnesse with her selfe. ² *significant* 160

[*King reads.*] *A Letter.*

*Upon his many protestations to marrie mee when his wife
was | dead, I blush to say it, he wonne me. Now is
the Count Ros- | sillion a Widdower, his vowes are
forfeited to mee, and my | honors payed to him. Hee
stole from Florence, taking no | leave, and I follow
him to his Countrey for Justice: Grant | it me, O
King, in you it best lies, otherwise a seducer flou-
risbes, and a poore Maid is undone.*

Diana Capilet.

Laf. I will buy me a sonne in Law in a faire, and toulde³
for this. Ile none of him. ³ *pay toll* 171

Kin. The heavens have thought well on thee *Lafew*,
To bring forth this discov'rie, seeke these sutors:
Go speedily, and bring againe the Count.

Enter Bertram [guarded].

I am a-feard the life of *Hellen* (Ladie)

170. *toule: toll—THEOBALD.*

Was fowly snatcht.

Old La. Now justice on the doers.

King. I wonder sir, sir, wives are monsters to you,
And that you flye them as you sweare them Lordship,
Yet you desire to marry. What woman's that? 181

Enter Widdow, Diana, and Parrolles.

Dia. I am my Lord a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capilet,
My suite as I do understand you know,
And therefore know how farre I may be pittied.

Wid. I am her Mother sir, whose age and honour
Both suffer under this complaint we bring,
And both shall cease, without your remedie.

King. Come hether Count, do you know these Women? 191

Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will denie,
But that I know them, do they charge me further?

Dia. Why do you looke so strange upon your wife?

Ber. She's none of mine my Lord.

Dia. If you shall marrie

You give away this hand, and that is mine,
You give away heavens vowes, and those are mine:
You give away my selfe, which is knowne mine:
For I by vow am so embodied yours, 200
That she which marries you, must marrie me,
Either both or none.

Laf. your reputation comes too short for my daughter,
you are no husband for her.

Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and desp'rate creature,
Whom sometime I have laugh'd with: Let your highnes
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,

179. *sir, sir: sir, sith-Dyce.* 182. *and Parrolles: out-Rowe.*

Then for to thinke that I would sinke it heere.

Kin. Sir for my thoughts, you have them il to friend,
Till your deeds gaine them fairer: prove your honor,
Then in my thought it lies. 211

Dian. Good my Lord,
Aske him upon his oath, if hee do's thinke
He had not my virginity.

Kin. What saist thou to her?

Ber. She's impudent my Lord,
And was a common gamester¹ to the Campe.

Dia. He do's me wrong my Lord: If I were so,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not beleeeve him. O behold this Ring, 220
Whose high respect and rich validitie² ^{1 barlot}
Did lacke a Paralell: yet for all that
He gave it to a Commoner a'th Campe
If I be one. ^{2 value}

Coun. He blushes, and 'tis hit:
Of sixe preceding Ancestors, that Jemme
Confer'd by testament to'th sequent issue
Hath it beene owed and worne. This is his wife,
That Ring's a thousand proofes.

King. Me thought you saide 230
You saw one heere in Court could witnesse it.

Dia. I did my Lord, but loath am to produce
So bad an instrument, his names *Parrolles*.

Laf. I saw the man to day, if man he bee.

Kin. Finde him, and bring him hether.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ros. What of him:
He's quoted for a most pe fidious slave
With all the spots a'th world, taxt and debosh'd,

223. a': o'-Rowe.

237. *pe fidious*: perfidious-2-4F.

225. *bit*: it-Capell.

238. a': o'-Rowe.

Whose nature sickens: but to speake a truth,
Am I, or that or this for what he'l utter, 240
That will speake any thing.

Kin. She hath that Ring of yours.

Ros. I thinke she has; certaine it is I lyk'd her,
And boorded her i'th wanton way of youth:
She knew her distance, and did angle for mee,
Madding my eagernesse with her restraint,
As all impediments in fancies¹ course 1 *love's*
Are motives of more fancie, and in fine,
Her insuite comming with her moderne grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate, she got the Ring, 250
And I had that which any inferiour might
At Market price have bought.

Dia. I must be patient:

You that have turn'd off a first so noble wife,
May justly dyet me. I pray you yet,
(Since you lacke vertue, I will loose a husband)
Send for your Ring, I will returne it home,
And give me mine againe.

Ros. I have it not.

Kin. What Ring was yours I pray you? 260

Dian. Sir much like the same upon your finger.

Kin. Know you this Ring, this Ring was his of late.

Dia. And this was it I gave him being a bed.

Kin. The story then goes false, you threw it him
Out of a Casement.

Dia. I have spoke the truth. *Enter Parolles.*

Ros. My Lord, I do confesse the ring was hers.

Kin. You boggle shrewdly, every feather starts you:
Is this the man you speake of?

Dia. I, my Lord. 270

249. *insuite comming*: infinite cunning—2SINGER.

261. 2 ll. ending like, finger—CAPELL.

Kin. Tell me sirrah, but tell me true I charge you,
Not fearing the displeasure of your master:
Which on your just proceeding, Ile keepe off,
By him and by this woman heere, what know you?

Par. So please your Majesty, my master hath bin an
honourable Gentleman. Trickes hee hath had in him,
which Gentlemen have.

Kin. Come, come, to'th' purpose: Did hee love this
woman?

Par. Faith sir he did love her, but how. 280

Kin. How I pray you?

Par. He did love her sir, as a Gent. loves a Woman.

Kin. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her sir, and lov'd her not.

Kin. As thou art a knave and no knave, what an equi-
vocall Companion is this?

Par. I am a poore man, and at your Majesties com-
mand.

Laf. Hee's a good drumme my Lord, but a naughtie
Orator. 290

Dian. Do you know he promist me marriage?

Par. Faith I know more then Ile speake.

Kin. But wilt thou not speake all thou know'st?

Par. Yes so please your Majesty: I did goe betweene
them as I said, but more then that he loved her, for in-
deede he was madde for her, and talkt of Sathan, and of
Limbo, and of Furies, and I know not what: yet I was in
that credit with them at that time, that I knewe of their
going to bed, and of other motions, as promising her
marriage, and things which would derive mee ill will to
speake of, therefore I will not speake what I know. 301

Kin. Thou hast spoken all already, unlesse thou canst

say they are married, but thou art too fine¹ in thy evidence,
therefore stand aside. This Ring you say was yours.

Dia. I my good Lord. ^{1 artful}

Kin. Where did you buy it? Or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor I did not buy it.

Kin. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

Kin. Where did you finde it then? 310

Dia. I found it not.

Kin. If it were yours by none of all these wayes,
How could you give it him?

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This womans an easie glove my Lord, she goes
off and on at pleasure.

Kin. This Ring was mine, I gave it his first wife.

Dia. It might be yours or hers for ought I know.

Kin. Take her away, I do not like her now,
To prison with her: and away with him, 320

Unlesse thou telst me where thou hadst this Ring,
Thou diest within this houre.

Dia. Ile never tell you.

Kin. Take her away.

Dia. Ile put in baile my liedge.

Kin. I thinke thee now some common Customer.

Dia. By Jove if ever I knew man 'twas you.

King. Wherefore hast thou accusde him al this while.

Dia. Because he's guiltie, and he is not guiltie:
He knowes I am no Maid, and hee'l sweare too't: 330
Ile sweare I am a Maid, and he knowes not.

Great King I am no strumpet, by my life,
I am either Maid, or else this old mans wife.

Kin. She does abuse our cares, to prison with her.

Dia. Good mother fetch my bayle. Stay Royall sir,
[Exit Widow.]

The Jeweller that owes the Ring is sent for,
 And he shall surety me. But for this Lord,
 Who hath abus'd me as he knowes himselfe,
 Though yet he never harm'd me, heere I quit him.
 He knowes himselfe my bed he hath defil'd, 340
 And at that time he got his wife with childe:
 Dead though she be, she feesles her yong one kicke:
 So there's my riddle, one that's dead is quicke,
 And now behold the meaning.

Enter Hellen and Widdow.

Kin. Is there no exorcist
 Beguiles the truer Office of mine eyes?
 Is't reall that I see?

Hel. No my good Lord,
 'Tis but the shadow of a wife you see, 350
 The name, and not the thing.

Ros. Both, both, O pardon.

Hel. Oh my good Lord, when I was like this Maid,
 I found you wondrous kinde, there is your Ring,
 And looke you, heeres your letter: this it sayes,
 When from my finger you can get this Ring,
 And is by me with childe, &c. This is done,
 Will you be mine now you are doubly wonne?

Ros. If she my Liege can make me know this clearly,
 Ile love her dearly, ever, ever dearly. 360

Hel. If it appeare not plaine, and prove untrue,
 Deadly divorce step betweene me and you.
 O my deere mother do I see you living?

Laf. Mine eyes smell Onions, I shall weepe anon:
 [*To Parolles*] Good Tom Drumme lend me a hand-
 kercher. |

357. *And is: And are—Rowe.*

365-7. 3 ll. ending so, with thee, ones—Dyce.

So I thanke thee, waite on me home, Ile make sport with thee: Let thy curtsies alone, they are scurvy ones.

King Let us from point to point this storie know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow:
[*To Diana*] If thou beest yet a fresh uncropped flower,
Choose thou thy husband, and Ile pay thy dower. 371
For I can guesse, that by thy honest ayde,
Thou keptst a wife her selfe, thy selfe a Maide.
Of that and all the progresse more and lesse,
Resoldvedly more leasure shall expresse:
All yet seemes well, and if it end so meete,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

Flourish.

[EPILOGUE.]

[*King.*] *The Kings a Begger, now the Play is done,
All is well ended, if this suite be wonne,
That you expresse Content: which we will pay,
With strift to please you, day exceeding day:
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts,
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.*

Exeunt omni. |

367. *curtsies*: courtesies—Rowz.

4. *strift*: strife—2-4F.

FINIS.

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

DUE DEC 14 1925

~~JAN 23 '55 H~~

